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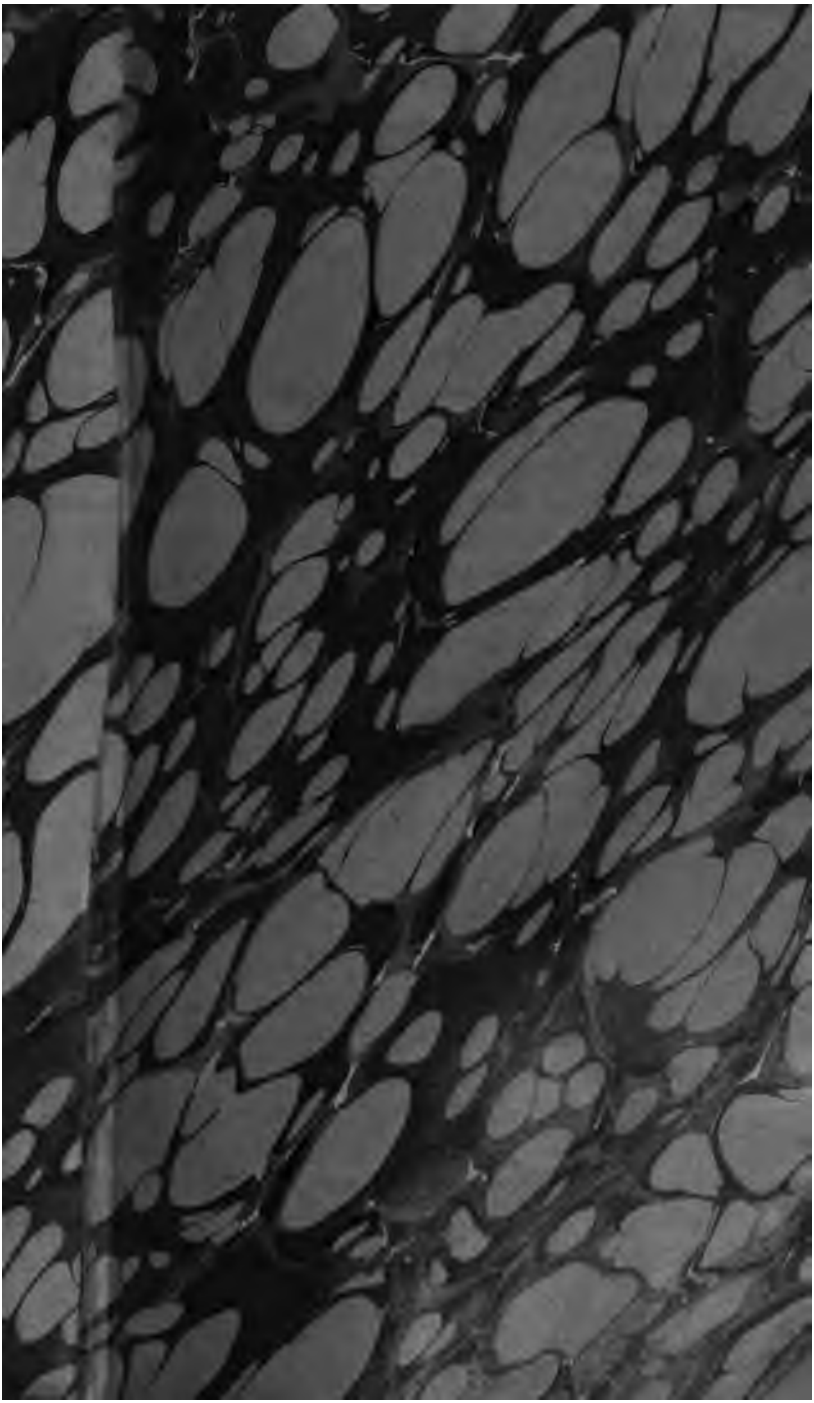

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KIRKALDY

OF GRANGE.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

Grant, James

MEMOIRS

AND

ADVENTURES

OF

SIR WILLIAM KIRKALDY

OF GRANGE, KNIGHT, COMMANDER OF FRENCH HORSE, LORD OF THE SECRET COUNCIL, AND GOVERNOR OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH FOR MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"A STOUTE MAN, WHO ALWAYS OFFERED, BY SINGLE COMBATE AND AT POINT OF THE SWORD, TO MAINTAIN WHATSEVER HE SAID."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
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PREFACE.

THOUGH no period of Scottish history has been more elaborately discussed than that of Mary, the author presents these Memoirs to his readers, assured that they cannot fail to become interested in the career of Kirkaldy of Grange.

Without endeavouring to discover the secret springs or impulses which moved the great politicians and turbulent nobles of that age, the author has presented, as distinctly as he can, the life and actions of one of the most remarkable men of the time. He has not ventured upon those elaborate disquisitions which necessarily load the pages of history, but has rather endeavoured to awaken interest by the minute detail of individual action.

By confining a narrative to the history of an individual rather than of a nation, a better idea of the time may be gathered, and striking anecdotes and glimpses given of great men of the day—incidents which the historian, as a recorder of more important events, passes over in silence.

In the days of Sir William Kirkaldy, Scotland was filled with selfish, furious, and bigoted leaders in war and theology, whose hearts were fired by religious fanaticism and military ferocity—men suited to that iron age, which exercised so powerful an influence on the development of the national character and spirit; and for which the gentle Mary Stuart, by her mind and accomplishments, was altogether so unfitted.

Mary was peculiarly unfortunate in living at the period of the Reformation—an event which might not have happened in her time, had not the cupidity of the Scottish barons been excited by the hope of acquisitions from the plunder of the church. For many a gloomy year after that event, Scotland was one vast arena of ambitious intrigue, political rancour, and religious animosity, which the clergy fostered to the utmost, and of which the detestable policy of England made a cruel and fatal use.

In the strife so long waged between two factions of fierce and grasping nobles, the mass of the Scottish people (like the Spaniards of our own day) concerned themselves but little—a fact proved by the small number of combatants ranged under the chiefs on each side.

The author has avoided those perplexing hypotheses concerning the crimes and intrigues of the time, and, without caring to assume the part of pleader for the misguided Mary, the subtle Murray, or the heartless Elizabeth, has confined himself to giving descriptive accounts

of the battles, sieges, and feuds of the period, and to exhibiting the romantic achievements and brilliant adventures of the brave warrior whose Memoirs are now for the first time laid before the public.

Many notices are given respecting the old localities where those stirring events were acted, and of the tactics, cannon, and weapons of the age, when the defensive armour and heraldic cognisances of the days of chivalry were gradually giving place to the military fashions of our own.

The authorities are placed before the reader; many more might have been given, but they would, perhaps, have imparted a tedium to the work. The events of the hero's life, from his debût in his father's house of Halyards to the close of the scene, have been chiefly drawn from rare and privately printed works, which, with other ancient lore delineating our national history, are generally beyond the reach of the reading public.

Some information concerning the Kirkaldys of Grange has been gleaned from an ancient MS. birth-brief of the family, and upwards of thirty MS. charters and other documents preserved in the Record Office, and Office of the Great Seal. For local information concerning them, the author was indebted to the late incumbent of Kinghorn.

A gentleman, holding an official situation in Fifeshire, had in his possession, thirty years ago, a great many of Sir William Kirkaldy's private papers; since then

they have unfortunately been lost beyond the chance of recovery.

Notwithstanding that he was for five years governor of Edinburgh castle, no documents concerning him are preserved in the fortress. In the Ordnance Offices in London and Edinburgh there is now no document relating to the castle dated farther back than a hundred years, all the old records and garrison-orders relating to that important stronghold in 1745 (and prior to that period, which is so interesting to Scotsmen) having been committed to the flames some years ago—a piece of strange policy or wanton destruction, which, however, must have emanated in an order from the Master-General of the Ordnance.

EDINBURGH, *November* 1848.

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MEMOIRS

OF

KIRKALDY OF GRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE KIRKALDYS OF THAT ILK.

WILLIAM KIRKALDY, reputed the bravest soldier, the most accomplished cavalier of his time, and one of the earliest converts made by the Scottish Reformers, was the eldest son of Sir James Kirkaldy, Baron of Kirkaldy-Grange, (Lord High Treasurer to King James V.,) and of Janet Melville his wife, daughter of Sir John Melville of Raith, progenitor of the Earls of Leven and Melville, and chief of an ancient house in Fifeshire, which deduced descent from a famous Hungarian warrior of the days of Malcolm III.[1]

No family displayed greater wisdom in the cabinet, or heroism in the field, than that of Grange, during the

[1] Douglas Peerage. Crawf. Lives. Fol.

regency of Mary of Guise, and the troubled reign of her unhappy daughter. It is greatly to be regretted that, from the disjointed and imperfect state of some of our public records, few notices can be gleaned from them of the descent and succession of the Kirkaldys; yet these few are sufficient to prove their claim to considerable antiquity.

Their surname was no doubt derived from the town, which was bordered by their estates, and the name of which signifies a cell of the Culdees, the secular priests of ancient Caledonia, who existed prior to the establishment of the Roman Church on its monastic footing. In Gaelic, *Culdee* signifies a monk or hermit; hence *Kirk-culdei.*

In Prynne's History, it appears that a Sir William de Kirkcaldy was one of the Scottish barons who submitted to Edward III. of England, during one of his wanton and rapid invasions. A Simeon Kyrcaldie appears in a charter of David II. dated *apud* Edynburgch; and the same monarch granted a pension to an Andrew de Kirkaldye, "capellano, 5 marcarum sterlingorum annuatim de custuma civitatis Sancti Andreæ, quosque per Dominum Regem ad aliquod beneficium ecclesiasticum fuerit promotus," &c.[1]

There was an ancient branch of the surname of Kirkaldy who were Barons of Inchture in the shire of Perth. At an early period this line became merged in the house of Kinnaird, by the marriage of Lady Marjorie, daughter and sole heiress of Sir John de Kirkaldy, to Sir Rainold de Kinnaird, Knight, to whom her lands were confirmed

[1] Roll of Charters. Registrum Magni Sigilli, &c.

by a charter from King Robert III. on the 28th January 1399. Of this marriage come the Lords of Kinnaird, who bear in their coat-of-arms a fess wavy between three stars gules, for Kirkaldy.[1] Of the family of Inchture, it is supposed from a younger son, came the line of Grange, and another of much less note and importance, the Kirkaldys of Wester Abden, who appear to have become extinct, or to have lost their lands, about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

In 1440, Sir John de Kirkaldy obtained a charter of the half of the lands of Seafield and Tyrie, that part of the Grange estate which lies along the steep shores of the Forth to the westward of Kirkaldy Links.[2] On these lands, and close to the castle of Grange, stood an ancient chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, which is supposed to have been, from a very early period, the hereditary burial place of the family.

In the Rolls of King James II. appears another charter to George, son and heir of John de Kirkaldy, of the half of the lands of Seafield in his own resignation.[3] John de Kirkaldy, a younger son of the family, appears to have been vicar of Newburn in Fifeshire, and his name is mentioned in Archbishop Shevez's confirmation of privileges to the University of St Andrews, dated at Edinburgh, 2d June 1479. George Kirkaldy appears to have married Egidia Berclay of the house of Touche.

William Kirkaldy de Grange appears as one of a quorum serving Patrick Crichtoun of Cranstoun Riddel heir to his father, at Edinburgh, 7th December 1506.

[1] Scots Compend. 1727. [2] MS. Carta, Reg. House. [3] Ibid.

He is mentioned, in the third MS. charter quoted in the Appendix, as being alive in 1528.[1]

His son, Sir James Kirkaldy, was at an early age introduced to the court and service of King James V. by his father-in-law, Sir John Melville of Raith, one of the first Reformers, and who suffered much from the animosity of Cardinal Beatoun. Shortly afterwards he was made a gentleman of the bedchamber, and on the 24th March 1537, as appears from the Records of the Scottish Exchequer, was appointed Lord High Treasurer, on the removal of the Abbot of Holyrood from that office.[2]

He carried the treasurer's golden mace until the year 1543 inclusive. His signature is still to be seen appended to the charters of James V. to Alexander Forrester, Baron of Corstorphine, and many other public documents. The number of charters in existence connected with his extensive possessions, prove the family to have been at one time perhaps the most important in Fifeshire. (Note A.)

In right of Lady Janet Melville, Sir James Kirkaldy acquired the lands of Banchrie, and afterwards crown charters granting to him the properties of Rathuleit, Balbairdie, Pitcany, Nether Pitteadie, the fishings of part of the river Tay, the baronies of Grange and Auchtertool; and those possessions with which he gifted his brothers George, John, and Patrick, and portioned his daughters, are striking proofs of the high favour he enjoyed at court in those unruly times, when proscriptions of families and confiscations of estates were daily occurring among the turbulent nobles and baronage of Scotland. His family

[1] Registrum de Dunfermelyne. [2] Officers of State. Fol. Sibbald.

possessed, from an early period, the valuable lands and fine old manor-house of Halyards, which will be mentioned in succeeding chapters. His brother Sir George obtained the lands of Craigcrook in Lothian, and others in the shire of Stirling.[1]

Five sons and several daughters were born to the treasurer: William, (the subject of these Memoirs;) Sir James, who died by his brother's side in the High Street of Edinburgh; Sir David, also a good knight, who carried his pennon bravely in the Scottish wars; Thomas, who served with the garrison of St Andrews; and George, of whom little is known. Marjorie, the eldest sister of these four warriors, was married to Sir Henry Ramsay of Coluthie; Agnes, to Sir Robert Drummond of Carnock; and Marion, to William Semple, second Baron of Cathcart. Elizabeth Kirkaldy became the wife of Sir John Moubray of Barnebougal, chief of an ancient and honourable family, which passed away about the year 1620, but the ruins of whose castle yet remain near the mouth of the Almond in Linlithgowshire.[2]

The armorial achievements of the long-descended but now extinct race of Grange, were *gules* a chevron, the badge of fidelity, between three stars in chief, and a crescent in base *or;* their crest a man's head, with the face looking upward proper; their motto,

FORTISSIMA VERITAS.[3]

By the promptitude of the Laird of Grange and Sir

[1] MSS. Charters, Reg. House.

[2] Officers of State. Baronage. Knox, Historie, &c.

[3] Nisbet, fol.

James Learmonth, master of the royal household, in arresting Sir James Hamilton of Finnart—which they did on no other warrant than a well-known signet ring sent them by James V.—they prevented the treason meditated by that ambitious and unscrupulous knight against the royal person.[1]

The treasurer enjoyed, in a very high degree, the favour and confidence of King James; and though innumerable efforts were made by his mortal foe Cardinal Beatoun, and others, to bring him into disgrace as a promoter of the Reformation, they all proved ineffectual, and the wary old baron maintained his influence to the last.

On a considerable eminence in the eastern part of the parish of Kinghorn, stood the old baronial castle of Kirkaldy-grange. But little now remains to show what it was in former times, save a strong flanking tower or staircase, and a massive fragment of wall, on which a modern house is engrafted, but which, from their size and solidity, evince that it must have been a fortalice of some importance, and probably consisted of a donjon tower and barbican wall, with gate and moat, such as usually formed the residence of a Scottish baron in those stormy days, when the sword was seldom sheathed. Loftily situated among undulating scenery, it commanded an extensive prospect in every direction: to the north lay the sombre town of Kirkaldy, straggling far along the yellow sands, terminated by the formidable cliffs and magnificent castle of Ravenscraig; beyond stretched a long expanse of winding coast, studded with towns on

[1] Hawthornden.

sandy bays, and towers on rocky promontories—indented by the blue ocean, and terminating in the dim and distant point of Elie-ness, which seems to rest on an azure horizon.

To the westward lay the fertile valley overlooked by the ancient castle of Pitteadie, the high turrets and steep gables of which, now ruined and roofless, peep above a grove which in summer shrouds them amid the richest foliage; while the green hills of Raith, now clothed with the most luxuriant wood,—the noble oak, the shadowy sycamore, and the melancholy pine,—with the gray Lomonds beyond, terminate the background. To the southward and east lay whin-tufted knolls and heathy hollows, (all now rapidly changing under the hand of improvement,) interspersed with clumps of the dark, old Scottish fir, affording between their gnarled trunks bright glimpses of the river Forth, with the pale blue peak of Berwick Law and the Lammermuirs rising upward from its southern shore; and, shaded by those sombre thickets of fir—which probably, in dark and unknown ages, as a vast forest spread over all those bluff and rocky headlands that frown towards more fertile Lothian—near the castle of Grange, stood the venerable fane of Eglise de Mariæ, mentioned a few pages back.

On the face of the eminence ascending to the mansion there was once a hamlet of thatched cottages, where the hardy and industrious vassals of the family dwelt within sound of the warder's horn. Like those of their lord, the hearths of those humble dwellings have long since grown cold: in the wars of the Congregation they were swept away by the soldiers of d'Oisel, and now all traces

of the village of Grange, and of its chapel of the Virgin, have entirely disappeared.

In the castle which overlooked it, Sir William Kirkaldy was born; but neither the exact period of his birth, nor the mode of his education, can now be discovered. The former probably took place about the year 1530; and in the course of the latter he appears to have visited the University of Paris, then presided over by the Cardinal of Lorraine. There, when a student, he enjoyed the friendship of Randolph, afterwards the able and intriguing minister of the false and subtle Elizabeth.[1] The celebrated Buchanan was at that time in Paris, a teacher in the college of the Cardinal Le Moine.

All our historians outvie each other in the noble character for bravery and generosity they give to William Kirkaldy, whose name is familiar as that of his friend Knox to every Scotsman. His literary attainments appear to have been considerable, for the time in which he lived; his letters are written with force and fluency, and with all the characteristic bluntness, brevity, and candour of a soldier. This is the more remarkable, when the tiresome, obscure, and prolix style of the age is considered. Save the use of the sword and bridle, all knowledge and learning were held so little in repute by the Scots of those days, that an act of James IV. became necessary, by which all barons and freeholders were compelled, under a penalty, to put their eldest sons to school to learn Latin.

Like the majority of our gallant barons of those stirring times, Kirkaldy appears to have been devoted by his parents to the noble profession of arms, or to have chosen

[1] Tytler.

it himself, as the only occupation in which—according to ideas of the age and country—he could engage without dishonour. Hunting, hosting, feuds, quarrels, blood and blows at home, with wars and invasions of England, were then almost the sole employment of the Scottish people, and fully prevented their progressing in any other art save that of war. Business was almost unknown; the College of Justice had been recently instituted, but the number of advocates was restricted to ten; traffic of any kind was accounted base, and no gentleman of coat-armour could engage in it without a blot upon his name. Such were the ideas of our ancestors.

The sword was usually the only inheritance of the younger branches of Scottish families. While the head of the house remained at his mountain castle, exercising the hospitality of the olden time—defending his kinsmen, his clan, and his heritage from southern invasion and feudal aggression—those cadets of the family who disdained dependence had to become the architects of their own fortunes, and carried into other lands their adventurous spirit, their merit, and their valour. As soldiers of fortune, they found a wide field for glory in the endless wars of France, Italy, and Germany, where many of them attained the highest honours that can accrue to a subject, added fresh lustre to the hereditary rank of their ancestors, or became the founders of great and powerful families, whose best boast is, that they are descended from "the brave and fierce Scots."

The Scottish barons were then mirrors of chivalry and honour, as well as men of a fierce and proud spirit—ever surrounded by brave and warlike vassals, most of them

inheritors of the same blood and surname, all devoted to their chieftain, intensely jealous of his honour, and linked to him by common ties and old patriarchal impressions, which bound indissolubly the upper and the lower classes together. No law was then acknowledged, save the simple but forcible one of the sword; and every man avenged his wrongs by his own right hand, or by that of his nearest kinsman, instead of awaiting the dubious decision of a despised court of justice. Consequently, inspired by such a spirit, no nation in Europe was rent by quarrels more dangerous, more deadly, more bitter, or more romantic, than the transmitted feuds of our Scottish clans.

Numerous and brilliant as have been the achievements of Scotsmen in France, the young knight of Grange appears to have outshone them all, as the unusual honours paid him in that country sufficiently evince; and few among our stubborn lairds at home behaved more gallantly in the feuds and wars incident to the era of the Reformation. In comparison with those of others, the extent of his estates, and the number of his vassals, were not great; but dashing and reckless bravery, lavish generosity, military talents of the first order, a strict morality and steady adherence to religion and to truth, all combined, justly gave him the prominent place he occupied in the wars and tumults which shed a gloom over the joyless reign of the erring, the beautiful, and unhappy Mary.

CHAPTER II.

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER.

THE family of Grange appear at an early period to have embraced the principles of the Reformers: yet they lost not the favour of royalty, though the fifth James was a most rigid Roman Catholic.

Sir James Melville of Halhill describes his brother-in-law, the treasurer, as "a stout man, who always offered by single combate, and at point of the sword, to maintain whatever he said;"[1] from which we may fairly infer that the old laird must have been somewhat dogmatical and irascible in temper. For some political misdemeanour, he, together with his three brothers, George, John, and Patrick, his father-in-law Raith, his kinsman William Berclay of Touche, Melville of Wester Touche, and others, fell under the serious displeasure of the king, but received two formal pardons, under the royal hand, in 1538.[2]

Melville the memorialist quaintly relates several anecdotes, descriptive of the friendly familiarity with which the good King James treated his treasurer, and the high trust he reposed in his sincerity and secrecy. On one occasion he is said to have shown him a roll, containing

[1] Memoirs. [2] MS. Remissio. Crim. Trials, &c.

the names of three hundred and sixty nobles and barons who were to be burnt for heresy. This daring document, which had been drawn up by the unscrupulous Cardinal Beatoun, was quite sufficient to set all Scotland in a flame, and to cause the unfurling of those pennons which had been displayed so fatally before James III. on the field of Sauchieburn, where sixty thousand Scottish warriors bent their spears against each other.

On beholding the ominous roll, which contained *his own* name, and the names of Learmonth of Dairsie, Mowbray of Barnebougal, Drummond of Carnock, and many others his immediate friends and adherents, the treasurer gave a bitter and significant smile. Drawing his sword in jest, the king said "merrily,"—"I will slay thee if thou speakest against my profit!" He then demanded his advice upon the matter, on which Grange freely gave his opinion against the overweening insolence of the priesthood and dignitaries of the Roman Church, and their daring in aiming at the destruction of so many men of family and estate; expatiated on the richness of their benefices, and the profligacy of their lives: then solemnly, but respectfully, warned James of the imminent danger of prosecuting any of his proud and martial noblesse on such a charge as heresy, and earnestly advised him to maintain a friendly intercourse with his Protestant kinsman the King of England, "or great war and trouble" would assuredly ensue. Well pleased with this advice, the king promised to abide by it, and in his first interview with certain prelates of rank, who attended a conference at Holyrood, on church matters;—

"Wherefore, sirs," exclaimed James sternly, after

many bitter reproaches,—"wherefore did my predecessors give so many lands and rents to the kirk? Was it to maintain hawks and hounds, and lady-minions for a number of idle monks? Away, ye javells! (jail-birds.) Begone to your charges, reform your lives, and seek not to be instruments of discord between my nobles and me. King Henry of England burns, King Frederick of Denmark beheads ye, and *I* will slay ye with this whinger!"[1]

In the excitement of the moment he unsheathed his poniard, and, abashed and dismayed, the churchmen "fled from his presence, in great fear."

As may be supposed, the haughty Cardinal Beatoun and his holy colleagues were considerably alarmed and enraged on receiving such a furious and unexpected rebuff; and the more so, as they knew well whose counsels were influencing James against them. By splendid bribes they caused Rosse of Craigie, and other minions about the court, to traduce the treasurer, who stood too high in his sovereign's favour to be without many and powerful enemies. Dread of his vengeance and "the single combate," kept all silent while he was near James's person; but on his departure from Edinburgh, to attend the marriage or betrothal of his second son, James Kirkaldy, on whom the king had bestowed the hand and estate of the fair and false Helen Leslie, daughter of the Laird of Pitcaple, and heiress of Kellie, near Aberelliot in Angus, (a ward of the crown, and possessor of a beautiful castle situated on a steep rock washed by the river Elliot,) his enemies could no longer restrain their malice and envy, and openly reviled him to the king.

[1] Calderwood's Historie, &c., &c.

"The Laird of Grange," said one, "has become a heretic, and has always an English New Testament in his pouch"—the same crime for which Henry Forrest, a Benedictine friar, had been burned at St Andrews, ten years before. Others added, "That Grange had become so vain and arrogant with the royal favour that no man could abide him; that, withal, he was become so avaricious, it was unmeet he should be treasurer; and so bold and grasping that he had obtained for his younger son the rich ward of Kellie, worth twenty thousand pounds."

"I esteem him as a plain, frank gentleman," replied the king; "and love him so well that I would again give him the said rich ward for one word of his mouth."

"Sir," replied the Prior of Pittenweem, who was a cunning monk of St Augustine, "the heiress of Kellie is a fair damsel; but I dare pledge my life that, if you send for her, the treasurer will refuse to yield her unto you."

Knowing well his treasurer's honour and faith, the king maintained the contrary, but was so much wrought upon by the prior, and those about him, that he resolved to put the old knight's loyalty and obedience to a severe test; and, by advice of his priestly enemies, a royal mandate was forthwith drawn out and placed in the hands of the Prior of Pittenweem, empowering him to bring to the palace of Holyrood the Lady of Kellie, and present her to the king. Very naturally, the bluff old Fifeshire laird stormed on beholding the missive borne by the wily prior, whom he knew to be his deadly enemy, and bluntly refused to deliver the young lady; adding many biting taunts against the messenger's reputation

for want of sanctity, and as being one who, from his immoral character, was altogether unfit to have the charge of a noble maiden.

Delighted with the refusal he had anticipated, the prior recrossed the Forth, and proceeded without loss of time to court, where, by exaggerating his interview with Grange, "his associates kindled up the king into so great a choler," that they obtained from him a warrant to commit his favourite to ward in the castle of Edinburgh, as a prisoner of state—a measure which was soon put in force after his return to the city. During his absence, Cardinal Beatoun, the prior, and their faction, had done more serious mischief, by inducing James to abandon the intended conference at York with his uncle Henry VIII. —an affront which so greatly exasperated that proud and fierce despot, that neither fire nor sword could ever avenge it to his satisfaction.

Grange came back to Holyrood with all speed, bringing with him the young lady of Kellie Castle. He arrived when the king was at supper, a meal then taken about six in the evening; and, aware that his enemies had been busy in his absence, passed boldly into the presence of the king, who gave him a very cold reception.

"Why did you refuse me the maiden for whom I wrote?" asked James sternly; "and wherefore gave you despiteful language to him I sent for her?"

The treasurer answered firmly,—

"There are none about your majesty who will dare avow such a thing to my face!"

"Hast thou brought the gentlewoman with thee?"

Sir James Kirkaldy replied in the affirmative.

"Alas!" continued the king, touched by this proof of his implicit obedience, "they have uttered so many leesings against thee that they have obtained a warrant to commit thee to ward."

"Sir," replied the treasurer sadly, "my warding or my life are trifling matters; but it grieves my heart that the world should hear your majesty is so facile,"—referring to the promises which he had broken to Henry of England, by the advice of the priests who were ever around him.[1]

The imprisonment must have been very brief; and Sir James Kirkaldy was not deprived of his important office in the government until after the death of James V., whose untimely end was hastened by the troubles of the dawning Reformation, the discontents of his turbulent nobles, and grief for the rout of his insubordinate army at the Moss of Solway. He was at the old royal castle of Lochmaben, in Annandale, when tidings of that disastrous affair reached him; and his health, which had long been failing, sustained a shock from which it never recovered.

Overcome with shame, indignation, and despair, on Saint Katherine's day the good king departed for Edinburgh, from whence he instantly set out for his palace of Falkland, a prey to the deepest dejection,—a strong proof how intensely he had at heart the interests, honour, and welfare of his subjects.

In passing through Fife he visited the house of Halyards, where he was received with all honour by Lady Janet of Grange, that "auncient and godlie matron," (as

[1] Melville's Memoirs, &c.

Knox styles her,) who, in absence of her husband the high treasurer, desired her son William Kirkaldy, and others, to attend the king in the apartments assigned to him and to his suite.[1]

Situated on high ground, amid varied and irregular scenery, the ancient castle or Place of Halyards lies at the eastern end of the parish of Auchtertool. In later times it became the patrimony of the Skenes; but, prior to the period of which I write, had been gifted, with much of the land about it, to the Kirkaldys of Grange. It was a strong edifice of fully a hundred feet square, entered from the westward by a low-browed archway, which opened upon a spacious court-yard, and possessed all the requisite appurtenances of an old Scottish manor-house—a hall for the revellers, a vault for the refractory beneath it, a mighty bakehouse, an ample brewery, stabling for a squadron of horse, a dove-cot, a grange or home-farm, and windows all securely grated. Its ruins yet show what it must have been when King James and all his train rode down its winding avenue, some of the venerable trees of which are yet remaining among the adjacent fields. To the southward, secluded in a pastoral valley, lies Kirkaldy's barony, the village of Auchtertool, with its thatched cottages and whitewashed walls, its rustic mills turned by little cascades pouring in foam over mossy wooden ducts, or rushing from yawning fissures in the freestone rocks. The ancient parish church, peeping above a thicket of old Scottish firs, appears on a lofty knoll; and far beyond towers up the whin-covered peak of Dunearn, on whose dark summit a deep loch occupies a crater,

[1] Hawthornden, Knox, &c.

which in unknown ages had been charged with volcanic fires. To the northward and east lie bare and rugged mountains, dotted by sheep cropping the scanty herbage on their scaured sides. In some places jut out masses of basaltic rock; and between them lies the blue lake of Camilla, a lonely and sedgy tarn, the calm surface of which is only broken by the rising trout, or the dash of the solitary heron, and reflects only the clouds above and the knowes of whin and long yellow broom that surround it. A fertile valley stretches away in dim perspective to the westward, and is terminated by the curved ridges of the Gray Craigs, the green Saline hills, and the beautiful Ochils, undulating afar off in blue and undefined masses.

At their baronial house of Halyards the family of the treasurer received the king with all the honour and hospitality the simple yet stately manners of those kindly days required.

At supper, Lady Janet, perceiving him to be very pensive and melancholy, assumed upon her age and sex, and endeavoured to administer comfort, praying him "to take the work of God in good part."

"Lady," replied the poor king, "my portion of this world is indeed short. Believe me, I will not be among ye many days."

To change the subject, one of the gentlemen who attended him, asked at which of his palaces he meant to pass the Christmas, which was then approaching; but James could not be diverted from the intense sadness and mortification which preyed upon him.

"I cannot tell, sirs,—I know not,—choose ye the place," he replied, with something of disdain in his man-

ner: "but *this* I can tell ye, that ere Christmas ye will be masterless, and the realm of Scotland without a king."

To that no one replied; but a chill fell upon them all as he spake.[1]

Like all his family, James V. was a man of great elegance of person and manner: his eyes were dark, and his rich brown hair curled in natural ringlets over his shoulders; while the curve of his mustaches, and the slouch of his blue velvet bonnet and white feather, imparted additional grace to the contour of his head. His voice was sweet and persuasive; his manner gentle, winning, and commanding; his form strong and vigorous. Like his brave sire, he was all that a king should be in mind and person.

That night he rested at Halyards, and next morning, bidding the Lady of Grange adieu, accompanied by her eldest son, who had remained in immediate attendance upon him, set out with his train for Falkland, visiting by the way the castle of Cairnie, belonging to David earl of Crawford.

William Kirkaldy remained with him until the hour of his demise.

His father, on hearing of King James's illness, hastened without delay to the palace, or old tower of Falkland, (as it was then familiarly named,) where, with Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, (son of the famous admiral,) Cardinal Beatoun, the master of Rothes, and other courtiers, he stood by the couch of the dying monarch, and beheld his last moments.[2] The news of a daughter's birth (how little could he have anticipated her misfortunes and her

[1] Knox's Historie. [2] Lindesay's Chronicles.

fate!) was a fresh source of disquiet to him, as he had anxiously wished for a son, to replace those of whom death had so recently deprived him, and who, in time to come, might lead the Scottish hosts against their old hereditary enemies. His prophetic remark is well known: his last words were indicative of his thoughts, which were still running on the shameful mutiny and disorder at Solway, where his army had refused to obey the general, Sir Oliver Sinclair, and were routed by their own misconduct.

"Fy! fy!" he muttered; "is Oliver fled—and taken? Then all is lost—all is lost!"

Then, beholding the nobles standing around his bed, he kissed his hand to them, and smiled; after which he raised his eyes, and uplifting his hands, yielded his spirit to God on the 13th of December 1542, in the thirtieth year of his age; so that, as he had prophesied, ere Christmas, Scotland was really without a king.[1]

Possessed of that mysterious power which charmed and won the hearts of all who knew him, and which seems to have been hereditary in the house of Stuart, he was deeply regretted by the nation, with whom his innate sense of justice and mercy, the gallantry and affability of his manner, his strong love of daring and romantic adventure, together with the whole tenor of his life, won for him those soubriquets which gave more lustre to his crown than a thousand gems—"The good King James, the King of the Poor."

[1] Lindesay's Chronicles.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

On the death of the king, the father of William Kirkaldy, being esteemed one of the wisest and worthiest men of the time, was continued in office by the regent; and Henry VIII. of England depended much upon his efforts and influence for bringing about his favourite and ambitious project—the marriage between Mary, the infant daughter of the late king, and his own son, afterwards Edward VI.[1]

The treasurer had been one of the most active of the Scottish barons in raising to the regency James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, and afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, who first authorised in Scotland the use of the Bible in the vulgar tongue.

For a time Sir James was one of his steadiest and most zealous adherents; but, the great hopes he had formed of his administration being to a considerable extent disappointed, he, with Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, and Balneaves of Halhill, was among the first to abandon him, and withdraw his influence from the Hamilton family.

Cardinal David Beatoun, though but a younger son of the Laird of Balfour, by his talent, craft, and ambition,

[1] Officers of State.

having obtained a complete ascendency in the councils of Arran, broke all the treaties with England, which he justly deemed no less injurious to the interests of Scotland than to those of the Romish Church; and, to be revenged upon the high treasurer as the promoter of them, he was deprived of his gold staff, and dismissed from office; the unfortunate prelate John Hamilton, Abbot of Paisley, (afterwards Archbishop of St Andrews,) being appointed in his place.[1]

Having thus lost his important and lucrative office by the influence of the primate, Sir James Kirkaldy felt all his wrath and animosity roused keenly against that celebrated churchman; and it is but too probable that, believing no means unlawful to accomplish his revenge, he was easily drawn into that renowned conspiracy which, by ending in the murder of Beatoun, struck a deadly blow at the very foundation of the Romish Church in Scotland, and found an echo in every nation of civilised Europe.

The first important appearance of young William Kirkaldy, in the pages of Scottish history, is as a conspirator against the cardinal primate, the head of the church in Scotland. He joined this desperate faction when quite a youth, influenced no doubt by the powerful incentive of avenging the insult offered to his father, and urged by the fanatical sophistry of his stern grandfather, Melville of Raith, the fierce knight of Parkhill, and many others, who will soon be introduced to the reader.

He had not yet attained the years of manhood, but

[1] Crawford.

was versed already in all the arts of war and intrigues of politics, and possessed all those high attributes of head and heart which form the basis of chivalry, and the character of a perfect gentleman; skilful in the use of his sword and bridle, and accustomed, like every Scotsman of his time, to arms, and to regard a hostile broil as an every-day occurrence, he was inured to war and danger from his childhood. His uncle, Sir James Melville, acquaints us that he was of a strong, lusty, and well-proportioned person; distinguished for courage in an age when all men were brave; wise and eloquent in council; magnanimous, secret, and prudent in enterprise; daring in battle, but merciful in victory; a foe to all avarice and ambition, and the friend of all men in adversity. "Albeit," continues the quaint memorialist, "he was humble, gentle, and meek like a lamb in the house, but like a lion in the field." Upright and candid in all his measures, "he fell frequently into trouble, when protecting innocent men from such as would oppress them."

This was particularly the case in the affair of his friend Sir William Maitland of Lethington. The bold manner in which he protected him from the vengeance of the earls of Murray and Morton, as shall be shown more fully in its place, was generous, knightly, and noble; and to that affair, perhaps, must be ascribed his full conversion to the cause of his injured queen—a cause to which he remained faithful in the most desperate extremity, even when all the princes of Europe had abandoned her, and, by shedding his blood in it, amply atoned for any of his former demerits.

Some readers may deem it difficult to reconcile the

above very high character for gentleness with his participation in that ferocious adventure, which marks his first appearance in our annals; but the manners of the time, the mode of education, of thinking, and of acting *then*, cannot be judged of by comparing them with these our own days.

From the circumstance of the treasurer procuring the ward of Kellie for his youthful second son, it is not improbable that William had already, at that early period of his life, become enamoured of the fair Margaret Learmonth, to whom he was afterwards to be united, on his return from the wars of France and Germany.

For a time we must return to Cardinal Beatoun.

On the rocky shore, to the northward of the venerable city of St Andrews, stand the ruins of the ancient Episcopal palace, in other years the residence of the primates of Scotland. Those weatherbeaten remains, now pointed out to visitors by the ciceroni of the place, present only the fragments of an edifice erected by Archbishop Hamilton, the successor of Cardinal Beatoun, and are somewhat in the style of an antique Scottish manor-house; but very different was the aspect of that vast bastille which had the proud cardinal for lord, and contained within its massive walls all the appurtenances requisite for ecclesiastical tyranny, epicurean luxury, lordly grandeur, and military defence—at once a fortress, a monastery, an inquisition, and a palace.

The sea-mews and cormorants screaming among the wave-beaten rocks and bare walls now crumbling on that bleak promontory, and echoing only to drenching surf, as it rolls up the rough shelving shore, impart a peculiarly

desolate effect to the grassy ruins, worn with the blasts of the German Ocean, gray with the storms of winter, and the damp mists of March and April—an effect that is greatly increased by the venerable aspect of the dark and old ecclesiastical city to the southward, decaying, deserted, isolated, and forgotten, with its magnificent cathedral, once one of the finest gothic structures in the world, but now, shattered by the hands of man and time, passing rapidly away. Of the grand spire which arose from the cross, and of its five lofty towers, little more than the foundations can now be traced, while a wilderness of ruins on every hand attest the departed splendours of St Andrews.

In the year 1546, the city, with its archiepiscopal castle, must have presented a very different appearance.

Founded by Roger, an Englishman, (son of Robert earl of Leicester,) bishop of the diocese, the residence of the primates occupied a rock washed by a stormy sea on its north and eastern sides, from which, every winter, great masses are torn down by the encroaching waves. It endured many a tough siege during the Scottish wars, and many a ponderous rock, shot from the catapultæ, has rung on its solid walls, and many a bow and arblast have twanged around them; but they owe their principal celebrity to the fate of Cardinal Beatoun. When garrisoned by the vassals of that haughty prelate, when his banner floated on its crenelated ramparts, when his sentinels, in purple and polished steel, watched them with pike and caliver—when his brass cannon, peeping from the guarded walls, overlooked the deep fosse and portcullis, that frowned its iron terrors to the fearful Reformer—it

was vested with more real and more imaginary terror and importance than any edifice in Scotland.

Beneath it were constructed dungeons so deep, that the cries of lamentation and despair were never heard from the unfortunates immured in their profound abyss; and during the brief reign of the Scottish Inquisition, doubtless these were numerous enough. The *oubliette*, or bottle-dungeon, still exists beneath the ruin of what is called Beatoun's Castle. At the north-west angle of a strong rampart, where the sea-tower stood, hewn down through a seam of coal, and increasing in circumference as it descends, it is shaped like a *bottle*, and totally dark, having no other outlet than its narrow mouth.[1] This hideous subterranean funnel is hollowed like a tub at the bottom, and reaches far beneath the lowest foundations of the edifice, to the depth of five-and-twenty feet, forming a pit, the horrors of which no imagination can conceive, no pencil can portray, and no pen describe. In a dungeon within a prison, (one horror within another,) when once a miserable human being was thus entombed, all hope vanished with the light for ever. He rotted there, " and human justice called it *forgetting*. Between mankind and himself the condemned felt weighing upon his head an accumulation of stones and jailors; and the whole prison, the massive bastille, was but one enormous and complicated lock, that barred him out from the living world!"

A poor friar, named John Roger, accused of being a Reformed preacher, once miraculously effected an escape from the Cimmerian vault in which the cardinal had con-

[1] Lyon's Hist. St Andrews.

fined him. He reached the summit of the sea-tower, but only to be dashed to pieces on the steep and surf-beaten rocks below, being baffled in all his attempts to descend the giddy height in safety. But, with all his faults and tyranny, the cardinal was far from being that matchless monster of iniquity our old theological historians are so fond of representing him. He seems, however, especially to have forgotten the precept, that "he who persecutes another because he is not a Christian, is not a Christian *himself*;" and the gallant cardinal's ideas were the very antipodes of St Jerome's, when that holy personage said that "no man could serve God with all his heart, who had any transactions with a woman." According to tradition, the mistresses of Beatoun were innumerable, and their castles frown from every crag and hill in Fife and Mearns.

After remaining eight weeks in the vault of the sea-tower—that den, dark as the pit of Acheron—and perhaps amid the bones of former victims, the hapless George Wishart was burnt before the castle of the unyielding primate, on the 28th March 1545, under circumstances of the utmost barbarity. Banners floated from the ramparts, which bristled with arms and pointed cannon; the front of the donjon-tower was hung with the richest tapestry, as for a festival; cushions of the softest velvet were laid in the recesses of the lofty windows, for the cardinal and other prelates of rank to recline on, while viewing the revolting spectacle of a fellow-being expiring amid the torments of fire. Suffering his cruel fate with the most Christian meekness and fortitude, Wishart is said to have prophesied, while pointing to the cardinal,

who thus fearfully avenged his having conspired against his life—

"He who now so proudly looks down upon me from yonder lofty place, shall ere long be as ignominiously abased as he is now exalted, in opposition to the true religion!"[1]

This prophecy, though it is to be found in all the old histories of the time, has been deemed by some modern writers as merely a popular addition to the melancholy story of Wishart, whose last words went through the land as a cry for vengeance upon his destroyers—a cry which soon found a terrible echo in the enthusiastic hearts of his passionate converts. The memory of his execution exists vividly at St Andrews, which, a tradition asserts, shall yet be destroyed by the encroaching sea, in expiation of the horrors of that event.

Wishart was consumed to ashes, and the cardinal and other prelates, filled with rage and hatred against the growing spirit of heresy, forbade any one to pray for him under the most severe penalties. But the avenger of blood dogged them close.

Originally organised by the equally cruel and rapacious King of England, Henry VIII., of unworthy memory, to whose grasping projects against the honour and liberties of Scotland the cardinal was an avowed enemy, this conspiracy had been formed at an early period, and included George Wishart the martyr, the Earl Marischal, the Earls of Glencairn and Cassillis; Sir George Douglas, Sir James Kirkaldy of the Grange,

[1] Lives of the Reformers Knox and Calderwood, Hist. Buchanan, vol. ii. lib. xvi.

and his four sons, William, David, Thomas, and James, all of whom had probably been often fired by the discourses of Wishart, Knox, and Rough; Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes, a young knight, who had fought with the most distinguished valour at the recent battle of Ancrum, where he led three hundred lances of Fife; the profligate Crichton of Brunstane, and many other men of influence.[1]

On Wishart's death, one of the conspirators, John Leslie of Parkhill, openly declared, "My hand and dagger will have blood for blood!"

This fierce and unscrupulous warrior had recently been released from captivity in England, having been taken prisoner at Solway, and ransomed for two hundred merks sterling.[2] With many other noble and more influential prisoners, Henry VIII. had completely won him over to his interest. His nephew, the Master of Rothes, and the Kirkaldys of Grange, now entered into a secret and close correspondence with that monarch and his ministry; and must have maintained it at considerable expense and trouble by special messengers, to whose care alone their letters were committed.

Beatoun was aware of the odium Wishart's death had brought upon him; he was also aware, perhaps, of the plots forming against his life; but, supported by France and the most powerful of the Scottish peers, he disregarded the deep murmurs of the people, and deemed himself above the reach of danger. He had six natural daughters, (besides sons,) all by different mothers, whose residences are yet pointed out in many of the ruined

[1] Keith, Lyon, &c. [2] Rymer.

castles of the old shire of Angus; in the tower of Criech the peasantry allege that he maintained quite a seraglio of young beauties. By Lady Marion, (daughter of Sir James Ogilvie of Lintrathen, first Lord Ogilvie of Airly,) whom he is said to have married prior to entering holy orders, he had several children, who were all contracted in marriage to the heirs of powerful families—a strong proof of their legitimacy.[1] Margaret, one of their daughters, was married to David lord Lindesay, afterwards eighth Earl of Crawford; and Beatoun increased his influence by procuring bonds of *feudal service* from several gentlemen who were in avowed hostility to him; more particularly from the proud Norman Leslie, for the estate of Easter Wemyss, in Fifeshire. This fiery young cavalier, having been treated by Beatoun with marked injustice and contempt, nourished the deepest resentment against him; and it was neither consonant to the temper of such a gallant, or the spirit of the age, to submit tamely to insult or wrong; so he resolved to take with his sword that satisfaction which he could not demand.

Peter Carmichael, (Laird of Kilmadie,) a gentleman of Fife, another conspirator, had also a dispute with the cardinal concerning some lands; and, hating him bitterly, joined the plot: while the Kirkaldys were drawn into it by their old zeal for the Reformed religion, mingled with a spirit of revenge (characteristic of the time rather than the men) for the high office their family had lost by the primate's influence. John Leslie of Parkhill daily avowed himself Beatoun's deadly foe; so did the Mel-

[1] Mackenzie's Lives, fol. 1708.

villes of Raith; and, like James Melville of Carnbee, the most active and determined of all the conspirators, they made the execution of their friend, George Wishart, the sole excuse for joining this daring combination against the most powerful man in Scotland. Sir James Kirkaldy, like a thorough and unscrupulous old baron of those days, appears to have had designs against the life of Beatoun so early as 1544. A letter from the Earl of Hertford to Henry VIII., dated 17th April of that year, contains the following passage:—

"The Laird of Grange, late Treasurer of Scotland, the Master of Rothes, (the Earl of Rothes' eldest son,) and John Charters (of Kinfawns,) would attempt either to apprehend or slay the Cardinal as he shall go through the Fife-land, as he doth sundrie times, to St Andrews."[1]

Vague rumours of the treasurer's plot reached Beatoun from time to time, but he is reported to have said—

"Tush! a fig for the fools, and a button for all bragging heretics and their assistants in Scotland! Is not the Regent Arran my friend, France my ally, and the queen at my devotion?"[2]

But now, aware of a coming storm, he was increasing the fortifications of his archiepiscopal mansion with the utmost expedition; and though the days were then long, the season being summer, the masons worked on the rising walls during the whole night. His additions to the castle were carried on at a vast expense and labour, till, in the opinion of the age, it was deemed impregnable, and tauntingly called Babylon by the Reformers. His retinue was equally splendid and numerous; the city of

[1] Lyon's St Andrews. [2] Cald. Hist. Kirk.

St Andrews, with a population (then) of fifteen thousand souls, was at his devotion, and the surrounding country was filled with his kinsmen, friends, and dependents. The regent *appeared* to be sincerely his friend; he had solemnly abjured the Protestant faith in his presence, and delivered up his eldest son to be kept in the Cardinal's castle as a hostage for his sincerity. Beatoun was now completely the influencer, the overruler of the regent and of all his measures; he was the custodier of the infant queen—the Catholic legate—a man whose power in Scotland was unbounded as his hostility to England and his friendship to France. Yet against this potent spiritual and temporal leader the Kirkaldys of Grange feared not to draw their swords.

From the splendid bridal of his daughter Margaret, at the castle of Finhaven, where, with a dower of four thousand merks, he had bestowed her on the young Lord Lindesay, the cardinal was compelled to repair hurriedly to St Andrews, by intelligence that the hostile fleet of England was off the coast: the report proved unfounded, but he continued his fortifications with renewed energy.

At this crisis Norman Leslie, who had resigned to him the estate of Easter Wemyss, on the promise of an equivalent, now visited him, and demanded—perhaps unnecessarily, to provoke a quarrel—the complete fulfilment of the compact. Beatoun is said to have refused or equivocated. The fiery young noble burst out in a fury; high words ensued, bitter taunts were exchanged, and they abruptly separated. The Master, who had only five followers in his train, rode into the city, and repaired to the inn or lodgings of his uncle John of Parkhill, full of

wrath at being circumvented, and bent on some dark deed of vengeance. He had an interview with his uncle, who required no fresh incentive to rouse *his* fanatical enmity; and the result of their meeting was the death of Beatoun, which they deliberately resolved to accomplish without further delay.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL BEATOUN.

TRUSTY messengers were forthwith despatched westward to the Grange, to our hero, (who, I fear, the reader will suppose has been lost sight of,) to the Melvilles of Raith, and James of Carnbee, calling them to hold themselves in readiness for an enterprise which was to strike all Catholic Europe with horror.

On Thursday, the 27th of May 1546, William Kirkaldy came to St Andrews from his father's house, which was twenty-six miles distant. He was well armed, and attended by six followers of trust. The Master of Rothes rode thither next day with five only, lest numbers should excite suspicion, and repaired to his usual inn or residence; his uncle, John Leslie, came into the city that night, fearing to excite suspicion by appearing in the vicinity of Beatoun's residence, when all men knew him to be his avowed foe.

Next morning, at the early hour of three, the conspirators, sixteen in number, assembled in knots of three or four about the castle-rocks, the abbey churchyard, or its vicinity; and when the warder unfolded the great gates of the archiepiscopal mansion, and lowered the bridge to let

out those workmen who had been working all night on the walls, and usually issued forth every morning to breakfast, two men, whom the Master of Rothes had placed overnight in ambush close to the fosse, rushed upon the porter and secured the passage. So says Buchanan, who wrote of those affairs from hearsay or memory; but other and more detailed accounts state, that when the warder lowered the bridge to let out the artisans, and receive in lime and stones, the young Laird of Grange and Peter Carmichael entered with six chosen men. As it was very early, Kirkaldy made a pretence of inquiring "when my lord the cardinal would be stirring, and when he would be seen—if he was awake yet?"

The porter answered No; "and so indeed it was," adds Knox, "for he had been busy at his counts with Mistress Marion Ogilvie that very night; and, therefore, quietness after the rules of physic, and a morning sleep, were requisite for my lord."

During this colloquy with William Kirkaldy, the warder, who probably was ignorant of the late altercation between his Lord and Norman Leslie, whom he knew perfectly, permitted that bold conspirator, with his fierce followers, to enter also. In those days all men went abroad well armed—a breast-plate, a jack or pyne doublet, were usual parts of everyday attire, and every gentleman of rank was followed by a train of swash-bucklers or stout jackmen—so that the retinue of armed servants attending those two gallants, probably created no surprise in the mind of the gate-ward; but his suspicions were instantly roused when the fierce John of Parkhill, the known enemy of his lord, appeared near the fosse with

his drawn rapier in his hand, and others well armed behind him.

The warder rushed to the counterpoise to raise the bridge, but the strong and active Leslie sprang across the widening gap, and, ere the poor man could save himself, drove his long sword through his body, with one tremendous lunge; then, seizing the corpse with his left hand, he hurled it into the deep fosse, tearing away the keys from it as it fell, and, at the head of his retainers, burst into the castle, sword in hand, with a shout of triumph. Some workmen, who were yet lingering within the walls, were expelled by a private postern: not a citizen was stirring: to shut the gates and raise the bridge was the work of a moment; and the boasted Babylon, the dreaded Inquisition, the famous stronghold of the hapless Beatoun, was in the possession of his deadly enemies.

William Kirkaldy, being well acquainted with the castle, now seized the most important post—the private postern through which the cardinal could alone have escaped. As he approached it, Marion Ogilvie of Lintrathen was seen hurriedly to leave it, closely muffled. This fair and unfortunate lady is said to have perished, like her lover, by a violent death. Her cipher is yet to be seen on the walls of her ruined castle, near Aberlemno. William Kirkaldy appears to have guarded the postern while his companions were busy in other parts of the vast bastille they had so boldly and adroitly captured.[1]

Upwards of one hundred and fifty individuals, gentlemen of the household, servants, workmen, &c., were threatened severally with death, if they spoke, and were

[1] Knox.

successively compelled to dress and depart. Every person within the walls was turned out at the point of the sword, save the eldest son of the Regent Chatelherault, (or Arran, as the Scots usually prefer to style him,) whom the cardinal had been keeping in a kind of durance vile, for political purposes of his own.

The fate of Beatoun was sealed.

His band of kirk vassals or paid jackmen must have been quartered in the city during the repair of the castle, as there is no mention made of them in any account of this desperate enterprise.

Roused from slumber by the unusual noise and uproar, the unhappy prelate leaped from bed, threw on a rich morning-gown, and raised the casement of his apartment. The disordered aspect of the court, the absence of his own dependents, and the appearance of strange and armed men, filled him with amazement and dismay. A terrible light broke upon him.

"What meaneth this noise?" he demanded.

"The Master of Rothes hath taken your castle!" answered some exulting vassal of the house of Leslie.

Alarmed to excess by this intelligence, he endeavoured to escape by the private stair; but the postern door at the foot of it was already secured by William Kirkaldy and his vassals. The cardinal returned despairing to his bed-chamber, where, assisted by a little boy, his page, (or chamber-chield,) he barricaded the door with chests and other heavy furniture; then, hiding a casquet of gold under some fuel that lay in a corner, he grasped a two-handed sword, resolving to die with honour to his name. These hasty preparations were

scarcely completed, before the tread of the conspirators rang in the gallery, and a loud knocking shook the chamber door.

"Open!" cried John of Parkhill.

"Who calleth?" inquired the agitated cardinal.

"My name is Leslie," was the brief and ominous response.

"Leslie!" rejoined the cardinal; "which of the Leslies?—is it Norman?"

"Nay, my name is *John*."

"I must have Norman," replied the poor man, attempting to touch the heart of that relentless noble. "I must have Norman,—*he* is my friend."

"Content yourself with those that are here, for you shall have none other," was the dubious answer; and again they commanded him sternly to undo the fastening of the door, which, no doubt, like all others in those days, was secured by a complication of locks and bars. Upon his refusal, they attempted to force it; but it was strong as a wall, and their efforts were in vain.[1]

Remembering the relentless and fanatical ferocity of these men, and how much he had to dread at their hands, all the danger and horror of his situation seem to have flashed vividly on the mind of the unfortunate cardinal. The window,—alas! it was barred, and in the court below were those who longed to wash their hands in his very heart's blood. Overcome for a moment by the sudden prospect of a terrible death, he is said to have sunk into a chair, exclaiming in imploring accents,—

"Sirs, I am a priest! I am a priest!" and conjured

[1] Knox's Historie. Lives of the Reformers.

them, by the safety of their souls, to spare him, and have mercy. But could mercy be expected from men whose hearts were fired by the most furious fanaticism, by the basest mercenary motives, and most implacable revenge?

The sole reply to his entreaties was the voice of Parkhill calling loudly for "fire! fire!" to burn down the strong oaken barrier: burning coals were heaped against it with the utmost deliberation; and then Beatoun, seeing the utter futility of resistance, on receiving a solemn promise of life, proceeded to remove the fastenings.

"Sirs," said he, "will ye spare my life?"

"It may be that we will," replied a voice.

"Swear, then, unto me by the wounds of God, and I will admit ye."

Some doubtful promise was given, and, throwing open the door, he stood before his destroyers.

Beatoun was a man in the prime of life, of noble aspect and most commanding stature: the dignity of his air, the fire of his eye, and the remembrance of his exalted rank,—Cardinal of St Stephin in Monte Cœlio, Bishop of Mire-poix, Legate of Paul III., Commendator of Arbroath, and Lord High Chancellor of the kingdom of Scotland,—all seem to have awed the fierce conspirators for a time, and he calmly demanded their purpose.

There was no reply.

"I am a priest!" he again urged; "I am a priest,—surely ye will not slay me?" The two-handed sword was in his grasp; he manifested no disposition to use so unclerical a weapon, but watched them with a pale and agitated countenance. For an instant, but an instant only, they were irresolute; then simultaneously they

rushed with their gleaming weapons upon him. John Leslie of Parkhill first drove his long arm-pit dagger into him; and then Peter Carmichael struck him repeatedly with his sword; but the wounds inflicted appear not to have been severe. Then the "gentle and modest" James Melville of Carnbee, (*not* of Raith, as it is often erroneously stated,) a fanatic of a milder though a sterner mood, and one who professed to do murder as a religious duty, struck up their weapons.

"Reflect, sirs," said he, "that this sacrifice is the work of God, and, as such, ought to be executed with becoming deliberation and gravity."[1] Then pointing his weapon (which was a stag-sword, with a sharp-pointed blade, calculated only for thrusting) at the breast of the bleeding and sinking primate, he thus addressed him with steady ferocity of purpose:—

"Repent thee, thou wicked cardinal, of all thy sins and iniquities, but especially of the murder of the pious Wishart, that instrument of God for the conversion of these lands. Though consumed in flames of fire before men, his death now cries for vengeance upon thee, and *we are sent by God* to inflict the deserved punishment. Remember that the stroke I am about to deal thee is not the mercenary blow of a hired assassin, but that of a most just retribution. And hear me protest before the Almighty Power, that it is neither hatred of thy person, nor fear of thy power, nor love of thy riches, which moves me to seek thy life; but only because thou remainest an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus and his most holy gospel!"

[1] Hume, Hist. Eng.

Having spoken these words, without permitting his victim to make that repentance to which he exhorted him, he thrust the stag-sword into his breast. Again and again the same vengeful blade was plunged into his body, and the cardinal sank backward upon a chair, with the blood gushing from his wounds.

"I am a priest!" he murmured; "fie! fie!—all is gone!" and instantly expired.[1]

He was in the fifty-second year of his age.

William Kirkaldy appears not to have put forth his weapon; but, from the part he acted in the enterprise, he fully shared in the odium which so deservedly fell to the lot of those who enacted that cool and barbarous murder.

[1] Calderwood; Lyon's Hist. St Andrews; Crawford; Tytler; M'Crie, &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASTLE BLOCKADED.

By this time the citizens of St Andrews had been roused by the numerous retinue expelled from the castle; the alarm-bells were rung, and the burghers, (by whom Beatoun was greatly beloved, notwithstanding his tyranny,) led by their provost, Sir James Learmonth of Dairsie, surrounded the castle, and, crowding at the margin of the moat, clamoured for scaling-ladders, and to be led to the assault, if the cardinal was not instantly shown to them.

"What have ye done unto our lord the cardinal?" they loudly demanded; "have ye slain him? let us see our lord the cardinal."

From the lofty ramparts Norman Leslie scoffingly advised them to return to their houses, saying that their "lord the cardinal" had got the reward of his crimes, and they were troublesome fools for demanding to see a *dead man*. This answer only served to enrage them more; and they cried "We will never depart until we have seen him!" But as they spoke, the corpse of Beatoun, stripped, bloody, and ghastly, was indecently suspended over the walls of the fore-tower—"even out of the very place where before he had so exultingly beheld the execution of George Wishart."[1]

[1] Buch. lib. xv. vol. ii.

"There is your god!" exclaimed Norman Leslie; "and, now that we have satisfied ye, begone to your houses!"

Upon this the appalled burgesses retired, murmuring vengeance, their Lord Provost, who was in the interest of the conspirators, manifesting no inclination to lead them to the assault. Contemplating this barbarous deed with the horror which it naturally excites, the great courage and conduct of the perpetrators fail to excite our admiration; yet, execrable as the affair was, Leslie and Carnbee were soon able to assemble a numerous band to defend the deed of blood.

That "godly fact," as Knox exultingly calls it, had no sooner been committed, than the rage of these Reformers was extended to the inanimate remains of the cardinal. Pitscottie and others record an ensuing episode, too offensive to be repeated, but very indicative of the spirit which animated the vassals of Kirkaldy and Rothes. "These," exclaims Knox, with a triumph bordering on impiety, "*these are the works of our God*, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth." According to Balfour, after Beatoun had lain *salted* for nine months in the vault of the sea-tower, (of which a description is given in a preceding chapter,) he was obscurely interred in the convent of the Blackfriars at St Andrews.[1]

The tidings of his death spread rage and consternation among the Catholics of Europe; in their eyes it was a deed of the utmost sacrilege and horror; while to the persecuted Protestants it sounded like a tocsin of hope, and was only viewed as a just retribution for the fate of

[1] Annales of Scotland.

Wishart, and as a deadly blow to the vast power of the established church. John Knox hesitated not to write "merrily" on the subject; but the more elegant and witty knight of the Mount wrote with better taste—

> "As for the cardinal, I grant
> He was the man we well might want;
> God will forgive it soon.
> But of a truth, the sooth to say,
> Although the loon be well away,
> The deed was *foully done*."

It is somewhat remarkable, that on the very morning when Beatoun was slain, some Scottish exiles at Ripperwyck, in Norway, who could not have been aware of what was acting at St Andrews, solemnly burned the cardinal's effigy on the sea-shore, "making his portraitoure of a great oaken blocke, with his name upon it, affixed to a paper."

Several likenesses of Cardinal Beatoun with his baretta are to be seen cut in freestone, in bold relief, on the walls of an ancient tower built by him near Monimail.

The old Laird of Grange and his three other sons, James, Thomas, and David, joined the successful conspirators in the evening, adding their vassals and influence to the garrison of the castle.[1] Any compunction he or his sons might have felt for having abetted Beatoun's death, was completely cured by the discovery of certain papers in the primate's repositories, from which it appeared "that Norman Leslie, sheriff of Fife, John Leslie, father's brother to Norman, the Lairds of Grange, *elder and younger*, Sir James Learmonth of Dairsie, and the Laird of Raith, should

[1] Hollinshed Chron.

either have been slain or else taken," and been placed as prisoners at the mercy of him that Carnbee had slain.[1]

The Melvilles of Raith joined the Kirkaldys and Leslies next day.

About Easter 1547, John Knox came to St Andrews and joined their standard, bringing with him his three pupils, George and Francis Douglas, sons of the Laird of Longniddry, and Alexander Cockburn, younger of Ormistoun. Hamilton, Beatoun's successor, had long been intent on Knox's destruction; and being compelled to flee from place to place, the Reformer led a vagrant and miserable life, haunted continually by the terrors of the dungeon and stake, until, urged by danger, by the advice of his friends, and his own inclination, he sought an asylum in the castle of St Andrews—a circumstance deemed by some equal to participation in Beatoun's murder, and which has given rise to charges of the most serious nature against his clerical character.[2] Other persons of great note had by this time joined the growing faction; including Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, John Rough, a celebrated Reformed preacher, whom Dempster characterises as "an impious and vile apostate;" Henry Balneaves of Halhill, (who had been made clerk-treasurer by Sir James Kirkaldy,) a senator of the College of Justice, and secretary of state; Henry Primrose, the Laird of Pitmillie, an immediate relation of Beatoun; Sir John Auchinleck, and many gentlemen of the surname of Melville. In all, they mustered only one hundred and fifty armed men. Well aware that they had committed a fearful violation of all Divine and human

[1] Knox's Historie. [2] Life of Knox.

laws, assured of the thunders of the church, the vengeance of the government, and of Beatoun's kinsmen, they rushed into further rebellion and defiance. The regent immediately sent messengers with tidings of the event into France, from whence he expected galleys of war, soldiers, artillery, and engineers to assist him in reducing this little band of desperate insurgents, as the mass of the Scottish people were averse to drawing their swords against them.

He was on the western borders with an army of observation, expecting an invasion from England, when the first notice of the catastrophe reached him. With other military vassals of the crown, the Earl of Rothes was with him; and with one voice the nobles demanded that he should be brought to trial, as cognisant of his son's crime, ere he was permitted to continue under the royal standard with soldiers whose honour was untainted. A court was held; its verdict fully acquitted him of having had the least knowledge of the Master's designs; and then the army marched towards England.[1]

Though outwardly the regent expressed the utmost grief for Beatoun's death, he must have felt inwardly the highest exultation. He could not forget that his name had been the first on that black muster-roll of nobles doomed to destruction by the cardinal; he was now freed from the stern admonitions of a fearless monitor, and the annoying surveillance of one whose mind was superior by a thousand degrees to his own. However, he issued a proclamation, thirteen days after the murder, citing the Kirkaldys of Grange, Norman Leslie, and

[1] Douglas Peerage, &c., &c.

their companions, to compear before the assembled parliament of Scotland on the 30th of July, under penalty of treason. George earl of Huntly, who had succeeded Beatoun as Lord Chancellor, affixed the great seal of the kingdom to the mandate.[1]

It was now the midsummer of 1546, and the season was one of intense heat.

On the 11th June an edict was issued, forbidding all communication with the castle of St Andrews under pain of death. For those successive fulminations the bold spirits therein cared little: they possessed a strong and magnificent castle, with all the cardinal's treasure, jewels, church ornaments, rich hangings, gold and silver plate, munition of war, artillery, armour, provisions, and rich household stuff of every description; they had the regent's son as hostage; and, finding themselves outlawed, they refused to listen to anȳ terms of accommodation whatever. The fleet of their friends, the Protestant English, commanded the sea in their vicinity, and could at any time afford them supplies. To secure further support from the south, William Kirkaldy, Balneaves of Halhill, and John Leslie, were sent as envoys to Henry VIII., and returned in safety, with assurances of assistance, on condition of their promoting the intended marriage between their young queen and the Prince of Wales. An English ship brought them back to share the dangers of the blockade and siege, and they had with them an Italian soldier of fortune, who was supposed to be very skilful in all the art of war. Rejoiced at the death of Beatoun, Henry VIII. liberally supplied the insurgents with money, pro-

[1] Records of Parliament.

visions, and stores; and to aid them in their rebellion, six ships of war, commanded by Tyrell his admiral, anchored on several occasions within gunshot of the ramparts of St Andrews.[1] To Balneaves, Henry remitted £1480 for the subsistence of the garrison; and in the succeeding March and May, £450 for himself. As they were unable to draw any rent from their estates, he sent £200 to Sir James Kirkaldy, and £280 to the Master of Rothes.[2] The allowance of the garrison was eightpence per diem for the soldiers, forty of whom were troopers, and had horses to forage.

The parliament met at Edinburgh on the 4th August 1546, and the eight Kirkaldys of Grange, with all others within the castle of St Andrews, were solemnly declared forfeited traitors; and the great weakness of the regent's government is strongly evinced by the fact, that one hundred and fifty brave men were able to keep him so long and so fully at defiance.

Many of them were young in years, and all were rash; exulting in their successful vengeance, and animated by that inborn love of tumult and daring for which the Scots of those days were so eminently distinguished, they broke out into yet more open rebellion. They laid the city of St Andrews, and the whole adjacent country, under blackmail; and the tenor of the lives of some of them became one continued scene of riot and debauchery, "oppressing all the country," saith Pitscottie, "with spoiling of goods and ravishing of women, notwithstanding the manifold admonitions of those godly men who were with them." Knox severely reprehended their profligacy, and attri-

[1] Knox, Lyon, Lindesay, Keith, Hume, &c. [2] Diurnal of Occurrents.

buted to it the violent ends to which some of their lives came; and, indeed, it is rather remarkable that nearly all of the conspirators perished by violence. They plundered, wasted, and ravaged the whole adjacent parishes; and if the stern exhortations of the furious Knox failed to restrain them, it was evident that nothing short of cannon-balls would do so; and the Scottish government prepared for war. During these proceedings, John Rough, who had acted as their chaplain, made his escape into England, where, after endeavouring to subsist by preaching and knitting caps and hose, he was burned in Smithfield by Bonner bishop of London.[1]

On the 21st of August the Regent Arran proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, that all the vassals of the crown should muster by the 29th of the month, to blockade the castle of St Andrews; though he did not feel much anxiety either concerning its reduction or the punishment of its garrison, but fears for the safety of his eldest son, (whom he wished to unite to the little Queen Mary.) Incited by the clamours of an indignant priesthood, and the religious importunity of the queen-dowager, he displayed the royal standard before the fortress, and invested it with a considerable body of troops. The Catholic clergy taxed themselves in the sum of £2000 monthly, to enable him to succeed.

He had with him several pieces of brass artillery; two of these were of very heavy calibre, and familiarly known among the soldiers as *Deaf Meg* and *Crook Mow*. His train battered at intervals the strong walls for three months, but without success: the cannon-shot of those

[1] Spotswood.

days, being generally round stones lapped in sheet-lead, were not of sufficient weight to breach a rampart. The regent was so wavering in his proceedings, that he even offered to restore their lands and heritages; but with one voice the besieged refused to accept his accommodation.

Upon this, he sent four pieces of heavy cannon to the flank of his western trenches, for the purpose of destroying the sea-tower; but notwithstanding that from these guns a constant fire was maintained all day, from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon, the cannoneers only succeeded in beating down the battlements and top-house, and unroofing some buildings next the sea. The moment the rampart gave way, from its corbells the royal cross-bowmen shot their feathered balistæ with deadly precision at the unsheltered besieged, who, terrified by the falling ramparts and showers of heavy slates which descended under the concussion of every cannon-ball, were compelled to abandon the sea-tower with confusion and precipitation. But from other parts their cannon fired briskly on the regent's trenches, and slew his master of artillery, John Borthwick, and killed and wounded many others.

A secret paper, addressed to Balneaves of Halhill, the conspirators' agent with Henry VIII., gives a very minute account of this siege.[1]

On the 17th December the Lyon herald sounded a trumpet before the walls, bearer of a request from the regent that they would hear an offer of his envoys, the justice-clerk and the provost of Aberdeen. Through

[1] Lyon, App.

these he offered to permit their retaining the castle and his son as hostage, until his promises of restoring the lands of Grange and others were fully performed by deeds signed and sealed; but he required that William Kirkaldy, the heir of the ex-treasurer, should be placed in his hands, as a pledge for their peaceable conduct. This they refused to accede to; but offered him the younger sons of the Laird of Grange, James and David Kirkaldy, who were accordingly sent to his camp; and it does not appear that they were ever allowed to return, by which they escaped many dangers and a long captivity abroad.[1]

A desultory shooting of cross-bows, and firing of cannon and harquebusses, was maintained for three months, without much slaughter on either side; for strong ramparts, deep trenches, and armour of proof, were good preservatives of life and limb. The besieged were sometimes straitened by want of provisions; but generally flesh, flour, and wine were supplied them in the night by their secret friend, the Laird of Monkquhanny, at a private postern near the kitchen tower, where a boat could at any time, when the tide was full, come close to the eastern rocks. Monkquhanny's son, the famous and changeable Sir James Balfour, was then serving with the insurgents, having repaired to the castle soon after the death of Beatoun.

The troops of the regent, like himself, were but coldly disposed in the affair; while Angus, Glencairn, Marischal, Cassillis, Bothwell, Fleming, and others, who led them,

[1] Secret Paper; Lyon, App.

were all secretly in the interest of Henry, who had gained them by gross bribery to aid him in the promotion of that marriage which was so obnoxious to the nation; and yet those men, who sold themselves so basely, again and again, to further the grasping ambition of a foreign despot, were the boasted leaders of our Scottish Reformation. Judging by the sums he received from Henry, old Sir James of the Grange appears to have sold his political influence as freely as any of his colleagues.[1]

While the young heir of Arran was detained by this band of successful revolters, their threats against him, if driven to extremity, must have had a powerful effect on a mind so wavering and undecided as his father's. Their ally, Henry VIII., was extremely anxious to get this young lord into his hands, that by potion or dagger he might be rid of him for ever, as he dreaded Arran's project of uniting him to the infant queen—a measure which, if carried into effect, would completely have destroyed his favourite matrimonial union, which the cardinal had so long opposed; and it is to the honour of Norman Leslie and his companions that they kept the young heir of Hamilton in their own safer custody.

On the appearance of a pestilence in the city, the regent, glad of a decent pretext for furling his standard, prepared to raise the blockade and retire. Previous to this, the wild spirits in the castle had become tired of a year's confinement within its narrow compass, and finding themselves latterly almost deserted by their abettor, Henry of England, and doubtful of their safety, if by treachery,

[1] Knox, Tytler, Diurnal, &c.

starvation, or force, they fell into the power of the parliament, they concluded an armistice, the leading conditions of which were:—

First. That the regent should procure them absolution from the pope, Paul III.

Second. That hostilities should cease until the decision of his holiness became known.

Third. That hostages should be retained in the regent's hands to insure the capitulation of the fortress, and release of his son, on the arrival of the papal absolution.[1]

These articles were agreed to, although neither of the parties were sincere in the matter; but immediately after, the regent dismissed the crown vassals without achieving the object for which he had mustered them, and returned to Edinburgh to attend the meeting of parliament.

How so small a body of men could be able, for so many months, to defy his power, can only be accounted for by the fact that, in addition to their being indisposed to hostilities against the revolters, the Scottish leaders were not very proficient in the art of assailing fortified places; while the weapons, discipline, and martial impetuosity of their soldiers often unfitted them for the protracted operations of a regular siege.

On the truce being agreed to, the garrison of the castle joyfully issued forth, and openly associated with the citizens of St Andrews; but their release from durance induced them to renew their old excesses in the most outrageous manner, until those champions of religious

[1] Robertson.

regeneration became regarded only in the light of libertine desperadoes.

Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, his three brothers, and four sons, were all under doom of forfeiture and outlawry.[1]

[1] Scots Acts, fol. 11.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL OF LEON STROZZIO.

WHAT part the young knight of Grange acted in these affairs does not appear; but Norman Leslie and his uncle Parkhill were the great master spirits of mischief among their companions.

In signing a truce, both parties, as before stated, were acting with great duplicity; each merely sought to amuse and gain time, for the purpose of effectually crushing the other. The regent had applied to the ancient ally of the nation, France, for aid, and hoped soon to have the castle in his power, in spite of the Scottish nobles and their intrigues. On the other side, Leslie, the Kirkaldys, and their comrades, were supported by the English king, who was again making great preparations to accomplish his ambitious project of uniting the hostile countries by marriage; and as he very unpolitely intended to second his negotiations by a powerful army, the insurgents hoped that its advance would soon place them in a way to laugh to scorn the pardon of the regent and absolution of the pope.

But these hopes were doomed to be blighted.

In the next year, the profuse, rapacious, and tyrannical Henry of England closed a reign and a life which had

been eminent only for political irregularity and domestic oppression—for cruelty and barbarity—to which the English submitted with amazing passiveness. Prior to the intelligence of his death reaching the English faction in Scotland, the absolution of Paul III. arrived from Rome, for the Master of Rothes, Kirkaldy, and their friends. Upon this, the regent required the surrender of the castle; but, on discovering that the bull contained the dubious clause—that his holiness *remitted a crime which could not be pardoned*, they broke off all further negotiation, being too acute to be deceived by this specimen of Italian logic; and, once more displaying their banner, they mustered their adherents and boldly refused to capitulate.

Meanwhile the governments of England and France were making active preparations—the former to succour, and the latter to besiege the castle. The French were ready first, unluckily for the insurgent Reformers.

To increase the troubles of the regent, a body of English had crossed the Solway on a hostile inroad, and stormed a few castles of minor importance. Marching southward, he encamped an army on the banks of the river Meggat, to observe their motions: he retook the castle of Langholm by storm, driving out a small English garrison: he invaded England by the western border, returned with considerable spoil, and was about to undertake the reduction of the other fortlets he had left in his rear, when intelligence was brought to his camp that the French fleet was visible from the bleak promontory of St Abb. It consisted of one-and-twenty vessels of war, sent at the regent's request, by order of Henry II. of France, to besiege the castle of St Andrews. On beholding them

standing towards the mouth of the Firth, with the silver lilies of France displayed, the regent immediately marched with his forces to the capital, for the purpose of conferring with the commander of these new allies.[1]

It was on the 29th day of June that sixteen of those vessels, led by Leon Strozzio, a famous Florentine noble, (exiled in consequence of his implacable hatred to the house of Medici, and who had risen, solely by his merit as a soldier of fortune, to the rank of prior of Capua, knight of Rhodes, captain-general of the galleys, and admiral of the French fleet,) sailed into the tempestuous bay of St Andrews, and, to the no small dismay of the banned and excommunicated insurgents, cast anchor near the fortress, taking up a position so skilfully that, at full tide, the outworks of the castle would be completely swept by the cannon of the galleys.

Knowing well the discipline and experience the soldiers of Strozzio had gained in the German and Italian wars, and aware of his double character of priest and knight, their prospects were equally hopeless of conquest or mercy; yet, with the most indomitable bravery, though repeatedly summoned to surrender, they replied that they would defend the castle against the *united powers* of Scotland, England, and France. Strozzio landed his soldiers, who formed a junction with those of the regent. Crook Mow and Deaf Meg were added to the French train of artillery; the castle was invested on all sides by sea and land, and the trenches were pushed with great vigour.

Leon Strozzio, with more of military bluntness than

[1] Buchanan.

Italian politeness, had the freedom to inform the regent that he thought him a very inexperienced soldier, for not having taken possession of the church steeples; and that he deemed the garrison equally unskilful, in not having subsequently demolished them.

"With God's will," he concluded, "your excellency shall see that, to-morrow, in six hours, I will make a passage through the castle, and compel those that are in it to obey you."[1]

By means of ropes and windlasses he drew his cannon through the streets, without any means that were visible to the besieged, whose missiles might have slain many of his pioneers and soldiers.

"Look to your defence, my masters!" cried the Italian engineer who served the insurgents, and saw this new manœuvre with surprise. "Now ye have to fight with subtle warriors, who can work their cannon without men!"

Strozzio mounted several pieces of ordnance on the old tower of St Salvador's College, upon the massive walls of the Abbey Church, and other commanding positions, from which a heavy cannonade was commenced against the fortress. Its rash garrison evinced no disposition to surrender, but fired the cardinal's ordnance so briskly on the besiegers, saith Knox, "that Sancta Barbara—the gunners' goddess—helped them nothing; for they lost many of their rowers and men chained in the galleys, and some soldiers, both by sea and land. And further, a galley that approached nearer than the rest, was so beaten with the cannon and other ordnance,

[1] Pitscottie.

that she was stricken under water and almost drowned; and so she had been, had not the rest given her succour in time, and drawn her to the west sands, without shot of the castle, and afterwards to Dundee, where she remained."

The heavy cannon of the captain-general soon accomplished what Thrawn Mow and all her marrows had failed to achieve. He opposed some *bombardes*, or battering-mortars, to the gates, but without much effect: those capacious ordnance shot forth red-hot balls and stones, but not shells, which were an invention of the Earl of Mansfield, forty years after.

By sea and land the siege was pressed with great fury. From the ramparts of the Abbey Church, from the college, and other places in the adjoining streets, the French and Scottish cannoneers maintained a perpetual cannonade upon the castle. Those soldiers who manned the steeples and St Salvador's tower occupied such an elevation that, by depressing their cannon, they shot down into the inner quadrangle of the castle, the pavement of which could be seen dabbled with the blood of the garrison; and, to aggravate the increasing distress of the latter, the pestilence found its way among them—many died, and all were dismayed. Walter Melville, one of their bravest leaders, fell deadly sick; while watching, warding, and scanty fare, were rapidly wearing out the rest; and John Knox dinned continually in their ears, that their present perils were the just reward of their former corrupt lives and licentiousness, and reliance on England rather than Heaven.[1]

[1] Buchanan, Secret Paper, &c., &c.

"For the first twenty days of this siege," said he, "ye prospered bravely; but when ye triumphed at your victory I lamented, and ever said that ye saw not what I saw. When ye boasted of the thickness of your walls, I said they would be but as egg-shells; when ye vaunted, England will rescue us, I said, ye shall not see it; but ye shall be delivered into your enemies' hands, and carried afar off into a strange country."[1]

This gloomy prophesying was but cold comfort for those whom his precepts and exhortations had urged to rebellion, to outlawry, and to bloodshed; but their affairs were fast approaching a crisis.

On the morning of the 30th July, a new and most formidable battery of thirteen pieces of heavy ordnance opened a cannonade upon the curtain wall, between the fore-tower and eastern spur or blockhouse; by ten in the forenoon, an enormous mass of the strongly-jointed masonry rent, yielded, and descended thundering into the fosse, which was filled with its debris. Buchanan says, that "mighty was the noise of its downfall." This vast breach was immediately declared by the French chevaliers practicable for an escalade; but there broke forth a furious tempest of wind and rain, drenching the soldiers, extinguishing their matches, and driving them all under cover in such haste that even the besiegers left their brigades of culverins in the streets behind them.

Dismayed by the aspect of the yawning breach, the most resolute of the besieged now despaired: the issue of an encounter between a little band of weary, sick,

[1] Knox, M'Crie, &c.

and jaded men, with the fresh, well-disciplined, and exulting soldiers of Leon Strozzio, could have but one termination—the defeat and destruction of the former. During the fury of the sudden storm, while the German Ocean hurled its waves of foam against the rocks, while the rain lashed and the wind howled through their breached and shattered ramparts, Norman Leslie, the Kirkaldys, and other leaders, held a council of war to deliberate on their proceedings. It was loudly insisted by some that they should make a sortie in their armour, and commit their fate to God, to the fortune of war, and their own good swords; but, dreading ultimately to encounter the just and long-delayed vengeance of the regent, as soon as the tempest lulled they held forth in sign of parley a white banner, displayed on the point of a lance, and consented to surrender, yielding themselves prisoners to Leon Strozzio, who engaged in the name of his master, Henry of France, for the security of their lives.[1]

It was further stipulated that they should be transported to France, or any other land they chose, Scotland excepted: but Monsignore, the valiant prior of Capua, did not find it either necessary or convenient to remember the exact terms of capitulation; and the survivors of the siege, consisting of one hundred and twenty knights and men-at-arms, were immediately made close prisoners on board the French fleet. Henry II. had given particular orders to Strozzio to bring them all prisoners to France; and the Scottish regent cared not what became of them. They were wroth at the passiveness of their Protestant

[1] Hollin. Scot. Chron., Knox, Calderwood, &c.

countrymen, who, they said, had allowed them to be betrayed into the hands of papists and aliens.

"But," exclaimed the old Laird of Grange, as they embarked, "I am assured God will revenge it upon them ere long!"[1]

The soldiers of Strozzio pillaged the beautiful castle, where they found, besides a vast quantity of viands, all the treasure and household stuff of the rich and luxurious cardinal, together with the *black mail* levied and accumulated by his unruly successors. According to Pitscottie, the spoil was worth "a hundred thousand pundis."

The regent's son was released, and the grand archiepiscopal residence of the Scottish primates—that monument of Beatoun's vanity and Catholic power—was demolished by an order of council, and in obedience to the canon-law, which poured forth its sounding anathemas even against the very walls wherein the "sacred blood" of a cardinal was shed.[2]

Its very foundations were torn from the rocks whereon they had stood for ages,—it was so utterly levelled that the only vestiges of it now remaining, are supposed to be some fragments of ruin perched on the bluff and sea-weeded cliffs which overhang that bleak and stormy bay.

Two cannon-balls, which were supposed to have been discharged from the cannon of Strozzio, were some years ago found among these ruins, and are now preserved in a museum at St Andrews.[3]

[1] Hist. of the Reformation. [2] Burn. Hist., &c. [3] Statist. Account.

CHAPTER VII.

MONT SAINT MICHEL—CAPTIVITY AND ESCAPE.

On the 15th of August 1547,[1] Leon Strozzio, with his numerous prisoners, sailed for France, where they were condemned to captivity under circumstances of the greatest misery and humiliation,—being regarded by their captors as wretches excommunicated, and polluted with murder and sacrilege of the deepest dye. After their departure, the following distich became common in Scotland, and was chanted openly in the streets by the children in the day-time, and by bacchanalians in the night,—

"Ye priests content ye noo,
Ye priests content ye noo,
For Norman and his companie
Have filled your galleys fou."

No doubt the regent was very glad to be rid, on any terms, of those troublesome spirits who for fifteen months had disturbed his government, and maintained a civil war in the very heart of the most peaceful province in the kingdom. He had next to prepare for a storm from the south, where the mustering lances of the Duke of Somerset betokened inevitable war.

[1] Balf. Annales.

Leon Strozzio must have cruised off the Scottish or the English coast for some time, as it was not until the month of November that his galleys sailed down the English Channel, arrived on the French shores, and anchored off Fecamp, which then consisted of little more than an ancient castle, a great old abbey, (the burial-place of the Norman dukes) and a straggling street of humble cottages. Passing Havre-de-Grace, which had been recently fortified by Henry II., the fleet entered the broad mouth of the noble Seine, and, sailing up thirty-five miles, came to anchor off Rouen, the capital of Normandy.[1] The city was then commanded by a fine old castle, perched on the hill of St Katherine, and had a stately bridge of thirteen arches, both of which have long since passed away.

By order of the French government, (to whose mercy the regent of Scotland had completely abandoned them) all the prisoners of inferior rank were forthwith condemned to the galleys as slaves; and those gentlemen, their leaders, who had expected to be released, were immediately immured in separate fortresses and dungeons.

William Kirkaldy, Norman Leslie, John Leslie of Parkhill, and Peter Carmichael of Kilmadie, were imprisoned in the castle of Mont St Michel, where they remained a considerable time in hopeless captivity, which probably David and James Kirkaldy would have shared, had they not been left behind in the hands of the regent.[2]

James Melville of Carnbee was sent to Bretagne, and confined in the stately old tower of Brest—now a well-

[1] Knox. [2] G. Dalziel, Poems of Sixteenth Century.

known seaport, but then an insignificant village, where the young Queen of Scotland landed a short time after Melville's immurement in that gloomy prison, where "he departed this life in great misery."[1]

John Knox, with young Balfour of Monkquhanny and others, were chained to oars in the galleys on the Loire, where they remained during the ensuing winter.[2] Knox was nearly two years in the degrading situation of a slave; and it is not probable that the lash of the task-master increased his goodwill towards Popery, as it failed to inspire him with that spirit of charity, forgiveness, and peace, which ought to be the chief characteristics of a Christian. The style in which he wrote of the transactions of his time, and the manner in which he treated the unhappy Mary, are strong proofs of his inflexible sternness and revengeful spirit. In the days of his degradation, the French galleys, in addition to being a receptacle for all that was revolting in crime and miserable in fortune, were, by an ordinance of Henry II., made a place of useful durance for all the able-bodied vagrants the authorities could lay hands on.

Balneaves of Halhill was confined in the castle of Rouen, where he solaced the solitary hours of his captivity by composing a treatise on "Justification by Faith, *without works*,"—a book which was afterwards revised and published by Knox, but under another title.[3]

Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange and Monipenny of Pitmilly were kept prisoners in the castle of Cherbourg, then enclosed by strong fortifications, which were demolished about the close of the sixteenth century. Great

[1] Knox. [2] M'Crie. [3] Lyon.

efforts were made to compel these two, who were deemed the most obstinate heretics, to attend mass, but without effect. The Laird of Grange stoutly told the chevalier who was captain of Cherbourg, that "though he might control their bodies, he had no power over their consciences."

"I have the power to command here," replied the Frenchman haughtily, "and can compel ye to go where I go!"

"To go to any lawful place with you," replied the prisoners, "we will not refuse; but that which offendeth our consciences we will neither do for you nor Henry your king."

"Will ye go to the mass?" passionately demanded the chatelain, who, no doubt, remembered that compassing the death of a cardinal had not troubled their consciences. "Will ye go to the mass?"

"No!" replied Kirkaldy bluntly; "and if you compel us to attend, those that are there shall see by our behaviour how much we despise it."[1]

William Kirkaldy's prison of Mont Saint Michel was the strong fortress which defends a large city in the bishopric of Avranches. Rising up abruptly on all sides, the detached rock of Saint Michel, which is said to have derived its name from a recluse who dwelt on it, is separated from the mainland by a bank of sand a league in length, passable only when the tide is quite out, but covered at high water. Henrico Catrino Davila, an Italian who wrote in those days, describes it as a "wonderfully strong place upon the sea-shore, to which one

[1] Historie of the Reformation.

cannot go by land, except for the space of two short hours by day and night when the tide is low."[1] Near the city stood a famous old Benedictine monastery, built by a bishop of Avranches in the eighth century, by special desire (say the legendaries) of St Michel the archangel, and richly endowed by the Dukes of Normandy. The little peninsula was, in those days, famous for a medicinal fountain, to which the superstitious daily made solemn pilgrimages, and from thence brought away a peculiar description of shells as a remembrance of their piety. Near it, on a mass of wave-beaten rock, stood another Norman stronghold, which has long since crumbled into ruin and disappeared.[2]

In the great castle of Saint Michel, secured by lofty towers, iron gates, by steep rocks, by watchful sentinels, and, worse than all, by the waves of the girdling sea, the four Scottish captives endured a monotonous, painful, and ignominious imprisonment.

Like the captain of Cherbourg, the commander of Mont Saint Michel used every means to procure their peaceable attendance at mass with the garrison, but without success; and he is said to have received even sharper retorts than the other chatelain from his refractory charges.

"We will not only go to the mass," Kirkaldy and his companions were wont to reply in a bantering tone, "but we will even help to perform it,—provided you will let us slay the priest; for else, sir, we will not."[3]

Upon this, the chatelain ceased to urge them further.

[1] Civil Warres of France, fol. 1646.

[2] Atlas Geographus, 4to, 1711. [3] Knox.

Notwithstanding the strictness with which they were kept, William Kirkaldy and his three fellow-prisoners contrived to communicate with John Knox, who was tugging an oar in a galley on the Loire, fully a hundred miles distant. From this it may be inferred that there was some friendly Protestant among the garrison, who pitied their dreary captivity. They sent a message to Knox, asking the rather superfluous question, "if they might not, with a good conscience, break their prison and escape?" The idea of those wild spirits entertaining any scruples or doubts about the matter appears rather an anomaly. Knox returned an answer in the affirmative, with the proviso that they were not morally entitled to shed any man's blood in the attempt. Sir James of the Grange, with whom they had also communicated, opposed the idea entirely, and warned them of the difficulty and danger of an enterprise which, if successful, would only cause those Scottish gentlemen who were imprisoned in other castles, to be kept with greater strictness and severity.[1] Meanwhile Knox, the great Reformer, was enduring many miseries and humiliations, under which his strong mind was never bent, or his indomitable spirit humbled for a moment; and he was only indebted for his release, ultimately, to the personal interposition of the English king with Henry of France.

Long prior to this, the four bold cavaliers at Mont Saint Michel effected their escape with a daring and decision peculiarly characteristic of their natures. It would have been a strong castle indeed that could have held captive for life two such gallant spirits as William

[1] Life of Knox, Hist. of the Reform., &c.

Kirkaldy and Norman Leslie, the hero of Ancrum Muir. They had engaged in their service a boy or page belonging to the castle—probably the same kind Mercury who had borne their letters to Cherbourg and the galleys on the Loire.[1]

Embracing the opportunity of a festal night, (the eve of King Henry's birthday,) when the French soldiers who composed that isolated garrison were quite intoxicated, Kirkaldy, Leslie, Parkhill, Carmichael, and the page, rushed upon them, disarmed and bound them all successively; after which they placed them in the strong grated chambers of the fortress, and, locking the doors, had the famous rock of Saint Michel completely at their command. Adhering strictly (it is said) to the humane injunctions of Knox, they shed no blood in the dangerous scuffle; but the solitary chatelain was next to be disposed of. He was speedily deprived of the keys, and made prisoner. Locking the strong outer gates and barriers behind them, to prevent immediate pursuit, the five successful fugitives descended the rock, and with all expedition left the isle behind them. Luckily the tide was out, and the long dreary sand-bank dry: they reached the mainland in safety, and immediately took separate roads through Avranches, to avoid recognition and recapture. Norman the Master of Rothes, and his uncle John of Parkhill, reached Rohan, a large and open city on the Ouste in Lower Brittany; Porte Louis is only fifteen miles distant, and they speedily escaped.

William Kirkaldy and Peter Carmichael, accompanied by the French page, reached Conquet, a small seaport

[1] Poems of 16th Century.

town near the Bay of Brest, and in those days called by the natives "the world's end," as no land lay between it and America. From thence they would probably have escaped by sea, but for the roguery of their French friend, who robbed them of their little stock of money and absconded, leaving them to the double annoyance of poverty in a strange country, and dread of his betraying them to the exasperated authorities. A strict search was made after them; but, by assuming mean and frequent disguises, they completely evaded it.

Less fortunate than their friends the Leslies, (who had then reached Scottish ground,) they wandered about France for three months, continually in the disguise of mendicants, and nearly so in reality. The page having nearly emptied their little exchequer, it is recorded that want of money caused them to undergo severe and innumerable hardships. In addition to these, there hung over them the terrors, if recaptured, of the most severe imprisonment the dreadful vaults of Loches, or some such bastille, could have afforded: perhaps a public and disgraceful death, for having assaulted the soldiers of the king, and broken ward from the royal castle. As foreigners and Protestants, fear of communicating, under their circumstances, with the inhabitants of a Catholic country, together with an utter ignorance of the localities, increased their hourly annoyances.

At last, after thirteen weeks' wandering, they contrived to embark, as poor Scottish mariners, on board a French ship, which, to their joy, landed them on the western coast of their native country.[1]

[1] Knox, G. Dalziel.

From thence, without delay, they bent their steps towards England; Arran, now Duke of Chatelherault, being still regent of Scotland, and Beatoun's death yet fresh in the minds of the people. They joined Norman Leslie. As already related, that cavalier had before found his way to Scotland; but, understanding that the regent fined and imprisoned all who received or sheltered him, he was obliged to retire to Denmark. He found no refuge there; and, after wandering over many countries, came to London, where Edward VI. received him and his companions in misfortune with courtesy and kindness, assigning to them pensions out of the treasury for their maintenance. Their party was afterwards increased by the arrival of John Knox and Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange.

Having been solemnly forfeited by the parliament of 1546, the ex-treasurer, after his release from Cherbourg, resided in England and beyond seas until 1550, when, by the mediation of the queen-dowager, he made his peace with the Scottish government, and had his numerous estates restored to him. From that time until his death, (which happened six years afterwards,) his name does not appear in any public record.[1]

Since the castle of St Andrews had fallen beneath the cannon of Strozzio, great political changes had taken place in Scotland.

To compel the Scots to accept the proposed alliance, by the marriage of their sovereign to Edward VI., the Duke of Somerset—after a fleet of sixty ships had laid Edinburgh and the towns of the coast in ashes — invaded Scotland at the head of eighteen thousand men, aided

[1] Crawford, fol. 1726.

by many mercenary bands from the Spanish and Italian wars. Pinkie had been fought and lost, and the Scots were more averse to the English match than ever. Ten thousand brave men were slain between Pinkie Burn and the walls of Edinburgh; and all hopes of the southern alliance had vanished, and for ever. The young queen had been immediately sent to France by her mother the queen-dowager, and offered in marriage to the dauphin —an offer which was instantly accepted. Mary was only six years of age when she arrived at the court of Paris, where she afterwards acquired every accomplishment that could enhance those great natural charms and graces of mind and person, which were soon (with her misfortunes) to render her the most celebrated sovereign in Europe. Ere she knew the meaning of the word, she was betrothed to Francis, the boyish and sickly dauphin: this was the first of Mary's long catalogue of calamities.

Soon afterwards, six thousand brave veterans, under d'Essé, landed in Scotland, to overawe the growing sect of Reformers. Those disciplined troops were the sacred heroes of the long wars of Francis I., and in their Scottish campaigns they did not impair their former well-earned fame. In the wandering life led by William Kirkaldy, during those years of exile, several blanks necessarily occur, and these a biographer or historian cannot supply. After the death of Edward VI., when the English privy council cut off the pension which that king had assigned him, giving as their reason that "no Catholic power should pay or maintain the murderers of a Catholic cardinal," he immediately returned to France, with the intention of taking military service, and a con-

siderable portion of the ensuing period of his life was spent in the wars between the French king and the Emperor Charles V.[1] In these campaigns, by his bravery and conduct, he soon attained that eminent distinction and reputation, as a skilful and gallant soldier, which ceased only with his life.

The accomplished and courtly Henry II., the idol of his people, then filled the throne of France. Though married to Catherine di Medici, he had given his whole affections to the winning but artful Diana of Poictiers, the widowed Duchess of Valentinois, who presided over all those brilliant festivities and gay carousals in which the splendid and voluptuous court was immersed, while the proud but neglected Catherine submitted to be present in a subordinate capacity.[2] In that age of courage and chivalry, the diversions of the great and brave were well calculated to display that spirit of emulation, prowess, and dexterity, which may now, perhaps, be numbered with the things which were.

At the court of France, the Scots were always valued highly for their courage and learning. The kings of that country constantly maintained a body of them near their persons—the famous Scottish Guard, the memory of whose valour and fidelity is even yet cherished in France. The presence of their youthful queen brought an unusual number of young cavaliers, of the best families, to the gay court of the Tournelles; and in the splendid tournaments of the Duchess of Valentinois, they maintained the old Scottish reputation for valour, as bravely as in the field against the Imperialists. Under the eyes of their beauti-

[1] G. Dalziel; Em. Scotsmen, &c. [2] Histoire de France.

ful Mary, we may easily imagine the glow of ardour and chivalry which must have animated those brave knights, when, with the old cry of "*Vive Marie, trè noble Reyn d'Ecoss!*" they rushed to encounter the plate-clad chevaliers of France.

In these tournaments and fêtes champêtres, William Kirkaldy approved himself a good and true knight. By Henry's desire he always tilted by his side at the barriers, and often they contended together in the less dangerous amusement of shooting with the arblast and bow.[1] Kirkaldy's prepossessing exterior, his youth and gallantry, won him all the favour and admiration the most ambitious cavalier could have desired. With others, he must often have had opportunities of performing feats of chivalry before the brightest and fairest spectators in Europe—the court of Catherine de Medici, the young Queen of Scotland with her four Marys, and the noble and beautiful demoiselles of an aristocracy *then* the proudest and most polished on the Continent.

On entering the regular military service of King Henry, a handsome pension was immediately assigned to Kirkaldy, which he never drew after he left the army, though he earned it well by his sword in the campaigns against the Emperor.[2]

About this time his grandfather, the aged Sir John Melville of Raith, was brought to the scaffold at Stirling.[3] He was suspected, though it is said unjustly, of corresponding with the English, the enemies of his country; and, having been a leading Reformer, was consequently very obnoxious to the Catholic clergy. A letter sent him

[1] Melville's Memoirs. [2] Scott's Hist., folio. [3] Crawford Peerage.

by one of his sons, who was then in England, had fallen into the hands of the Scottish government. Sir John was forthwith arrested, and committed to the castle of Stirling, where he was brought to trial. The letter was produced in evidence against him, and was deemed sufficient by the court, which sentenced him to be beheaded—a severe decree, which was instantly carried into effect. By his lady, Helen Napier of Merchiston, he left six sons (some of whom will be frequently mentioned in these pages) and two daughters—Margaret, married to Johnstone of Elphinstone, and Janet, the mother of Sir William Kirkaldy.

Archbishop Hamilton and the Duries, an ancient family in Fifeshire, were very instrumental in bringing the gray hairs of the Laird of Raith to the block, on the fatal mound of Stirling—a catastrophe for which Kirkaldy never forgave them: it left a deep impression upon his mind, and in succeeding years cost blood in the streets of Leith and Dunfermline, and involved him in a serious quarrel with John Knox, which will be related in its place.[1]

[1] Douglas Peerage; Bannatyne's Journal, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WARS IN PICARDY—FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE gay and prodigal Henry recalled from exile the Constable de Montmorencie, whom his father had warned him never to employ; but in all things he was wholly governed by Diana of Poictiers, a lady nearly twenty years his senior.

The Duke of Parma having claimed his protection against the usurpations of Charles V., Henry gladly availed himself of an opportunity of drawing his sword against the ancient foe of his father. The great emperor was now declining in years, in health, and perhaps in political success; Solyman, his bitter enemy, threatened an invasion of Hungary; Maurice duke of Saxony, at the head of the Protestant League, kept him in continual alarm; and, to crown these troubles, the martial Henry declared war against him, entered into a secret alliance with Maurice, and seized Lorraine, ravaged Flanders, and, taking the fortified bailiwicks of Toul and Verdun, laid siege to Metz, which, by a stratagem of the constable, he took in 1552. After building there a strong citadel, which enabled the noble and heroic Francis duke de Guise to defend the city successfully against the Spaniards, who could not recover it, he marched into Alsace.[1]

[1] Histoire de France par Français de Mezeray, à Paris, 1646.

At the time that he was in the Low Countries, Marie queen of Hungary, sister of the emperor, and governess of Flanders, assembled an army, which Martin de Rossem led into Picardy and Champagne, where he gave the royal palace of Fontanbré, with all the surrounding towns and villages, to the flames, with the intention of compelling Henry to return for the defence of his own territories. This he immediately did; and, after boasting that the steeds of his chevaliers and gendarmerie had drunk of the waters of the Rhine, marched with all speed towards the fertile plains of Champagne.[1]

Thus stood affairs when, in the month of May 1553, Anne de Montmorencie, high-constable of France, as the king's lieutenant, raised a numerous army, and marched towards the invaders, who were carrying the tide of war through Picardy, the land of apple bowers. With those troops went Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, whom Henry had made captain of a troop of light-horse, cavalry brilliantly but lightly accoutred, for desultory warfare, and desperate and active service.[2] Their armour covered only the upper part of their body; their large and slashed trunk-hose, being quilted and stuffed with bombast, in the voluminous fashion of the time, were not covered with steel; they wore conical morions, like the half of an acorn, of polished plate, but without visors, having only a rim turning up in front, and a waving plume sustained in an iron tube; petronels, swords, daggers, and demi-lances completed their equipment.

In the gay captain of a hundred such richly-accoutred troopers, none could have recognised the poor mendicant

[1] Hist. of Charles V. [2] Melville, &c.

fugitive, who a short time before had wandered homeless and penniless through Normandy and Bretagne. Many of Kirkaldy's friends and countrymen now rode in their armour under the standard of the constable; among these were his kinsmen Sir James Melville of Halhill, Archibald Mowbray of Barnebougal, and Norman Leslie master of Rothes, whom Henry had appointed "Colonel of the Scotts Lanciers," (Balf. Annales)—an appointment he had obtained through the influence of the Laird of Brunstone, another expatriated soldier of fortune who carried a lance in the Spanish wars.[1] Both Kirkaldy and Leslie were anxious, by their bravery, to wipe out the blot that Beatoun's slaughter had cast upon their fame.

Sir James Melville was then in his eighteenth year. He had come from Scotland in the train of the ambassador, John de Monluc, the learned bishop of Valence, who had returned to France immediately after the ratification of the treaty of Edinburgh. Melville was appointed page of honour to the youthful Mary; but, preferring the glitter of arms and the tramp of horses to the honour of bearing the train of the fairest girl in Europe, by her express permission he joined the army of Montmorencie, to win his spurs beneath the oriflamme.[2]

Marching into Picardy, the constable quartered his army in Amiens, a city well fortified, and flanked by bulwarks and ravelins, and pleasantly situated amid a fertile country. The Somme entered it by three channels, under three bridges, and united again under the Pont de St Michel, at the other end. It could even then boast of two beautiful squares, where "seven fair streets centred;"

[1] Melville's Mem.; Hollinshed, &c. [2] Scottish Biography.

two large rows of trees surrounded and shaded its *Boulevartes*, (as bastions were then named;) and it boasted of its grand cathedral, where John the Baptist's head grinned from the reliquary, where Peter the Hermit was first inspired by that wild enthusiasm which poured the crusaders on the plains of Asia, and where Edward of England did homage to Philip of Valois, for his hereditary dominions of Guienne and Ponthieu.

De Montmorencie had not time to tarry long in this city of so many historical memories. Marching from Brussels, the warlike Charles burst with a powerful host into Picardy, seized Terouanne, after the miscarriage of his siege of the rich and important city of Metz, where, by the valour of Francis of Guise, he lost thirty thousand of his infantry, then considered the finest in Europe. Impatient to efface the memory of this repulse, he demolished Terouanne, and captured Sedan with its ancient castle, laying the country waste with fire and sword, while the brave old constable hurried forward from the towers of Amiens to give him battle.

When within twenty-one miles of Charles's army, he halted and encamped. Soon afterwards he was informed by a spy, that a strong column of Spanish horse, led by the Duke d'Arcot, were that very night to assault his camp—intelligence which made him immediately strike his tents. His trumpets sounded *à cheval*, and, pushing forward in the night with his entire force, he came suddenly upon the Spanish cavaliers of the Duke d'Arcot, and, surprising those who meant to have surprised him, attacked them sword in hand, and, after a desperate conflict, completely put them to flight. Many

brave knights were slain, and Arcot was taken prisoner. The wary constable had just achieved this victory, when Henry joined the army and assumed the command in person.[1]

After some desultory skirmishing, the emperor retired into Hainault. Henry followed, galling the flanks of the retreating army with his light horsemen, until Charles reached Valenciennes, the capital of the province, where he encamped upon a hill, and raised strong intrenchments.

Situated amidst a morass, in those days Valenciennes, with its citadel and other defences, was deemed a place of great strength: its ditches were deep; it had ten bridges across the Scheldt; and by its sluices the garrison, if so disposed, could have laid the whole surrounding country under water in an hour. Instead of taking possession of this strong place, Charles contented himself with encamping on a hill which rises from the level and fruitful country near it.

In view of this position, Henry drew out in order of battle the whole array of his army, in all the glittering pomp and panoply of the age, to entice Charles forth from his trenches. For a whole day the French army continued thus under arms, but failed to draw the Spaniards from their secure position. From time to time a few bands of French harquebussiers shot their heavy bullets among them, until the emperor ordered his train of artillery to open a cannonade on the French lines, which was done with promptitude, but without much success.

[1] Melville; Life of Charles V., &c.

Charles, who had now begun to imagine that fortune might not be favourable to him in his old age, was resolved not to risk a battle, if he could with honour avoid it: he remained within his trenches with a persevering obstinacy that soon wore out the patience of the fiery French, who, when evening darkened on the level plains, the broad round towers and slender spires of Valenciennes, retreated to St Quentin. There the venerable de Montmorencie, old in arms and in years, "fell deadly sick, being in his grand climacterick."[1]

Both armies then went into winter-quarters. The emperor returned to Brussels, the constable to his noble chateau of Chantilly, in the Isle of France, and Henry to the smiles of Diana of Valentinois and the gaieties of the Tournelles.[2]

It is very probable that his favourite Kirkaldy accompanied him to Paris.

[1] Melville. [2] Histoire de France, tome second.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND CAMPAIGN.—THE DEATH OF NORMAN LESLIE.

AFTER the failure of a convention, in which Paul III. was mediator between those two great princes, their armies again took the field in the spring of 1554. Henry first led his troops against Marienbourg in Hainault, while the constable, with the main body, marched towards Liege, by the famous forest of Ardennes. Kirkaldy, with his troop of demi-lances, accompanied this column of the army.

Twelve years before, Marienbourg had been built and strongly fortified by the Emperor Charles, and named in honour of his sister, Mary of Hungary. Six days after the French standard was displayed before its towers, it was surrendered by the Spanish garrison to Henry, who, elated with success, pushed on to Namur and seized Bouvines, which he totally sacked and ruined. He had now formed a junction with the column of the constable.[1]

Two miles above the desolate Bouvines stood (and yet stands) Dinant, a small but ancient city, surrounded by an old wall of the twelfth century. It had a strong castle, perched on a high and precipitous rock, which commanded a noted pass between Namur and Luxem-

[1] De Mezeray.

bourg, and formed the key of the German empire towards France.[1] Near it, a bridge spanned the sluggish waters of the Maese, but the passage was swept by the cannon of the little fortlet, which a brave Spanish cavalier defended, with unflinching valour, against the whole French army. Thrice he repulsed the well-disciplined infantry from a breach their cannon had effected in the outer walls; and eleven standard-bearers, who led *les enfans perdus* up the jagged rocks to the assault, were shot down in succession by the tremendous fire of harquebusses, calivers, and pistolettes, poured on the gap by the resolute Spaniards.

Appalled by the slaughter, the French soldiers wavered, and some even refused to follow those brave chevaliers who, each in succession, took the standard from the hand of his dead predecessor. The constable entreated, threatened, and encouraged by turns—still they recoiled. At this crisis Archibald Mowbray, (brother of Sir John of Barnebougal, who married Elizabeth Kirkaldy,) to show the soldiers an example, rushed sword in hand, and alone, up the steep and dangerous breach, and gained the top of the shattered wall; but, not being followed, he was compelled to retire, and regained his comrades untouched.[2]

Driven at last to extremity, after the whole of his soldiers had been killed or wounded by the shot of the French culverins, or scorched by the *fagots goudronnés* and blazing firebrands which the cannoneers threw into the fortress in showers on their helmeted heads, the brave Spanish castellan made a sign of parley, and came forth

[1] Atlas Geographus. [2] Melville's Mem.

to confer with the constable concerning a surrender. Contrary to the rules of war, he was made prisoner; upon which the wounded survivors of his little garrison marched forth with bag and baggage. This was on the 28th of June 1554. The castle of Dinant was immediately demolished; but more regular fortifications were, in succeeding wars, erected in its stead.[1]

Having thus forced the pass, King Henry, at the head of his army, turned to the left, towards Artois, and marched into the Low Countries, his soldiers giving all to fire and sword, after they had pillaged the cities and villages of the opulent and industrious Netherlands. Plunder and devastation in that age, as in much later times, were ever the concomitants of French warfare; but want of subsistence soon compelled Henry to retreat back upon his own frontier, during which his army utterly destroyed all that had escaped the fury of their advance.

In these famous wars between two of the greatest princes in Europe, Sir William Kirkaldy, at the head of his *Chevaux Légers*, had a thousand opportunities of acquiring that knowledge of the tactics and discipline of the time, which in after life enabled him to win the field of Langside, with a few hundred men to hold in defiance the powers of a kingdom, and to accomplish other deeds of skill and courage which have rendered his name so familiar in the annals of Scotland.

In those days the standing forces of France were very different from the feudal militia of Scotland and England. On the subversion of feudality in France, a permanent

[1] De Mezeray; Atlas, &c.

and numerous army had been embodied, adequate to kingly schemes of conquest and ambition, and effective for the suppression of treason at home. The other sovereigns of Europe soon found that standing armies were the necessary base and barrier of a throne. Bodies of soldiers were maintained in constant pay; heavy taxes were imposed for their subsistence; duty and discipline became reduced to a standard and universal rule, and the art of war became improved in all its phases.

The troops of France, at the time of which I write, consisted, first, of the Scottish Guard, composed of a hundred *hommes d'armes*, a hundred archers of the guard, and twenty-four of the corps. These braves, who were commanded by James earl of Arran, (son of the regent, recently created Duke of Chatelherault,) — the same young noble whom the Kirkaldys and their companions had detained in the castle of St Andrews—were the *elite* of Scotland, and their high reputation for fidelity and unblemished honour requires no comment. They wore the most splendid armour of the age, with surcoats or hoquetons covered with shells of silver gilt: their banner was the national standard of Scotland.[1] The foot-harquebussiers, armed with helmets, back and breast plates, bore firearms which threw balls three ounces in weight; but the majority of the army were pikemen, and styled *les compagnies d'halberdiers*, or free companies; which, though detached and separate, were all commanded by an officer called the captain-general of *les compagnies Franches*, who was first appointed in 1550. The culverineers wore a habergeon with sleeves,

[1] La Cross; Atlas Geo., &c.

a gourgerin and salade, with a sword and dagger. But the flower of the army were the plumed and helmeted *gendarmerie*, a body of steel-clad cavalry unsurpassed in discipline, in spirit, and in bravery, gallantly mounted on mailed steeds, and brilliantly accoutred. The *first troop* of these were *les gens-d'armes Ecossois.*

There was also a body of men-at-arms clad cap-a-pie, and armed with cross-bows and battle-axes; but, during Henry's reign, those antiquated weapons gradually gave place to more modern inventions. In those days the armour of nations was all very much alike, distinctions being principally shown by banners, the housings of horses, and the scarfs of their riders. Those of the French and Scots were white: the modern military sash is the representation of the knightly scarf of the olden time. The French standard was the ancient oriflamme, with its silver lilies; the *cornette blanche* was only displayed when the king led the army in person, as every king should do. "Montjoye! Saint Denis for France!" was the rallying-shout of the French on joining close battle; but war-cries were rapidly being abolished on the Continent: the Scottish clans retained them until the middle of the last century. Regular regiments, as now constituted, were not embodied until 1562, when the six old battalions of Picardy, Piedmont, Navarre, Champagne, Normandy, and the Marine, were formed from the ancient companies, or *bandes Françoises*, of the old system.[1] But to resume:—

While the troops of Henry were devastating the archbishoprick of Cambray, Charles V. mustered an army

[1] Military Dict.; Dictionnaire Militaire; Voltaire's Essays, &c. &c.

with the utmost expedition; and immediately upon his advancing, the French, being pressed by want of subsistence, as before stated, began to retreat homeward. Louis de Bourbon, lord of Chateau-Roux and prince of Condé—a title he had obtained seven years before, in consequence of marrying the heiress of the ancient lords of Condé—with many other princes of the royal blood, bore distinguished commands in Henry's army at this time.

On one occasion, Charles sent forward five thousand Spanish horsemen, to gall and impede the French rear-guard, which was commanded by the constable. These came up with Kirkaldy's branch of the army, the light horse, when they were covering the flanks of a body of infantry which were fording a river not far from Cambray. To halt, to form, and receive them with levelled pikes and volleying harquebusses, was, to the veteran constable, the work of a moment. Seconded by the pikes and petronels of the Chevaux Légers, he drove them back with such loss, that the cavaliers of the emperor were more wary in pressing on the French rear during the remainder of that severe retreat.

On reaching Renti, a town situated between two mountains on the confines of the Bulonnois and Artois, and commanded by a strong feudal castle, the army of France halted and encamped. Henry, that he might not disperse his troops without attempting something to fulfil the sanguine hopes with which he had opened the campaign, resolved on laying siege to this important fortress, from the ramparts of which the banner of the Spanish emperor was displayed at his approach. De Montmorencie opened the trenches, and pushed the siege vigo-

rously, having promised to Henry that he should have it in *eight days*. This promise was never performed. The castle of Renti was ably fortified and provided with a numerous garrison, who, assisted by the occupants of the city, made a resolute defence.

Though suffering under a severe illness, Charles, borne in a litter at the head of his whole available force, hastened to its relief; upon which the constable—anxious to decide the fate of the siege by an engagement—drew up in order of battle the whole of the gendarmerie, the lances of the ordnance, and all the horse of the army, resolving with them alone, on well-chosen ground, to stand the shock of the Spaniards, while his infantry pressed the siege with renewed energy.

The battle took place on the plain before Renti, on the 31st August 1554. The French gained a signal victory; but Norman Leslie was doomed to fall, covered with wounds and glory, in which his friend Kirkaldy could not participate, as he was despatched by King Henry on a *patrole*, or secret and particular duty, the night before the encounter.[1] The day before the battle, the constable, perceiving by the manœuvres of the Spanish troops that Charles meant to take possession of certain heights, which sloped abruptly down to the camp or bivouac of the French, sent up Leslie's Scottish lances and other horsemen to skirmish with these Imperialists, and drive them back. Melville, his fellow-soldier, thus describes him:—In view of the whole French army, the Master of Rothes, "with thirty Scotsmen, rode up the hill upon a fair gray gelding. He had, above his coat of black velvet, his coat of armour,

[1] Melville's Mem.

with two broad white crosses, one before and the other behind, with sleeves of mail, and a red bonnet upon his head, whereby he was seen and known afar off by the constable, the Duke d'Enghien, and the Prince of Condé." His party was diminished to seven by the time he came within lance-length of the Imperialists, who were sixty in number; but he burst upon them with the force of a thunderbolt, escaping the fire of their hand-culverins, which they discharged incessantly against him. He struck five from their saddles with his long lance, before it broke into splinters; then, drawing his sword, he rushed again and again among them, with the heedless bravery for which he had ever been distinguished. At the critical moment of this unequal contest, of seven Scottish knights against sixty Spaniards, a troop of Imperial spearmen were hastily riding along the hill to join in the encounter. By this time Leslie had received several bullets in his person; and finding himself unable to continue the conflict longer, he dashed spurs into his horse, galloped back to the constable, and fell, faint and exhausted, from his saddle, with the blood pouring through his burnished armour on the turf.

By the king's desire he was immediately borne to the royal tent, where the Duke d'Enghien and Prince Louis of Condé remarked to Henry, that "Hector of Troy had not behaved more valiantly than Norman Leslie."

The chirurgeon of the royal household dressed his wounds; but his attentions were vain, for the hand of death was now upon the heart of the gallant Leslie. This brave warrior was the son of George fourth earl of Rothes, by Margaret, daughter of the Lord Crich-

ton, to whom he had been betrothed, or *hand-fasted*, but not canonically married; yet Norman was always designed the Master of Rothes, and as such obtained several charters of land under the Great Seal of Scotland.[1] By his wife Isabel, daughter of Lord Lindesay of the Byres, he left no heirs, and his half-brother Andrew obtained the earldom. Being borne off the field, he expired of his wounds in the city of Montreuil, fifteen days after the battle, repenting bitterly, with his last breath, his share in the murder of Cardinal Beatoun.[2]

The king, the constable, and the whole army, acknowledged his worth, respected his valour, and lamented his fate; but none sorrowed for him more than Kirkaldy of Grange, who next day returned to the camp with his *campagnie de cent lances*, after performing the duty upon which the king had despatched him.[3]

He arrived in time to share the dangers and the triumph of Renti, two miles distant from which the Spanish emperor formed a camp, intrenching it on every side save one, where a steep and inaccessible hill sloped downward to the French position. Both armies had strong outguards, and a battle was confidently expected on the day succeeding Leslie's exploit. In the night the Imperialists took possession of a wood, which extended along the face of a hill that lay between the two camps.

[1] Douglas Peerage. [2] Hollinshed, Scot. Chron. [3] Melville.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLES OF RENTI AND ST QUENTIN.

AFTER a restless night spent in their harness and under arms, and after matin prayers, early next morning the entire French army drew up in order of battle, under the command of the king, by whose side rode the Constable de Montmorencie, to aid him with his valuable advice. With a bravery worthy of the hero of Metz, Francis duke de Guise led the vanguard or first column, which stood the brunt of the conflict, and the Mareschal de St André the reserve.

The battle began by the French harquebussiers skirmishing with the Spaniards, who were sheltered by the wood before mentioned. The dark green glades gave them such an advantage, that the *enfans perdus* (as the soldiers selected from the several bands to skirmish were then called) were compelled to retire. Upon this the emperor ordered forward seven culverins, which belched forth their bullets of lead and iron upon the glittering columns of French infantry. Some bands of Spanish *Arcabuziers*, meanwhile, volleyed forth upon them point-blank from the underwood of the forest, and their flanks were threatened by the cavalry; on the left a thousand lanz-knechts in bright armour, with their tall uplifted

lances gleaming in the sun, advanced rapidly along the side of the hill, as the French infantry ascended: on their right the Count or Baron of Swartzenburg, with his column of reitres or pistoleers, the *elite* of the German cavalry, armed cap-a-pie, and all the Spanish light-horse, swept forward to the charge.[1] Disheartened by the retreat of their skirmishers, assailed in front by culverins and harquebusses, and threatened on both flanks by bodies of lances, the French infantry gave way, and began to retire with precipitation. The Spanish vanguard now rushed upon them; and so impetuous was its advance that Kirkaldy's branch of the army, the Chevaux Légers, who were posted in a valley, retired; but the Spaniards received a severe check from a column led by Jasper Vicomte de Tavannes, and a brave knight of the Scottish house of Eglinton, Sir Gabriel Montgomerie, styled Lord of Lorges in France.[2] The Spaniards were still pressing forward, when the Duke de Guise galloped up to these two knights, saying, "he would obtain the king's command for the cavalry to charge."

"There is no time to obtain such counsel," replied Montgomerie; "the enemy will be at the king as soon as you!"

By his advice, without the ceremony of consulting Henry, a furious and simultaneous cavalry charge was made upon the Spaniards. Swartzenburg's reitres felt the first brunt of it, and, firing their long petronels, immediately retreated; while the Duke de Guise, Jasper de Tavannes, Montgomerie, Kirkaldy, and the whole French cavalry, swept forward in heavy columns. The enthusiastic lines

[1] Melville. [2] Papers relating to Scots Archer Guard.

in Mr Macaulay's ballad of Ivry are well descriptive of such a furious charge :—

"Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin ;
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies ! Upon them with the lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed—"

at full gallop among the dense masses of the cuirassed and helmeted Spanish and Dutch infantry, slaying them by scores, and driving them within the wood. By this gallant dash of Lorges and de Guise, the seven culverins, and an immense number of prisoners, were captured. The whole French army then advanced, and took possession of the scene of contest ; while the emperor retired to his trenches upon the hill, leaving three thousand of his soldiers dead upon the field. The constable—actuated either by the caution which is sometimes characteristic of an old soldier, or by an unwillingness to second his rival, the Duke de Guise—by delaying the advance of the main body in support of the cavalry charge, left the victory less complete than it might have been.[1]

The next day passed quietly without hostilities ; but when evening fell, encouraged by the near approach of twelve thousand fresh soldiers, Charles's cannoneers opened a fire on the French camp at the foot of the hills of Renti, by which many soldiers were slain, and tents prostrated. When darkness closed over the scene of the past day's carnage, the French army, finding themselves straight-

[1] Life of Charles V.

ened by want of provisions, and the difficulty of continuing a siege in the sight of a relieving army, struck their tents and retired, without sound of trumpet, leaving the castle of Renti unwon; and the emperor suffered them to retreat unmolested to their winter-quarters, at Montrieul. But, immediately upon Henry placing garrisons in all the frontier towns, and breaking up his army, the Imperialists burst into Lower Picardy, laying waste the land with fire and sword, to avenge the ravages of the French in Hainault and Artois.[1]

So highly did that brave prince value Norman Leslie, and so greatly did he deplore his death, that all the survivors of his Scottish troop of lances were, under Crichton of Brunstane, sent back to their own country, laden with rewards and honours; and, by his influence, such as were exiles were restored by the regent to their estates and possessions, as a recompense for their valour on the frontiers of Flanders.[2]

Soon after the battle of Renti, Charles V., "the immortal thunderbolt of war,"—who for fifty years had filled all Europe with the glory and the terror of his name, —after having displayed his banners in *sixty* pitched battles, retired into the convent of St Juste, in the solitary wilds of Estremadura; while his son and successor, Philip, who had espoused Mary of England, prosecuted the war which yet raged between France and Spain.

Assembling an army which, after forming a junction with a few English under the Earl of Pembroke, amounted to sixty thousand fighting men, he ordered Emanuel

[1] De Mezeray, tome second. [2] Hollinshed.

Philibert duke of Savoy and prince of Piedmont, to lead it against France.[1] After menacing Marienbourg and Rocroy, a city near the forest of Ardennes, this distinguished leader suddenly laid siege to the town of St Quentin in Upper Picardy. The brave and veteran Admiral Gaspard de Coligni, governor of the province, deeming it necessary for his honour that so important a stronghold should not fall into Philip's hands, had suddenly thrown himself into it at the head of the French and Scottish gendarmerie, while he despatched a courier to his uncle, the constable, for immediate succour. By his exhortations and example, Coligni animated his soldiers to make a vigorous resistance, while the constable, with an army less than half the strength of Philibert's, but composed of the flower of his old comrades, advanced to raise the siege. After a vain attempt to aid the admiral with a few companies, led by Monsieur d'Andelot, he pushed forward with eighteen pieces of cannon and sufficient pontoons to cross the various rivers in his route.

South-west of St Quentin lay a lake, by means of which M. d'Andelot, colonel-general of the infantry of France, with five hundred resolute soldiers, after cutting his way sword in hand through the Imperialists, to obtain boats, entered the city; and on the great army of Philibert of Savoy advancing towards him, the prudent constable, aware of the weakness of his force, and thinking he had sufficiently reinforced his nephew the admiral, endeavoured to avoid a battle, and retreated in admirable order towards La Fere, a strong city situated

[1] Hume.

on the Oise, which flowed through its ditches. It was well defended by walls and bastions, and a French fortress overlooked it.

He had not retired four miles before the Spanish cavalry, led by the Count of Egmont—the same hapless Egmont who afterwards lost his head[1]—came up with his infantry, and compelled him to give battle, by taking up a position between a forest and village. When the elated Imperialists were rapidly advancing, the Mareschal de St André unluckily ordered all the mounted camp-followers to save themselves, by riding rearward, which they did in great haste and disorder: encouraged by this appearance of flight, the overwhelming masses of the foe pressed exulting upon the little host.

The French maintained their position with perfect order and bravery, until they perceived the Duke of Savoy advancing in person at the head of his infantry, while Egmont's formidable squadrons of horse, all sheathed in shining armour, were forming in solid array of battle, preparatory to making one grand and headlong charge—then they could no longer withstand the sensation of panic which seized them. Animated by their wavering and disordered aspect, Egmont's iron columns came thundering upon their yielding masses with the force and speed of a falling mountain. The mailed Flemings hewed their deadly way, with sword and partisan, to the very centre; the cannon poured their iron balls on each defenceless band, the white standard, with its silver lilies, being the grand point of assault. In an instant the rout became general; and the power, the

[1] Hist. Unit. Provinces.

pride, and the glory of France lay trampled, like its boasted oriflamme, in the dust.[1]

Right valiantly fought the brave old constable, disdaining flight, and resolving to die in his stirrups, like a knight who valued honour rather than life.

"Montjoie—St Denis!" he exclaimed; "let all who are true to the king follow me!" and spurred his charger fearlessly among the densest mass of the Imperialists. Sixty brave chevaliers followed him, but they were all unhorsed and overthrown in a moment. The constable received a bullet through his steel cuisses and subarmale, which severely shattered a thigh-bone. He fell from his saddle, and, as he sank beneath the hoofs and swords of the Flemish cavalry, would inevitably have been slain, had not his master of the horse cried aloud,—

"Kill him not—kill him not—he is the great constable!"

The brave old man continued to fight like a lion amid the dense and hostile mass that pressed around him, until at last he was disarmed and captured alive by some Flemish knights, who saved him from the fury of their men-at-arms. Kirkaldy's youthful kinsman, Sir James Melville of Halhill, who had kept close to the side of the constable, was also unhorsed in this terrible melée by a blow on the helmet; but was remounted, by his servant, "upon a Scots gelding, which bore him right through the enemy," who aimed innumerable blows at his defenceless head, he having lost his casque by its laces giving way. The smoke of the culverins and harquebusses filled the village near the position, and the summer

[1] Histoire de France.

woods around it, with curling eddies of vapour, while the fields between were strewn with the bodies of the mailed French infantry, who had perished under the furious charge of Egmont's Flemish spears. Cutting a passage through the press, and leaping his horse over several walls, Melville passed the village, and gained the barriers of La Fere, where he drew up at the booth of a chirurgeon-barber, to have the wounds on his head dressed; and there the gossiping knight informs us he "met with Mr Henry Killegrew, an English gentleman, his old friend, who held his horse" for him during the operation.

The French army was totally routed, and all the cannon and colours were taken. France was stricken with consternation. The constable, the Dukes of Montpensier and Longueville, the Mareschal de St André, ten knights, three hundred chevaliers of coat-armour, and five thousand private soldiers were taken prisoners; while the Duke d'Enghien, six hundred gentlemen of rank, and four thousand soldiers, lay dead upon the field. Such was the famous battle before St Quentin, which was fought on St Lawrence's day, 1557, and nearly laid France prostrate at the feet of Philip. Seventeen days afterwards the garrison of Coligni surrendered.[1]

Sir James Melville attended his friend the constable, who was carried prisoner of war to Cambray, where a peace was afterwards concluded.[2]

[1] De Mezeray; Life of Charles V. &c. [2] Scot. Biog. Dict.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANGE RETURNS TO SCOTLAND—HIS MARRIAGE—BREAKS A SPEAR WITH RALPH EVERS.

Sir William Kirkaldy's achievements in the campaigns in Picardy appear to have obtained for him unusual consideration and honour. His bravery and *devoir militaire* were highly extolled by the veteran constable, by Louis de Bourbon, Claude of Lorraine, the Duke d'Aumale, Anthony duke de Vendome, and all the generals and colonels commanding the *Bandes Française* in the wars in Picardy.

"I heard Henry II.," Melville states, "point unto him and say—'yonder is one of the most valiant men of our age.'"

That gay and martial prince treated him always with kindness and distinction, which are the more remarkable when the Protestant tenets Kirkaldy professed are remembered; and as the Scottish knight excelled in drawing the bow, the use of the lance, and all knightly exercises, he and the king were always comrades in the pastimes of the court; and Melville (who is always very circumstantial in relating the honours paid to his countrymen) mentions, that the proud old Montmorencie, the great constable of France, treated the exiled Kirkaldy with

such deference, that he never addressed him with his head covered. This venerable soldier was afterwards slain at the battle of St Denis, in the eightieth year of his age, by Sir Robert Stewart, a Scottish soldier of fortune, who fought in the wars of the Huguenots.[1]

In the year of St Quentin, Kirkaldy's career of success and of service in France drew to a close; but the exact period of his quitting the French army is unknown. Two years afterwards, he lost his friend and patron, Henry, who was unfortunately slain in a tournament, when running a course with Count Montgomery de Lorges, then captain of his Scottish Guard. In tilting, the visor of the King's helmet flew up—the lance of his adversary entered his eye, and he died soon after of the wound. From that hour tournaments were abolished by law in France.[2]

Soon after the defeat at St Quentin, the espousals of the young queen of Scotland and the dauphin were solemnly celebrated, and a union between the two countries achieved—at least so far as depended upon a treaty of marriage.

Mary was then in her sixteenth year.

Her bridal was hastened in consequence of the captivity among the Spaniards of the Constable de Montmorencie, who had always been averse to the match, as one which cast too much lustre on his rivals, the princes of the house of Lorraine.

About the time of her daughter's marriage, Mary of Guise, the queen-dowager of Scotland, who had succeeded Chatelherault in the regency, anxious, perhaps, to

[1] Henrico C. Davilla; Guerre Civili. [2] Papers of Archer Guard.

please the Reformers at the expense of her principles, recalled from exile William Kirkaldy of Grange, and other surviving conspirators against Cardinal Beatoun.[1]

Sir James Kirkaldy had returned to Scotland seven years before his son, the exact date of whose arrival in Scotland is not known; but, soon after the close of the campaigns in Picardy, possessed by a longing to revisit his native country, and to free it from the military tyranny of the French faction—perhaps agitated by the gentler memories of the fair Margaret, mentioned in Chapter III.—he left Paris, and travelled to London, bearer of a letter from Sir Nicholas Wotton, the English ambassador at the the court of France, to the Lord Paget, privy-seal of England, and Sir William Petrie, secretary of state.

Dreading, perhaps, the influence of Beatoun's family and faction, and disliking the iron rule which Mary of Guise and the Catholic administration, aided by the French bands of General d'Oisel, maintained over the Protestants, he appears, from Wotton's letter, to have been anxious to procure military aid from Elizabeth's government in support of the new religion. Wotton's communication is dated from the French capital, so early as 1st March 1557, and is written wholly in cipher; but Mr Tytler (from whose late work it is quoted) renders it as follows:—

"My duty remembered to your honours. I have heretofore certified to the queen's majesty what good-will this bearer Kirkaldy seemed to bear to her majesty, and to the realm of England, how little he is contented with the present state of Scotland, and how desirous he is to

[1] Balfour's Annales.

see it freed from the yoke of Frenchmen, and restored to its former liberty, and also what offers he hath divers times made to serve the queen's majesty, ... Forasmuch as he returneth now to Scotland, and thereby hath occasion to pass through England, I advised him to do that which I perceived he was before of himself disposed to do—to visit you by the way. . . . . Marry this he earnestly requireth, that in case the queen's highness shall think him fit to do her majesty service, that yet, nevertheless, his matters may pass only through *your* hands, for he feareth greatly that, all the council being privy to it, it were not easy to be kept secret—thereby he should stand in danger of his life.

"Marry what service he shall be able to do now, he intending to continue in Scotland, your wisdoms can better consider than I. For because I trust he will declare at length unto you of the return of his father and Balneaves into Scotland, and for what purpose it is thought they are revoked."[1]

Kirkaldy's offers of serving Elizabeth were, of course, mere words of polite courtesy to her ambassador: he could have no other object in view than serving his country through her influence; but, being aware of the risk and penalty of intercommuning with the English, and remembering the charge on which his grandfather, Sir John Melville, lost his head, he appears to have been anxious that his correspondence should not be made known to Elizabeth's privy council generally. The immediate result of his interview with her minister does not appear; but it is probable that, soon after arriving

[1] Tytler, Hist. Scot.

in London, he set out for Scotland. Ten years had now elapsed since, from the French galleys, he had seen its hills fade in the distance; and the stripling youth who had left his native country as a prisoner of war, with the doom of sacrilege and heresy hanging over him, now returned to it a strong and gallant warrior, well skilled and renowned in arms; but little could he have foreseen the important place he was to find in the annals of her wars.

All his good wishes towards England did not prevent him drawing his sword against that country. Soon after his return home, his lance was displayed in the wild Border wars, and from that time forward his name appears prominently in the military events of those years of broil and bloodshed.

Sir James Kirkaldy died about the year 1556, as appears from his son's Retour to him—a document cited by Crawford in his "Lives of the Scottish Officers of State,"[1] (note B.) It is very probable that he died in the old Place of Halyards, the favourite residence of the family, and was buried in the Eglise de Mariæ.

Sir William Kirkaldy, soon after his return to Scotland, married Margaret Learmonth, the lady mentioned in preceding chapters, but of whom very few authentic notices are to be met. With her he obtained, on the 5th October 1564, a crown charter of the lands called Nether Friarton, near St Andrews.[2] In the MS. charter in the Register House at Edinburgh, she is merely styled *Margaret Learmonth, ejus sponsæ*, and it does not appear

[1] Retour in the Chancery of W. Kirkaldy de Grange.

[2] MS. Carta. Register House.

to what family she belonged; but there is very good reason to believe that she was a daughter of Sir James Learmonth of Dairsie, provost of St Andrews, a stanch upholder of the Reformation.

At the time of his marriage, Kirkaldy must have been under thirty years of age.

Soon after this important era in his life, an incident occurred which peculiarly evinces his chivalric nature, and which, while it is quite characteristic of the times, is perhaps the last knightly passage of arms on record in Britain. Old Hollinshed, Lindsay of Pitscottie, and other quaint chroniclers, have, with their usual minuteness, handed down to us a full description of this encounter.

In the war at that time waged on the Borders between Scotland and England, John Kirkaldy, a young knight, cousin of the Laird of Grange, had been taken prisoner in a casual conflict, and was carried to Berwick, which was then in possession of the English, and where Lord Evers was governor and commander of Elizabeth's troops, the old bands of Berwick. While captive, John Kirkaldy was subjected to severe and unworthy treatment, of which he complained bitterly to his comrades, on his return to the Scottish garrison at Eyemouth; which, however, did not take place until his family paid a heavy ransom.[1]

Indignant at the ungenerous treatment of his kinsman, Kirkaldy of Grange sent a cartel of defiance to the Lord Evers, challenging him to single combat on horse or foot, with equal weapons; but Evers ungallantly refused, alleging that they were not of equal rank—he being a

[1] Hollin. Chron.

peer of the realm in England, and Grange merely a baron or laird in Scotland. Shortly afterwards, his brother, Sir Ralph Evers—a name renowned in Border war—hearing that so distinguished a knight was on the frontiers of England, took up his brother's quarrel, and returned Kirkaldy's gage of battle, offering to fight him in single combat, on horseback, in complete armour, and with sharp spears, before all the troops of Scotland and England then upon the Borders.

Pleased at the message, Kirkaldy, full of the ardour of a true knight, and, notwithstanding his recent marriage, fond of military glory—"that precarious splendour which plays round the brows of a warrior"—accepted the challenge, and pledged himself to meet the English champion when and wherever he might appoint.

Well horsed, and armed cap-a-pie, with lance, sword, and shield, on the appointed day they met on the side of Halidon Hill, an eminence celebrated in Border history. It stands two miles distant from Berwick, and rises to the height of five hundred feet; the slope to the south is gradual though irregular, and through one of its many ravines the brawling Whitadder flows into the Tweed. To the eastward the hill slopes down rapidly, but between its base and the sea lies a rich stripe of level and fertile land, known as the Magdalene Fields; and there, probably, the lists were enclosed.

Sir Ralph Evers was accompanied by his brother, the governor of Berwick, and the whole English garrison of that city; Kirkaldy's retinue consisted of the Scottish troops from Eyemouth, several knights of distinction, and the general of the regent's French auxiliaries, Monsieur

d'Oisel. Aware of the danger of drawing so near each other the soldiers of two hostile nations,—

> "Deeming it were no easy task
> To keep the truce which here was set;
> Where martial spirits, all on fire,
> Breathed only blood and mortal ire;
> By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
> By habit and by nation foes;"—

the marshals of the field proclaimed that, under pain of treason, no man should approach the champions nearer than an arrow-flight.

Each knight had twelve gentlemen of name in immediate attendance upon him; and each his lance borne by a squire. Two lords were marshals of the lists, and each was attended by a herald and trumpeter. When, according to custom, the armour and equipment of the combatants were examined, the judges of the field made some objection to the strength of Kirkaldy's coat-of-mail, especially the cuirass, which, they averred, was better calculated for defence than that of Sir Ralph Evers, whose suit was composed of the gay but slight plate harness of Elizabeth's time, when taste and show were considered more than defence, and, consequently, the light tilting armour had become extravagantly ornamental. Kirkaldy's cuirass was of full plate, having a small sheet of tempered steel screwed on above it, preparatory to tilting with sharp spears; but the brave English knight waved the objection with valiant impatience, and they took their places opposite each other in the level lists, with closed visors and lances in the rest, as the shoulder-sling, which upheld the truncheon of that ancient weapon, was named.

When all matters had been perfectly adjusted, the judges gave the signal—the heralds cried aloud—the trumpets sounded a charge; when each knight

> "Stoop'd his head and couch'd his spear,
> And spurr'd his steed to full career."

They met with a furious shock—both spears were shattered to splinters in the encounter; "bot the Laird of Grange," saith Pitscottie, "ran his adversary the Inglisman throw his shoulder-blade, and off his horse woundit deidlie, in perill of his lyff: quhidder he deid or lived I cannot tell, but Grange wan the victorie."

The brave Evers was not slain, but declared, by the marshals of the field, to be vanquished in his brother's quarrel.

Soon after the enterprising and beautiful queen-dowager, Mary of Guise, had assumed the regency, true to the interests of her native France, she endeavoured to promote discord and hostility between Scotland and England—no difficult matter in those days. Deeply versed in the science of politics, and all the secrets of governing, this illustrious princess possessed all the virtues and the masculine courage of her house, together with those great personal attractions for which the ladies of the line of Bourbon were ever celebrated.

She made several aggressions on England with her French troops, but was unable to march her Scottish army across the Border. Finding her artifices, threats, and entreaties all equally unavailing, she was obliged to disband her forces, and retire (as her husband had done before Solway) in anger and disgust; and from that

moment there yawned a wide gulf between her and the proud noblesse of Scotland. But as yet the quarrel had not assumed the more dangerous character of a religious one.

Mary's leading object, in her administration, was to curb the power of the house of Chatelherault. The Earls of Argyle and Huntly, James prior of St Andrews, (afterwards the Regent Murray,) and—for reasons which cannot now be traced—Sir William Kirkaldy, joined her faction, which proposed to recall into Scotland the Lady Margaret Douglas and her husband, the exiled Earl of Lennox, who had been banished, after the demise of James V., for certain political intrigues inconsistent with the honour and safety of the nation; but whose restoration to rank and fortune might effectually have counterbalanced the great influence attained by the ducal family of Hamilton.

Unforeseen causes interrupted the execution of this singular scheme, concerning which Kirkaldy travelled to the Borders, and had a secret interview with Lord Wharton, when he proposed a truce to the frontier warfare, still waged between the two countries, as the first and best preliminary to a more lasting treaty of peace.

"The Scots," replied Wharton, "only pretend an anxiety for a truce when it suits themselves, and break it when they please; but if we should entertain the idea, whom do you propose to send to confer with us upon it?"

"The Lord Seaton," replied Kirkaldy, "the Captain Sieur de la Brosse, the Laird of Craigmillar, and the young Laird of Lethington. Scotland will agree to an

abstinence for twenty days; but we must have license for an especial person to pass through England to communicate with the French king."

"What are the news?" asked Wharton evasively.

"On Sunday last, the 7th November," replied Kirkaldy with military minuteness, "there arrived at Leith a ship with letters and money from the French king. I have seen a letter from him to Monsieur the General d'Oisel, in which it was stated that he would soon have all he desired in men and money; and that four ensigns, twelve hundred foot, and two hundred horse, had already been despatched, to come into Scotland by the western seas, and we look for them daily."[1]

It may surprise some readers that Kirkaldy should ask leave for the "especial person" to pass to France; but in those days the voyage between that country and Scotland was made along the coast of England; and even Queen Mary, who, when returning, requested from Elizabeth a safe conduct against her piratical shipmen, was refused it.

A letter from Lord Wharton to the English privy council, contains a minute account of his interview with Sir William Kirkaldy. "It is not unimportant," observes the recent historian of Scotland, "on account of the light it throws on the character of the Lord James, afterwards Regent Moray, that here we find him, Kirkaldy of Grange, Glencairn, and the Bishop of Caithness, acting with the queen-dowager against Huntly, Chatelherault, and Argyle. We find them receiving money from the French king, and stipulating for the presence

[1] Tytler. App.

of a French army in Scotland. Kirkaldy is represented as a mirror of chivalry: consistency was certainly not his forte. In the letter of Wotton he is determined on putting down French influence in Scotland; here we find him, nine months after, inviting a French army into the country; and subsequently, in 1559, he returned to his first opinion."

It must be acknowledged that the measures of Kirkaldy and Murray are, in those instances, marked by an apparent inconsistency; but it is difficult, and often impossible, to discover the real motives which influenced the turbulent, jealous, and martial politicians of that plotting and factious age.

Kirkaldy (though the political character of his friend Lord James will not bear much scrutiny) must have been influenced by reasons which cannot now be fully understood; but, from the whole tenor of his life, we may suppose that the ultimate good of Scotland was uppermost in his mind, when he formed this temporary coalition with the faction of Mary of Guise; for soon after, in pursuance of those liberal principles of religious toleration in which he had been educated by his father the treasurer, and that strict preceptress "and godlie matron" his mother, he again drew his sword in the cause of the Reformation, and attached himself to the Lords of the Congregation, under whose banner he had many brilliant encounters with his former comrades, the French soldiers of the queen-regent.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LORDS OF THE CONGREGATION.

FROM the dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, the quiet and peaceful demeanour of the Protestants has been remarked by many writers as astonishing, when suffering for so many years under the most cruel excesses of ecclesiastical tyranny. With the exception of slaying Cardinal Beatoun—an act of vengeance as much as of religious impulse—since the death of James V. they had not transgressed those bounds of duty which the laws of the land prescribed; but matters were rapidly coming to a crisis. Numbers gave courage: they petitioned parliament to afford them some legal protection in the exercise of their religious duties; but the Regent Mary, dreading the introduction of so delicate a subject to be debated by those martial barons, whose inherent love of turbulence ever served to keep their armour from rusting, prevailed upon the leading Reformers to desist for the present, giving them new and solemn promises of protection.

Soon after, they preferred the same humble supplication to the clergy of the Romish church; but those proud prelates rejected their request with undisguised contempt.

On the death of Mary of England, the French king persuaded his young daughter-in-law, the queen of the Scots and dauphiness, with her husband, to assume the arms and title of sovereigns of England, in consequence of Elizabeth's doubted legitimacy, and with the design of establishing the church of Rome on a more permanent foundation in that country; while, at the same time, the princes of Lorraine resolved on a rigid persecution and utter subjugation of the Protestants in Scotland; and thus those coercive measures were set on foot, which the people repelled at the point of the sword, by which ultimately the French faction was destroyed in that kingdom for ever, and the stupendous hierarchy of the Roman church was levelled to the dust.

The queen-regent avowed her determination of extirpating the growing spirit of heresy by the sword and stake, and, regardless of her former promises, summoned the Protestant preachers to a court of justice held at Stirling. They attended accordingly; but Mary, dreading the vast concourse that accompanied them, promised to stay the trial, if they would return peaceably to their homes. Pleased with the pacific proposal, the great and excited multitudes dispersed and retired to their several districts and habitations: but, lo! notwithstanding her solemn pledges, this artful French princess, on the 10th May—the appointed day—proceeded with the trials of the summoned preachers, who, on non-appearance, were at once pronounced outlaws. Exasperated by such a signal breach of honour, the Protestants, stimulated by the coarse but fluent oratory of the bold and furious Knox, resolved at once to act on the defensive.

On his return from exile at Geneva, the latter, delighted with the menacing posture of affairs, hastened to Perth, where, on the 11th May 1559, he delivered from the pulpit a vehement and burning discourse.[1] Fluent at all times, his stern enthusiasm lent new vigour to his denunciations against "the hellish priests, belly-gods, and shavelings," as he usually termed the friars. The populace, already excited by fanaticism, were soon roused to the utmost pitch of religious frenzy that even his own furious zeal could have desired. Intolerant as those he railed against, infuriated by the political perfidy of the regent, and bold in his own ideas of conscious rectitude, his animated harangue had soon the most lamentable effects, and led to that storm of destructive violence, which inscribes an indelible stain on our Scottish Reformers,—a stain which seems to grow darker as civilisation increases and the waves of time roll on.

The tall rood-spires, each for ages the revered landmark of its district,—those sacred fanes, whose very shadows were thought to hallow the graves they fell on, the sonorous bells, the sounding organ, the sculptured statues, the priceless manuscripts and elaborate missals of their repositories—all suddenly became objects fraught with sin and idolatry. The rich abbeys, to whose secluded inmates we owe our literature, our civilisation, our religion, and our laws; the magnificent churches and beautiful oratories, hallowed by association, the lapse of long successive ages, and invaluable from their merit as works of art; the gorgeous shrines before which these devastating Reformers had knelt in childhood, and their sires had

[1] M'Crie and all Scots historians.

bowed in age; the altars where so many generations of men had received the most solemn Christian sacraments—in short, all that for eight hundred years had been consecrated to God and to his service; the tombs of the royal, the great, the good, and the brave, were violated, and the ashes of kings, of saints, and soldiers, were scattered to the four winds of heaven: even the humble graves of the nameless or less-known dead were violated, and all things, sacred and religious, were overwhelmed in one universal chaos of pillage and destruction.

M'Crie's apology[1] for these outrages, which men of every creed condemn, is amusing as it is unsound,—that, by reducing the ecclesiastical buildings to ruin, they were well calculated, in that state, to inspire the liveliest sentiments for the sublime and beautiful. If such the effect of them in their ruin and desolation, what sentiments must they have inspired in the noon of their glory and splendour!

Filled with rage at the effects of Knox's oratory, the queen-regent, at the head of seven thousand men, attempted to seize the leaders of this new and formidable revolt. After another treaty, fresh breaches of faith on her part brought into the field the regularly organised army of *the Congregation*, which, at the point of the sword, demanded the redress of religious grievances, and the expulsion of those French troops which were maintained about the court.

Artfully avoiding compliance with these requests, Mary of Guise obtained a cessation of arms for eight days, and promised to send ambassadors or envoys to St

[1] See Life of John Knox.

Andrews, to adjust the quarrel. Again she failed in the fulfilment of her pledge; and the Congregation, inflamed anew with rage, seized upon the capital, together with Perth and Stirling, every where on the route madly sacking the abbeys and demolishing the churches.

The contemplation of these outrages yet excites indignation in every liberal mind: by them the march of civilisation was stopped, nobles degenerated into regicides and assassins, and the country was thrown back into a state of anarchy, ignorance, and barbarism, almost worthy of the darkest ages of Scandinavia; and it is worthy of remark, that, for each martyr burned before the Reformation, the Presbyterian creed sacrificed its thousands after it, on the ridiculous charge of sorcery. The moral and political horizon, which had brightened under the rule of the five gallant Jameses, grew fearfully dark for a time, and architecture, navigation, printing, and painting, &c., which had all flourished under their fostering care, became lost, neglected, or forgotten.

It was some time previous to their bold advance upon Edinburgh that Sir William Kirkaldy left his residence at Halyards, and joined the bands of the Congregation, which were encamped upon Cupar muir in Fife, about eighteen miles distant from his barony of Auchtertool. From his great experience in warlike matters, the influence of his name, his resolution, and worth, his accession was of the utmost importance to the Congregation; his determination being as much to free Scotland from the thraldom of the French faction as to overturn the church of Rome. From passages in the letter quoted in a preceding chapter, so early as the year 1557, while serving under the Constable

Montmorencie, he had expressed himself with the utmost indignation against the French influence in the Scottish affairs, and offered his services to free the land from their yoke, and promote that amity with the sister kingdom which it was so much the interest of the French court to prevent.[1]

Lord Rothes brought a "goodlie companie" of a thousand spears from Fife to the camp of the Congregation.[2] He was sheriff of the county, and it is probable that Kirkaldy and his vassals marched under his standard. Lord Ruthven came in to them from Perth, with a squadron of horse; while Restalrig and Ormiston brought many of the bold lances of Lothian. From Mearns, Angus, and Strathearn, troops of horse and bands of foot flocked to the standard of the Reformers, whose little army, seven thousand strong, took up a position on the heathy muir of Cupar, from the slopes of which their artillery could act with advantage on the plain around them.[3]

Marching her Scottish troops and French auxiliaries through Fifeshire, Mary of Guise took up a position over against the Congregation on Tarvet hill, and both armies prepared for an engagement. James duke of Chatelherault led her Scots, General d'Oisel the French. On the other side, beneath the orders of the Earl of Argyle, were Sir William Kirkaldy, Sir James Learmonth of Dairsie, the Lord James prior of St Andrews, James Haliburton, sheriff of Dundee, Patrick lord Ruthven, provost of Perth, and other brave leaders, who, like their resolute and well-appointed vassals, were inflamed by

[1] Tytler. [2] Cald. Historie of the Kirk. [3] Buchanan.

religious zeal and animosity against the faction of Mary, whose troops were at that time far less numerous.

When the well-armed bands of the fair regent, in all that glittering panoply of which the French troops were then so vain, marched into position on the grassy hill of Tarvet, it was the dawn of a summer morning—but a dark and hazy one. The surrounding country was involved in gloom aud obscurity, and they neither knew the exact number nor position of the enemy. About noon, the thick banks of mist which rolled around the hills were drawn up into mid-air like a curtain, and they beheld opposite them, to the north, the whole array of the Congregation drawn up in order of battle on the muir of Cupar, horse and foot, with their tall Scottish lances glancing in the light of the meridian sun, their baggage, culverins of brass, and powder carts. Between them lay the mossy marsh of Fernie, and the snaky windings of the Eden, then a deep and impassable river, crossed by ferry-boats, but now shrunk to little more than a runlet wandering through a fertile plain. Those ferries were commanded and swept by the royal cannon, while five hundred horsemen or prickers were thrown forward as skirmishers, to repress any front movement of the foe.[1]

Far down the winding valley to the right, on the bank of the stream, lay Cupar, with its beautiful spire, and the ancient castle of the Thanes of Fife rising on a round and grassy eminence; to the left, extended the amphitheatre of hills, which overlook Arngask and Forgandenny.

As the mid-day sun of June shone on the tall spears and glittering armour of the Congregation, the steadiness

[1] Heron's Hist.; Balf. Annales; Statist. Account, &c. &c.

and resolution of their aspect, together with the superiority of their force, prevented the wavering Duke of Chatelherault, and the gay chevaliers of d'Oisel, from evincing any disposition to engage; and Mary, doubtful of her Scottish troops, whom she knew to be but coldly disposed towards those of France, attempted a temporary accommodation—but her herald was dismissed unheard.

Alarmed by the number of the foe, and the boldness of their demeanour, she was obliged to accede to their demand, which was, that the troops of General d'Oisel should retire beyond the river Forth—and they immediately commenced a retreat, by which an almost inevitable battle was prevented. After much diplomacy and manœuvring, a truce was concluded for six months.

It was signed on the spot on the 13th June, by Chatelherault and Monsieur d'Oisel, on the part of the queen; and the Earl of Argyle, with the chiefs of the Protestant faction, on the part of the Congregation.

The place of meeting was the Howlet-hill, the highest part of the range called Garleybank, that overlooks Cupar muir.[1]

Immediately after the treaty, the Reformers abandoned Edinburgh, receiving the renewed promises of the regent, that the free exercise of their religion would be allowed them; but, aware of the insincerity of a queen who had openly said that "no faith should be kept with heretics," Kirkaldy had an interview with John Knox at St Andrews, concerning the prospects of the Reformation.[2]

"If the English would forsee their own commoditie," said the Reformer vehemently,—"yea, if they would con-

[1] Heron and others. [2] Cald. Historie.

sider the danger in which they stand, they would not suffer us to perish in the struggle; for France hath decreed no less the subjugation of England than of Scotland!"

He then urged Kirkaldy to seek aid from the south; upon which he wrote to Sir Henry Piercy. His letter, which is now preserved in the State-paper Office, shows the exact demands of the Reformers, and distinctly states the objects they proposed to accomplish, by having recourse to arms. It was written the day after the army of the Congregation entered Edinburgh, and is as follows:—

"1st July 1559.

"I received your letter this last of June, perceiving thereby the doubt and suspicion you stand in for the coming forward of the Congregation, whom, I assure you, you need not have in suspicion; for they mean nothing but reformation of religion, which shortly, throughout the realm, they will bring to pass, for the queen and Monsieur d'Oisel, with all the Frenchmen, are for refuge retired to Dunbar.

"The aforesaid Congregation came this last of June, by three of the clock, to Edinburgh, where they will take order for the maintenance of the true religion, and resisting of the King of France, if he sends any force against them. . . . .

"The manner of their proceeding in reformation is *this:* they pull down all manner of friaries and some abbies which receive not willingly the Reformation. As to parish churches, they cleanse them of images and all other monuments of idolatry, and command that no masses be said in them: in place thereof the book set furth by

godly King Edward is read in the same churches. They have never as yet meddled with a pennyworth of that which pertains to the church; but presently they will order throughout all the parts where they dwell, that all the fruits of the abbies and other churches shall be kept and bestowed upon the faithful ministers, until such time as further order be taken.

"Some suppose the queen, seeing no other remedy, will follow their desires, which is a general reformation throughout the whole realm, conform to the pure word of God, and the Frenchmen to be sent away. If her grace will do so, they will obey her, and annex the whole revenues: if her grace will not be content with this, they are determined to hear of no agreement."

This letter is of some importance: it explained the real intention of the Reformers, and acquainted England that they had no hostile feeling towards that country. Soon afterwards, Kirkaldy rode from Edinburgh to Norham, where he had a secret interview with Sir Henry Piercy. The meeting took place with the concurrence of Cecil. Kirkaldy more fully and amply explained the intentions of the armed Congregation, and returned to its Lords with the grateful tidings "that England was disposed to favour their views, and to enter into a league with them for the attainment of their designs." But England was always disposed to encourage any quarrel that would involve Scotland in bloodshed and misery.

The tidings of which Kirkaldy was bearer were received with joy; and in another letter, dated 17th July 1559, addressed to the English secretary, he declares

emphatically, with something of Knox's fervour and force of expression, "that all Europe shall know that a league, in the name of God, hath another foundation and assurance than factions made by man for worldly commoditie."[1]

[1] Tytler.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRENCH INROAD IN FIFE.

THE ambitious projects entertained by the King of France, when he wished that the investment of the crown-matrimonial of Scotland, on the dauphin, should be made on that principle of Scottish law by which the husband of an heiress kept possession of her estates during his own life, if she happened to die without children, roused all the pride and patriotism of the people. This attempt to annex an ancient and independent kingdom *as a province to another*, not less than the interference of Henry with the progress of the Reformation, tended to bring forth that intense hatred to France, which was so great that, in the sixth parliament of Mary, it was found necessary to pass an act "anent speaking evil of the queen's grace or Frenchmen."[1]

The advancement of several of her countrymen to important offices had greatly increased the jealousy and hatred of the Scots against Mary of Guise. One named Villemort had been made comptroller of the public revenue; another, named Rubaye, was custodier of the great seal; and a third, Bonnot, was governor of the Orcades; while the Cardinal de Guise was commendator of the abbeys of Kelso and Melrose.[2]

[1] Act 6 Mary, Chap. 60.

[2] Balfour; Lesly, &c.

The drilled and well-disciplined soldiers of d'Oisel were a source of equal fear and annoyance to a people who were destitute of standing forces; and the least accession to their strength might have proved a fatal blow to the civil and religious liberties of Scotland. Aware of the impending calamities, and of the regent's political duplicity, the Duke of Chatelherault (her Scottish general) and the Earl of Huntly, immediately after the truce recorded in the last chapter, promised to the Lords of the Congregation, "that if the queen should, with her usual insincerity, violate any article of the treaty of truce, or refuse to gratify the wishes of the whole nation by dismissing her French troops, they would then instantly join with their countrymen in *compelling* her to a measure which the public safety, and the preservation of their ancient liberties, rendered necessary."

Successive reinforcements soon arrived from France, in consequence of applications made by the queen-regent for succour. First came Monsieur Octavius, brother of the Marquis d'Elbœuf, (a peer of the house of Lorraine,) with several of the old *Bandes Françaises*, who landed at Leith. Ten other *compagnies* arrived under the Comte de Martigues, a young noble of the house of Luxembourg, afterwards Duc d'Estampes, and colonel-general of the infantry of France.[1] Captain the Sieur Jacques de la Brosse, one of the hundred knights of St Michel, (a distinguished chevalier of the house of Jean de la Brosse, who married Anne de Pisselu, Duchess d'Estampes,[2]) arrived soon after with two thousand veteran foot, and eighty gendarmes on horseback, to fight the Reformers with glaive

[1] Davila; Civill Warres. [2] Atlas Geo.

and spear; while Pelleve, the Bishop of Amiens, who accompanied him, with Messieurs Brochette, Fourniere, and Ferretiere, three doctors of the Sorbonne, were to engage them with syllogisms, citations, quotations, and authorities of Holy Writ.[1] Encouraged by these accessions of force, the regent broke the treaty of Cupar, fortified Leith, and defied the Lords of the Congregation, who immediately blocked up that sea-port, which had become the head-quarters and stronghold of her obnoxious French auxiliaries.

These soldiers of fortune looked confidently forward to great titles and magnificent rewards, and were wont, in jest, to style each other, "Monsieur le Comte d'Argyle," —"Monsieur le Prior de St André," &c., expecting coronets, rentals, and revenues, in exchange for blood and blows.[2]

Sir William Kirkaldy served with the army of the Congregation during all its operations in the field, until the end of the war, when the death of Mary of Guise, and the final establishment of the Reformation, brought peace to the land for a time. His name appears continually in all the annals of the period; and Knox says that he encountered and escaped many dangers. He fought bravely in defence of Fife, his native shire; and from the moment those French troops first arrived in aid of the Popish faction, and for the purpose of reducing Scotland to a province, "no man stood firmer to the interests of his country than Kirkaldy; and in the first encounter he is said to have slain the first man with his own hand."

He commanded a body of his favourite arm, the cavalry.

[1] Hume. [2] Calderwood, &c.

The lightly-armed, fleetly-mounted, strong, active, and daring mosstroopers appear to have been generally the soldiers he preferred to lead; and these he usually selected for the desperate enterprises he undertook or designed.

During the operations before Leith, early on the morning of Monday, the 5th of November 1559, about dawn, a strong body of French soldiers made a sudden sortie from the town, to interrupt a convoy of provisions proceeding towards Edinburgh from the eastward. The Earl of Arran (who had recently abandoned the service of France) and the Lord James Stuart hurried forth to engage them. Issuing from an ancient eastern port of the city, named the Water Gate, they hurried with a party of horse and foot towards Restalrig. The French commander, whose numbers were far superior, on perceiving their approach, threw forward four hundred skirmishers, who took possession of the walls enclosing the narrow way to the castle of the Logans. Over these they levelled their heavy harquebusses on the Scots, who, becoming entangled among the low marshy grounds, and bushes, rocks, and ancient quarries, which then rendered that locality so dangerous, fell immediately into a state of confusion, which was rendered complete by their horse retiring with such disorderly speed that they rode over the infantry. Meanwhile a troop of French made a rapid flank movement towards the palace of Holyrood, for the purpose of taking possession of the Water Gate, and utterly cutting off the retreat of those whom the *enfans perdus* had thrown into such utter confusion.

At this crisis Kirkaldy of Grange and Whitlaw of Whitlaw dashed up cap-a-pie, with a party of lances,

and by their presence and example restored order: Arran and the Lord James leaped from their chargers, and placed themselves at the head of their discomfited infantry, who could not make any resolute front, being scattered between the walls of an orchard, near the Abbey Hill, and a deep and dangerous marsh.

Kirkaldy galloped his troop eastward, covered their flank, and secured their retreat, by attacking those French who had made the circuit toward the city; and, charging briskly with levelled spears, drove back both gendarmes and harquebussiers in confusion past the steep rocks and old castle of Restalrig.

But, regardless of this, the main body had closed upon the men of the Lord James: these could no longer sustain their force or fire, but gave way, and retreated towards the east end of the city in confusion. Alexander Halyburton, a brave young captain of pikemen, fell by a bullet, and was nearly cut to pieces by the swords of the gendarmerie, who spurred their mailed horses again and again on the levelled lances of the retiring Scots, who made one desperate rally, and bore Halyburton into the city, where he immediately expired. Thirty of his soldiers were shot dead in the marsh, or trod under the hoofs of Martigue's cavalry, who pushed triumphantly after the fugitives, and captured Monipeny of Pitmilly, the young knight of Fernihirst, the Master of Buchan, Lieutenant Dunbar, and many men-at-arms; but Kirkaldy and Whitlaw made good their retreat, and regained the city unhurt.[1]

Soon afterwards, William Maitland of Lethington—the sincere though dangerous friend of Kirkaldy through

[1] Cald. and Buch. Histories.

many a future storm of political trouble, in his zeal for the Protestant religion—having exposed himself to the resentment of the queen, and fearing that his life was in danger amid her French soldiers, left Leith, and, abandoning the regent, to whom he was principal secretary, surrendered himself to Kirkaldy, by whom he was gladly presented to the Lords of the Congregation, to whose successful cause his eminent talents as a statesman added both strength and reputation.

At the time that reverses, and delayed aid from England, had sunk the spirit of the Reformers to a very low ebb, Kirkaldy's presence, animation, and exhortations alone kept the faction from altogether falling to pieces. He was particularly obnoxious to the French; and though they admired and respected his reputation for bravery and military skill, they signally displayed their hostility by the relentless manner in which they ravaged his estates in Fife, after unsuccessfully assailing his house at Halyards, on the heights to the northward of Auchtertool. Though a spacious, imposing, and picturesque old manor-house, it was not so well calculated for defence as his castles of Grange or Wester Kinghorn; and, on the French gendarmerie approaching, he had a narrow escape from being made prisoner.[1]

While the Lords of the Congregation were waiting an answer from Elizabeth of England, to whom they had sent their new ally, William Maitland of Lethington, with an application for aid, to enable them to prosecute the siege of Leith, the French made a desolating sortie from that place.

[1] Knox.

Led by General d'Oisel in person, a body of veteran infantry, and some of the young and gallant de Martigue's gendarmerie, marched from their strong fortifications with a train of culverins. Passing through Linlithgowshire, they demolished Chatelherault's residence, wasted his lands at Kinniel, and ravaged all the fertile country on their route, in a manner equally wanton and barbarous: they then crossed the Forth at Stirling bridge, and proceeded along the coast of Fife, with the intention of fortifying the city and castle of St Andrews. As they proceeded, their *devastateurs* made similar ravages: the towns, villages, farms, and castles, were given to the flames, their inmates to outrage, and sometimes to the sword; the cattle were slaughtered, the horses hamstrung, and the stored-up crops destroyed.

They seized the castle of Wester Kinghorn, and began to fortify the little town to eastward of it—Burntisland, situated upon a rocky peninsula washed by the waters of the Firth. Though only four thousand strong, the excellence of their discipline and weapons enabled them to bear down all before them, in a manner which increased the detestation of the brave but untrained vassals of the Reformed barons. The Lords Ruthven and James Stuart marched from Stirling to Cupar with a body of the Congregation to watch their movements, and gave to Sir William Kirkaldy the command of six hundred select horse,[1] with whom he harassed the French continually, beating up their outposts and quarters by day and night at the most unexpected times, intercepting their convoys of provisions, and cutting off their strag-

[1] Lyon's Hist. St Andrews, &c. &c.

gling parties. Though they outnumbered him by more than six to one, this indefatigable soldier, and his young brother David, who rode by his side, kept them in such perpetual alarm and danger, that they dared not unbuckle their armour or unsaddle their horses.

"For twenty-one days their boots never came off; they had skirmishing almost every day—yea, some days from morning until night;" and for every man Kirkaldy lost, the foe lost four.[1]

The first encounter was at Pettycur, a small haven, a mile and a half westward of Kirkaldy's castle of Grange. There, between bleak and barren crags of basalt, lies a little bay of smooth water, where the *petit corps* disembarked, and gave their name to the place. A reinforcement to d'Oisel were seen crossing the Forth in four vessels. As they landed, Kirkaldy and Lord Ruthven charged them with a party of horse, but were repulsed, leaving many of their comrades slain by the sea-shore. The Earl of Sutherland was wounded by a harquebuss-shot; and a party of French, sallying from Wester Kinghorn, turned the flank of the Scots, who immediately retired, leaving Paul Lambird, a Fleming, and a French Protestant page, in the hands of the victors, who immediately hanged them from the battlements of St Leonard's tower, on entering the burgh of Kinghorn.[2]

The resistance made by a small garrison in the castle of Dysart stopped the career of French havoc for a time, and engaged them in desultory skirmishing for twenty days. Exasperated by their resistance, and galled by the incessant onslaughts of Kirkaldy's horse, d'Oisel's

[1] Knox. [2] Spotswood's Church History.

soldiers razed to the very foundations his village of Grange, destroyed his farm-towns, drove away his tenants, and, by lodging gunpowder in its vaults, blew up and otherwise defaced and dismantled his ancestral castle of the same name.[1]

The devastation of his property made a deep impression on Kirkaldy; but the demolition of his old family residence stung him most keenly. On the succeeding day he sent a personal cartel of defiance to Monsieur d'Oisel, reproaching him bitterly with his wanton barbarity, and reminding him that he had ever treated the French generously—"*Yea*, he had saved their lives, when he might have suffered their throats to be cut;" but since they had treated him with such rigour, they might expect stern reprisals for the time to come. As for d'Oisel himself, he bade the messenger add, that he knew he could never come within sword's length of *him*, in consequence of his cowardice; but it might be that he would yet have vengeance upon him, either in Scotland or in France, for his misdeeds at Grange.

[1] Buchanan. [2] Knox.

CHAPTER XIV.

KIRKALDY DESTROYS L'ABAST AND HIS COMPANY—HE REVENGES HIMSELF ON D'OISEL.

Less knightly and chivalric than Sir William Kirkaldy, the French general did not return an answer to the defiance; and thereupon the sender of it prepared for summary and signal vengeance. During the whole time of this wanton invasion into a peaceful and industrious district, the force under the orders of Kirkaldy were but a "handful," indifferently armed, and ill-provided; yet with these he had effectually retarded, and often vanquished and cut off, d'Oisel's well-appointed troops, fighting them before every village, tower, and cottage—making them literally gain the ground by inches, and at a fearful expense of blood.

Captain James Cullayne, a famous Scottish officer of the queen's, (whose name will appear prominently at a future period,) was appointed to supply the invaders with provisions; for which purpose he made several voyages with two armed crayers or sloops between Leith and the shores of Fife, where all was ruin and desolation.[1]

From Torryburn and Kinghorn, d'Oisel marched along the coast to Wemyss, as usual giving all to fire

[1] Cald. Historie.

and sword, and sending forth companies in succession to plunder the neighbouring estates.

Spurred on by revenge, Kirkaldy was on the alert, as were the Master of Lindesay and the Laird of Craighall, with their vassals. Early one morning, the first observed Captain l'Abast, a Swiss in the service of France, march from Kinghorn with his company of one hundred harquebusses, to plunder the estate of Dunikier, which lies to the northward of Kirkaldy. Before the dawn had brightened, the Laird of Grange had his mounted jackmen, armed with their long lances, two-handed swords, and calivers, posted in ambush on the Switzer's line of march; while Lindesay and Craighall, at the head of a select party of their retainers, were concealed close by to aid in the encounter.

Kirkaldy's impatient troopers remained in close cover until the unsuspecting l'Abast and his company had marched fully one mile distant from Kinghorn; when, the French being close to the thickets in which they were concealed, a signal was given, and to the astonishment of l'Abast, the lances of the dreaded Kirkaldy filed forth at full speed upon his view. To form and to charge were the work of an instant!

"Provoked by the cruelty of the French," observes Buchanan, "utterly unmindful of their own safety, and wholly intent on the destruction of their enemies—using no other weapons than their horsemen's lances—they (ultimately) bore down all that were in their way."

The moment he saw Kirkaldy's horsemen in their shining jacks appear, l'Abast, like a skilful soldier, threw his company into the ruined and decayed village of

Glameshouse, situated among the steep and arid rocks, broomy hills, and sandy scaurs near the picturesque old burgh of Kinghorn, which had then the venerable tower of St Leonard crowning its scattered lines of steep and straggling alleys. L'Abast posted some of his soldiers in the ruins of the village; others occupied the place of Glames, with its court and yards, from thence, in conjunction with those behind the kail-yard walls and leafless hedges, they opened a brisk harquebussade upon the assailants, who were instantly upon them.

Fighting less for honour than life, the French defended themselves with all their national spirit; the horsemen were repulsed, and many saddles were emptied. Young David Kirkaldy, a knight named Robert Hamilton, and others, were unhorsed, and rolled in the dust severely wounded. Infuriated on beholding his brother shot by his side, and his soldiers recoiling on every hand, "Fy!" exclaimed Kirkaldy—"Fy! let us not live after this day! Shall we retreat from a band of dastardly French scybalds? Forward!"[1]

Animated by his gallant bearing, once more the fierce jackmen returned to the charge. Goading on their panting horses, they leaped the ruined barriers, spearing all that were within reach of their long lances; while Craighall and the Master of Lindesay beat down the gates, and, bursting in among them, a furious hand-to-hand combat ensued. Both parties were equally animated by religious and political hatred; but despair endued the French with the courage of lions. Lindesay, whose horse had been shot under him, rushed with his lance upon l'Abast; the

[1] Knox.

point glanced off the polished mail of proof, and the Master fell; but, suddenly recovering, and animated by fresh rage, he bore the Switzer backward by main force. The latter defended himself with his partisan for a time with the utmost resolution and valour, refusing to take quarter; until Lindesay, in his fury, relinquished the lance for his two-handed sword, and, with one blow on the gilded helmet, cleft l'Abast through steel and bone to the gorget. Fifty of his soldiers lay weltering in their blood around him; while the rest, upon laying down their arms, were by Kirkaldy sent prisoners of war to Dundee. After this the French became more wary in their marauding expeditions.[1]

General d'Oisel, the Count de Martigues, and their comrades, made their head-quarters at the village of Wemyss, and probably occupied the fine old castle of the same name, which is perched upon a rock forty feet high, jutting out among the vast caverns of that romantic shore. A year or two afterwards, Queen Mary had her first interview with Darnley in a room of that stately old fortalice.

It was now the depth of winter: the lochs were frozen, the bleak Lomonds and the deep valleys of Fifeshire were covered with a mantle of snow, the ancient roadways, which run straight over hill and glen, were buried many feet deep; and the steel-clad Frenchmen, unused to so cold a climate, underwent innumerable toils and hardships.

After sacking Wemyss and the old royal burgh of Dysart to their perfect satisfaction, a debate arose among

[1] Spotswood; Keith, &c. &c.

the French officers, as to whether they should march against Kirkaldy of Grange and the Prior of St Andrews, or proceed on their course of devastation towards Cupar, the scene of the broken treaty. In consequence of the rapidity and uncertainty of Kirkaldy's manœuvres, and the deep state of the roads, which equally retarded the march of their heavily-armed cavalry and rapid transmission of their cannon, it was decided they should march first to St Andrews, and from thence to Cupar.

They had long been expecting succours from France, and on tidings reaching Wemyss that a strange fleet was visible off the mouth of the Firth, they became so elevated that, forgetting the fate of l'Abast and his company, and that his destroyers still hovered about them, they resolved to march at once for the purpose of reaching the county town, where there was a considerable muster of the adherents to the Congregation.

Moving eastward by the beautiful shores of the Forth, on the 15th of January 1560, they passed successively the now deserted burgh of Methil, and the pretty villages of Leven, Lower Largo, and Buckhaven, (the last but recently formed by a colony of industrious Netherlanders, whom the house of Wemyss had permitted to settle there.) Galled every pace of the way by Kirkaldy's skirmishing troopers, after a semicircular march of ten miles round the bay of Largo, on reaching the promontory of Kincraigie, a rocky eminence shelving downwards to the Forth, they discerned "eight great ships, of the first rate, at sea;" these they concluded to have the long-expected reinforcements on board, and, in honour of their arrival, fired seaward a salute with their

great culverins from the brow of the hill.[1] Their *feu de joie* and congratulations were somewhat premature, as the strange barks were the fleet of the English admiral, Winter, bearing gallantly up the Firth of Forth to assist the Scottish lords in besieging Leith, to which Lord Grey of Wilton was marching from the Borders with auxiliaries. On beholding St George's red cross, and discovering that the ships were those of Elizabeth, the French, overwhelmed with mortification and disappointment, broke into three separate columns, and retreated westward with the utmost expedition, abandoning their bivouac at Kincraigie, and leaving behind their dinners, which, no doubt, would form a very acceptable repast for Kirkaldy's exulting troopers, within whose sight the English admiral made capture of Captain Cullayne's two little vessels.

One division of the French retired to Kinghorn, another to Burntisland, and a third retreated so far as Dunfermline, which was then enclosed by walls, defended by four ports or gates, and an ancient castle overhanging the wooded vale of Pittencrief.[2] Grange and his squadron briskly followed up this party, and, in the disorderly retreat, amply avenged the destruction of his house by the numbers he slew or captured on every hand. Forming a junction, d'Oisel and the Count de Martigues continued their retreat towards Stirling; but, ere they reached Tullibody, the relentless Kirkaldy had pushed in advance of them with his six hundred lances, seized the ancient wooden bridge which spanned the rapid and romantic Devon, and, by cutting it through, utterly

[1] Buchanan. [2] Hist. of Dunfermline.

destroyed their retreat across the mountain-stream, then swollen by the snows of winter. Not daring to enter the dark shelter of the wood of Tullibody, d'Oisel's soldiers, with no other covering than their armour, bivouacked all night amid the snow, without food, fire, or tents, on the dreary and extensive muir of Fotherick, where many of them were slain by Kirkaldy's troops, or perished under the accumulated agony of wounds, cold, and exhaustion.

The islands or Inches, which in summer are so beautiful and fertile, were then the haunt of the stormy petrel, and were buried completely under the frozen snow, which covered the whole country, as far as their eyes could see, from Tinto in Clydesdale to Ben Lomond in the country of the clans, and from the hills of Fife to the towers and town of Stirling.

In the morning, the skilful French stripped the roof off the venerable kirk of Tullibody, laid the rafters and planks across the ruined bridge, crossed the water in the face of Kirkaldy, and escaped; but failed in attempting to cross the Forth at Alloa, for the untiring pursuer was close upon their rear.[1]

Revenge and good generalship, as well as their natural inclination, prompted them to make greater devastations in their retreat; and these they carried to such excess, that Catholics and Protestants suffered alike. It is related that a gay chevalier, richly armed, and wearing a gilded morion and scarlet mantle, entered the house of a cottar at Whyteside, demanding all the provisions it contained. The housewife offered him all she could spare,

[1] Church Histories; Statist. Accounts, &c. &c.

craving that her meal and beef girnels might not be emptied, as they contained the sole subsistence of her children during the winter. The unscrupulous forager advanced at once to ascertain the contents of the store; but as he bent down, the wrathful matron seized him by the legs, and, precipitating him head-foremost into the girnel, resolutely held him there until he was suffocated by the brine.[1]

Death and disaster were the concomitants of their retreat; and, after sustaining immense loss in their hourly skirmishes, the French, harassed and exhausted with fatigue, and palled with excesses, reached the beleaguered ramparts of Leith, minus the best and bravest of their comrades.

In the same month Kirkaldy, with Lord James Stuart, the Master of Lindesay, and a party of horse, re-entered Fife, and, riding to Wester Wemyss, surprised the laird of the castle, and took him prisoner; Field, Meffen, Balmuto, and Balgonie, four other of the lesser barons who were unfavourable to the cause, were also captured and sent to St Andrews.[2] In an encounter which took place near the lakes of Lundie in Angus, Kirkaldy received a severe wound, which probably incapacitated him from taking an active share in the famous siege of Leith. A bullet passed through his corslet, doublet, and shirt, and, entering the left breast, "stuck in one of his ribs," by which the Congregation lost his services for a time.[3]

The queen-regent—a princess of prudence and intrepidity, of gentleness and humanity, when not led astray by bigotry and devotion to the interests of France—now

[1] Knox. [2] Spotswood and others. [3] M'Crie, App.

overcome by the cares of state and a deadly illness, retired into the castle of Edinburgh, while the siege of her French mercenaries in Leith was pushed with the utmost vigour.

The operations were now confined to that seaport: d'Essé, the general, with d'Oisel, de Martigues, Jacques de la Brosse, and other officers, with their French and Scottish soldiers, were closely blockaded. The Scots of the Congregation—consisting of eleven peers, one hundred and twenty lesser barons, with twelve thousand soldiers—and the English army, six thousand strong, under Lord Gray, had invested the place on every side. The numbers of these forces are variously stated by different authors; but their batteries were formidable, and mounted with heavy ordnance. The defence was obstinate, and protracted for nearly six months. Trained to war, and inured to arms and discipline, these men were the veterans of Francis I. and Henry II., and their martial obstinacy gave infinite trouble to the less skilful besiegers.

During the leaguer, Mary of Guise died of a lingering illness, after having an affecting interview with the leaders of the Congregation, to whom she lamented the fatal result of those counsels she had so rashly followed; and, with all the candour of which her generous mind was capable, confessed the errors of her administration, begged their forgiveness with touching humility, and expired. She died unregretted; but all men spoke gently of her memory, save the unforgiving Knox. Soon afterwards, the French soldiers, who had defended themselves so successfully against the combined force of Scotland and England, were withdrawn by a treaty of peace, which was concluded at Edinburgh on the 5th July 1560,

between the plenipotentiaries of Elizabeth and those of the King of France.

In common with many of the wise and well disposed among his countrymen, Sir William Kirkaldy was well convinced of the inutility and danger of the French league and alliance to Scotland. Though no man could then have foreseen that the time would come when Scotland, deprived of all her national institutions and dignity, would silently sink to the rank of a mere province, by the intrigues of a few base and time-serving peers, he was perfectly aware of the advantage to be derived from a league, offensive and defensive, with England,—a measure which the barbarous policy of the ferocious Edward I. and his grasping successors had rendered so intensely obnoxious to the Scottish people, and which, until the era of the Reformation, had been overlooked by both nations to a great extent.

Kirkaldy's efforts contributed greatly to the formation of that dubious friendship which subsisted between the able ministers of the cold and hollow-hearted Elizabeth, and the stern and intolerant Scottish Reformers, but without which it is doubtful whether the Reformation would have been so easily effected.

As a recompense for the losses sustained by his family in these unhappy wars, on the new faith being fully established, he obtained a gift of the ancient castle of Wester Kinghorn, which stands on an eminence above Burntisland. It was the same place which d'Oisel had seized, and was built in 1382 by the Duries of that Ilk, whose coat armorial was in those days visible above the gateway.[1]

[1] Sir Rob. Sibbald.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAID.

On the 19th August 1561, the young Queen Mary arrived at Leith. She was then in the nineteenth year of her age, and in all the glory of that subduing loveliness which won her the admiration, as her misfortunes have done the sympathies, of all—save the iron-hearted Knox. "The dangers she had undergone," says her bitterest enemy; "the excellence of her mien, the delicacy of her beauty, the vigour of her blooming years, and the elegance of her wit, all joined in her recommendation."[1]

But, alas! poor Mary, over whose natal hour presided the star of death and misfortune, was doomed soon to find how great was the difference between the gaiety and gallantry of the polished court of France, and that of wasted and impoverished Scotland, which was distinguished only for the insolence and intolerance of its churchmen, and the ferocity of its turbulent and brutal barons, who had become absolutely barbarised, and had lost every trace of gentleness, of knighthood, and of dignity, in the storm of war and devastation which ended with the downfall of the church of Rome.

[1] Buch. vol. 2, lib. xvii.

Despite the efforts of these dark-browed Reformers, agitated by the memory of her good and gallant father —the king of the poor—by that of her thirteen years' absence from them, and stirred by that inborn spirit of loyalty which the Scots possessed in so intense a degree, the people received their beautiful queen with the utmost enthusiasm, and outvied each other in her praise.

Her mother's dying advice to secure the support of the Protestants, and to cultivate the friendship of their leaders, particularly Maitland of Lethington and "Kirkaldy of Grange, whom the Constable de Montmorencie had named the first soldier in Europe," had been faithfully conveyed to Mary in France by the handsome young Count de Martigues, the Sieur de la Brosse, the Bishop of Amiens, and others, who had witnessed the last moments of that dearly loved mother in the castle of Edinburgh; and Mary treasured that advice in her heart —but it availed her not.[1]

During the five years succeeding Mary's return to Scotland, Kirkaldy resided on his estates, and did not take any part in public matters. His family consisted only of a daughter, whom he had named after his mother, Janet Melville of Raith. This young lady in after years —when the tide of war and fortune turned against her father—experienced the favour of Mary, at a time Mary's favour could be of little substantial value—when the prison walls of Sheffield enclosed her.[2]

To the queen's illegitimate brother, the ungrateful Lord James Stuart, Sir William Kirkaldy was a steady friend and adherent in the troubles and danger of those

[1] Life of M. Q. of Scots. [2] See Letters of Queen Mary.

successive wars, in which his intriguing spirit involved himself, his sister, and the nation. I know not whether Kirkaldy served under him at the Highland battle of Corrichie, when Huntly, the leader of the Popish faction, rose in arms with his sons and vassals against the established authorities. Lord James took the field against him at the head of Mary's forces, and, by his courage and conduct, gave him an entire defeat. When he marched north, he wrote particularly to his old comrades, Kirkaldy and the Lord Lindesay, to join and aid him with their vassals and experience; but the name of the former does not appear in any of the accounts of the battle of Corrichie, as it must have done prominently, had he been there; and still it is not probable that so famous a knight could have remained inactive when such a field was to be fought.[1]

The ninth parliament of Mary met on the 4th June 1563—the first meeting of the estates since her landing. The Earl of Huntly was forfeited for his rebellion at Corrichie, and a coronet was bestowed on Lord James Stuart, who from that day was known as the celebrated Earl of Murray. The act of attainder against the deceased Sir James Kirkaldy, his sons, and others, for the slaughter of Cardinal Beatoun, was formally reversed, (why at so late a period appears singular,) and the famous act of oblivion received the royal signature.[2]

Though Mary was gentle and tolerant in the extreme, a storm was brewing in the distance: solicited in marriage by Don Carlos, heir of the Spanish monarchy, by the Archduke Charles of Austria, and other princes of

[1] Life of the Regent Moray. [2] Rolls of Parliament.

the first houses in Europe, she rejected them all—not to choose from among her martial nobles some bold peer, who by the number of his dependants, the fame of his prowess, and the length of his sword, would have strengthened and defended her throne; but, unhappily, to fix her affections upon Henry Stuart of Darnley, a weak, imbecile, and debauched young lord, whose sole recommendations were beauty, and grace of manner and person.[1] Ruled solely by love, in direct opposition to the advice of Elizabeth, and the sentiments of a powerful faction at home, headed by the Earl of Murray, Mary, in an evil hour, espoused the handsome Darnley.

On the 29th July 1565, this fatal marriage was celebrated after the ritual of the Roman church, which alone was sufficient to render it unpalatable to an already inflamed and bigoted people. Certain intrigues of Murray's being discovered, he was summoned to the court; but, failing to appear, he was outlawed; and as Darnley was believed to adhere to the Catholic faith, the zeal and fears of the Reformers were roused to the utmost. Knox grossly insulted him from the pulpit; and, instigated by his doctrines, the turbulent populace of Edinburgh began to meet and murmur against the government. Displeased with the aggrandisement of his old hereditary foes, the Stuarts of Lennox, duped and assisted by Elizabeth, the Duke of Chatelherault rose in arms, and was joined by the Earls of Argyle, Rothes, Glencairn, and Kirkaldy of Grange, who, influenced by Murray, after five years of peace, again put on his armour. All these—the duke excepted—were zealous Protestants.

[1] Keith.

Murray, who had concerted measures for seizing Darnley, and carrying him prisoner to England, was at the head of these revolters, whose influence was so small that they could only muster two thousand horse: and, being aided by three hundred English auxiliaries, they took possession of Paisley. Mary acted with more energy and decision on this occasion, than might have been expected from the usual gentleness of her character.

With Darnley, now styled King Henry, she advanced from Edinburgh at the head of four thousand vassals of the crown, under the royal standard. Wearing a light helmet and gilded bourgoinette, with pistolettes at her saddle-bow, she endured the fatigues of war with admirable fortitude; and by the side of her tall husband, sheathed in his rich armour, rode at the head of her troops, to animate them by her presence and example.[1]

She sent forward a herald-at-arms to demand the surrender of Chatelherault's castle of Hamilton. It was refused, and the revolters prepared for immediate battle, animated by the liberal promises and countenance of Elizabeth, and by the evil counsel of the family of Hamilton, who, being next heirs to the crown, were extremely anxious that Darnley—if not Mary also—should be destroyed. Warning their rebel compeers, they averred that no firm peace could now be made with their sovereign.

"Private men," said they, "may forget and forgive injuries offered to them; but the wrath of princes is not to be quenched *but by blood alone!*"

The subtle Murray and his stern and bigoted companions

[1] Keith.

are said to have seen fully the end and aim of this advice, but were compelled to retire before the forces of Mary, who now numbered beneath her standard eighteen thousand lances. The little band of insurgents marched hurriedly from place to place, without other aim or object than to escape, as all hope of successfully prosecuting their rash rebellion had vanished; and, from the circumstance of this counter-marching and pursuing, the insurrection obtained the name of *the Roundabout Raid.*

A party of insurgent horse, a thousand strong, led by Murray, Kirkaldy, and Chatelherault, rode from Hamilton, and, successfully outflanking the troops of Mary, reached Edinburgh on the 31st August, and made an attempt to enter, for the purpose of rousing its then warlike burghers to arms in their behalf. A severe cannonade was opened upon them from the ramparts of the castle, and they were compelled to retreat southward to Dumfries, where the insurrection ended in smoke.

Disbanding their troops, Murray, Grange and others, with their three hundred auxiliaries, fled to England, and, arriving at Carlisle, placed themselves under the protection of the Earl of Bedford, warden of the English marches. Nothing was wanting that the friendship of the English earl could supply to these brethren in disgrace; but Elizabeth, though she permitted them to be protected within her territory, treated them, as they deserved, with extreme neglect.

Meanwhile Mary's forces swept triumphantly through Fife, levying fines and chastising rebellious vassals. The estates of Grange and Rothes, particularly, were not forgotten. Mary recalled from exile the Earl of Bothwell

and other Lords who were foes to her brother, hoping by their return to strengthen her own party; while he and the Abbot of Kilwinning repaired to Queen Elizabeth, to entreat her intercession with their sovereign. With the most refined coolness and hypocrisy, though she had urged them to rebellion, she spurned them from her presence as traitors; and, overwhelmed with shame and mortification, they returned to their friends at Newcastle, where they all lived in great poverty and dejection, cursing Elizabeth's duplicity, Murray's rebellion, and their own rash-headed folly.[1]

It is rather surprising that a knight so celebrated for his ideas of punctilio and honour, should have joined in this ungracious and daring rebellion against a sovereign so good and tolerant as Mary; but there is no doubt he was seduced into the revolt by friendship for his old brother-soldier, Murray, by dislike for the effeminate and unwarlike Darnley, by that zeal for the Protestant religion which was his leading characteristic through life, and fear that its cause would be materially injured by the great power so suddenly acquired by those whom he deemed Catholics—the Stuarts of Lennox.

While he and others remained in exile, the wrath of the government fell on many of their friends and adherents; and the records of justiciary show several instances of severe but just punishment, denounced on those who had intercourse with them, as intercommuners with rebels.[2] (Note C.)

As the day approached, appointed for the meeting of the Scottish parliament, which would decide the ultimate

[1] Hume; Melville, &c. &c.

[2] Criminal Trials, i. p. 1.

pardon or attainder of the exiles, Mary and her ministers were deliberating on the course to be pursued towards them, and by some she was advised to set no bounds to the severity of her resentment. Repugnant as such advice was to her humanity, their armed hostility to her husband, and the whole circumstances of their rebellion, were more, perhaps, than she could easily forgive. They had endeavoured to destroy a scheme rendered doubly dear to her by youthful passion and political interest; they were the leaders of a religious revolution, whose friendship she had courted, but whose tenets she abhorred; and in many instances they were the servile creatures of Elizabeth—a rival whose baleful influence she had every reason to fear as a woman, and to hate as a queen.

Morton, Ruthven, and Secretary Maitland, were not forgetful of their old friendship for Kirkaldy, Murray, and their companions in exile, or neglectful of their safety, which they considered of the first importance to the security of Protestantism. It was urged by them, that the banished barons were, by their families, wealth, and honours, among the most powerful and popular in the realm; that they were now objects for commiseration, exiled, humbled, and suing for pardon with perfect submission. Mary, whose character for mercy an act of forgiveness would have greatly exalted, was ever the reverse of implacable; but the rage of Darnley, whose marriage they had opposed, almost to the issue of battle, was, as may be supposed, inexorable.[1] To be brief—

The unhappy result of Mary's union with this weak-headed and hollow-hearted young noble, the plots against

[1] Robertson, vol. i.

her secretary Rizzio, his horrible murder in her presence, and the flight of the perpetrators to England, then the land of refuge and encouragement for all Scottish rebels, are matters of general history, and need not to be recorded in these Memoirs.

The day after the slaughter of the unhappy Rizzio, the exiled lords re-entered Scotland. They had been fully aware of the unscrupulous political conspiracy formed against that Italian adventurer, and had returned, hoping to find their friends Morton and Ruthven at the head of a new administration; instead of which they were fugitives, stained with blood, and exposed to the just wrath of all good men; but Kirkaldy and Murray reaped one benefit from their misfortune. Mary was so overcome with horror and proper resentment at the barbarous and insulting murder committed on the person of the poor Italian, who had clung screaming to her robe, that the memory of the Roundabout Raid became lost and forgotten in this last and deadly outrage of Darnley and his accomplices.

It was on the evening of Sunday the 10th March when Sir William Kirkaldy and other exiles rode into Edinburgh. Rizzio had been slain the night before, by those "whom God raised up to do the same," says Knox, (who appeared always to approve of the assassination of an enemy,) and his uncleansed and unavenged blood lay yet weltering on the palace floor. The capital was in a state of tumult and alarm; the queen was detained a close prisoner in her chamber, and was scarcely permitted to speak with her attendants; while Darnley, without her knowledge or advice, had issued a proclamation, com-

manding all prelates and lords of parliament to retire out of the city barriers forthwith. Mary's guard were dismissed from attendance upon her, and the palace of Holyrood was closely invested by the pikemen of the assassins.[1]

The great bell of St Giles had rung its notes of alarm over the city, and the brave burghers crowded the outer court of the palace, clamorously calling for the queen; but were confronted by the mailed vassals of the stern and ghastly Ruthven, and "murder's foul minion," the Earl of Morton. These ferocious peers would not permit Mary to see or address the people; and, with that bravo-like ruffianism which the sermons of the time instilled, threatened to "cut her in collops, and throw her over the walls!"[2]

Such was the state of matters when the exiles rode through the darkening and crowded streets of the excited city. Their arrival was most opportune, they having been fully apprised of the intended outrage by an arrangement made long before, between the Earl of Murray and Lord Ochiltree, the father-in-law of Knox. Either unaware of Darnley's prohibiting the meeting of parliament, or affecting to be so, they repaired immediately to the hall of the Estates. The dark old Tolbooth was empty—its seats and benches deserted: there appeared no prosecutor—no official; and, after making use of a few legal forms for exculpation—having thus answered the summons issued against them—they departed, and were ultimately deemed fully acquitted of rebellion, and restored to their honours and fortunes.

[1] Keith. [2] Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, vol. ii. p. 276.

From the Tolbooth Kirkaldy accompanied the Earl of Murray to Holyrood; the Earl of Rothes, the Laird of Pitarrow, the Tutor of Pitcur, and others, who had shared their exile in Northumberland, were with them; and the whole were received and welcomed by the young King Henry. So little did Mary suspect Murray's foreknowledge of that murder, the memory of which cast a shadow over her thoughts for years, that she immediately sent for him; and, with his friends, he was ushered into her presence, while she was yet agitated by the excitement of the preceding night.

"My brother!" exclaimed the poor queen, as they entered; "my brother, if he had been here, would never have permitted me to be so roughly handled!"

Kind and confiding at all times, now softened by misfortune and insult; a prisoner in her palace, surrounded by a band of unscrupulous traitors—Mary received her rebellious brother with all the tenderness and sisterly affection of which her generous mind was capable. Guileless herself, she never thought it suspicious that he should arrive within twenty-four hours of Rizzio's assassination; but, eager to be reconciled to him, threw her arms around him, and, regardless of Kirkaldy and the other spectators, wept bitterly on his breast. She now began to feel how much she had lost by bestowing her heart on the worthless Darnley, and sharing her crown with him, contrary to the advice of this politic brother. And *he*—cold, subtle, and hypocritical, as he sometimes proved—was moved by the sorrow and beauty of his sister. He appeared to receive her caresses with ten-

derness, and a complete reconciliation was effected between them.[1] . . . .

So much is the history of Sir William Kirkaldy woven up with that of his unfortunate queen, that the state intrigues in which, as a soldier and diplomatist, he became involved—and, indeed, the general history of the time—can never be lost sight of for a moment, for the purpose of expatiation on private biography or minor occurrences. All the acts and transactions of the Laird of Grange were of a public and important nature: his diplomacy in the field at Carberry had a deep and powerful influence on the ultimate fate of Mary—an influence which he could little, at that time, have foreseen, but which he afterwards deplored, and atoned for with his life; and to that period of his public career we must now hasten.

During the contests which ensued between Mary and her subjects in 1566, he carried on a secret correspondence with Elizabeth's ministers, and was of infinite service to them and the Scottish Protestant faction, by the local information with which he furnished his friend the Earl of Bedford and others.

To deserve well of Elizabeth was, I fear, to be an enemy of Mary; yet the following passage in a letter from Bedford, lieutenant of the English marches, to Secretary Cecil, shows that Kirkaldy at that time was rather more in the interest of the English faction than a loyal Scotsman ought, perhaps, to have been.

"Pray remember the Laird of Grange, for, were it not for him, the queen's majesty, in this respect, (of privy intelligence,) had been but ill served. He hath right

[1] Keith; Goodall, &c., &c.

well deserved, and therefore I trust you will have consideration of him."[1]

I would gladly have passed over such intriguing, which some readers may consider a blot on his fair fame; but be it remembered, that though his correspondence with the English court was clandestine, and strictly contrary to the law of the land, he was steadily adhering to the popular cause when, by doing so, he strengthened Protestantism, and furthered the projects of his party.

Elizabeth employed his influence with the Earl of Argyle to detach that powerful chieftain from assisting her Irish rebels. This he successfully effected; but on his correspondence with "our auncient enemies of England" becoming suspected, it was intercepted, and ceased altogether.[2]

[1] Goodall, vol. i. [2] G. Dalziel.

CHAPTER XV.

CARBERRY HILL.

THE insult offered to her, as a woman and a queen, by the assassination of her secretary, Mary forgave with her usual clemency: on christmas-eve, as a deed of benevolence suitable to that solemn Catholic festival, she freely pardoned the cruel Morton and seventy-five of his ruffian accomplices.

I will hasten over the aversion and disgust which the debauched and imbecile conduct of Darnley excited in the mind of Mary, though her delicacy shrank from a divorce, when such was proposed at the conference of Craigmillar: the birth of the young prince (James VI.)—the death of his unhappy father—the accusation, the trial, and acquittal of the daring and infamous Bothwell—his seizure of Mary, and the fatal marriage that has been the grand feature on which all the countless discussions respecting Mary's innocence or guilt have hinged—I will not touch upon.

Bothwell received a bond, signed by *eight* bishops, *nine* earls, and *seven* barons, (a strange coalition, composed of men of all factions,) recognising him as guiltless of Darnley's murder, and a suitable match for Mary, should she think of marrying again. Thus armed, that gallant but un-

scrupulous peer, three days after the date of the bond, as the queen was coming from a *last* visit to her son at Stirling, with a thousand horse dispersed her slender train, and, taking her prisoner, together with Secretary Maitland and Sir James Melville, carried her off under the very cannon of the castle of Edinburgh, which was commanded and garrisoned by creatures of his own. Without a shot being fired upon him, without a sword being drawn in her defence, the helpless queen, with a thousand lances bristling around her, was borne to Bothwell's strong castle of Dunbar, where for ten days she was a prisoner—perhaps a prey to him—closely shut up, while her people looked on with apathetic astonishment.

From thence he boldly conveyed his victim under guard to the fortress of the metropolis, where his friend, the dishonourable Balfour, commanded. The banns of marriage were immediately published by order of Bothwell, who obtained the dukedom of Orkney and other titles.

His success and audacity were well calculated to rouse the indignation of such a man as Kirkaldy of Grange. He was well aware of the bond before mentioned; and on the 20th April (the very day it was granted and signed,) wrote to the Earl of Bedford, complaining in bitter terms of the servility of some of the Scottish nobles; and assuring him that, if Elizabeth would assist him and some of his friends, the murder in the Kirk-of-Field would soon be avenged. He enlarged on the danger of Bothwell's plots against the young prince, and prophesied that lord's speedy union to Mary.

On the 26th of the same month, two days after the

queen's seizure by Bothwell, Kirkaldy wrote the following indignant letter to Bedford:—

"This queen will never cease until such time as she hath wrecked all the honest men of this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell seize her, to the end that she may the sooner end the marriage whilk she promised before she caused Bothwell *murder her husband.* There are many that would revenge the murder, but they fear your mistress. *I* am so suited, too, to enterprise the revenge, that I must either take it upon hand, or else I maun leave the country, whilk I am determined to do if I can obtain licence. But Bothwell is minded *to cut me off*, if he may, ere I obtain it, and is returned out of Stirling to Edinburgh. She proposes to take the prince out of the Earl of Mar's hands, and put him in *his* hands that murdered his father, as I writ in my last. I pray your lordship let me know what your mistress will do; for if we seek France, we may find favour at their hands; but I would rather persuade to lean to England. This meikle in haste.

"From my own house the 26th April 1567."[1]

From the foregoing it appears that he at that time fully believed the worst of Mary, which cannot be wondered at, when the great uncertainty of obtaining true intelligence of passing events in those days is remembered. In city and in country, the news consisted solely of flying rumours and reports, distorted and coloured to the utmost that religious malevolence, rebellious vindictiveness, and an innate love of slander could do.

With the hapless Mary the fatal die was now cast:

[1] Tytler.

she had crossed the gulf which was for ever to alienate her from the minds of her people; and ominously enough, according to a still-existing superstition, the marriage was celebrated in the month of May.

The numerous defenders of her character allege, with considerable plausibility, that, after being suffered to remain so many days a captive in the power of that audacious peer, marriage with him became an act rather of necessity than choice, and absolutely necessary for the safety of her reputation as a woman.

Lord Hailes judiciously remarks, "after Mary had been suffered to remain a fortnight under the power of a daring and profligate adventurer, few foreign princes would have solicited her hand. Some of her subjects might still have sought that honour, but her compliance would have been humiliating beyond measure. It would have left her at the mercy of a capricious husband—it would have exposed her to the disgrace of being *reproached in some sullen hour* for the adventure at Dunbar. Mary was so situated at this critical period, that she was reduced to the horrid alternative, either to remain in friendless and most hazardous celibacy, or to yield her hand to Bothwell."

This ill-assorted and most fatal union had scarcely been celebrated, when some of those very same nobles—who, instead of freeing or protecting her from Bothwell, had quietly watched this consummation of her troubles—rose in arms, and unfurled their pennons against her. Among these were James earl of Morton and Maitland of Lethington, who became her most inveterate persecutors for that marriage which they had secretly lent all

their influence to bring about, and had recommended in the famous *bond* to which they had fixed their names; and which, for security, Bothwell committed to the care of his vassal, Sir James Balfour of Pittendriech, deputy-governor of the castle of Edinburgh.

During these public convulsions, which startled all Europe, Kirkaldy resided on his retired estates in Fifeshire, watching the rapid progress of events, longing to avenge Darnley, though he had never admired him, and feeling the bitterest enmity to Bothwell, until the nobles, roused at last from their lethargy, mustered in arms at Stirling. With his vassals, Kirkaldy immediately joined them: from that hour he bade adieu to domestic peace for ever, and never again had his sword an hour absent from his side. Like himself, many of the confederates were animated by hatred of Bothwell's pride, and fear of his power, together with the desire of avenging the king; some by the hope of aggrandisement; Morton and others by the wish to gratify their secret patroness Elizabeth, and expecting, eventually, to secure the management of public affairs, in case of Mary's dethronement, abdication, or death—they cared little which; but all with the avowed and ostensible purpose of defending the young prince, rescuing the queen, and destroying Bothwell.

Kirkaldy, the most active and talented, if not influential, among the confederates, on the 8th May, wrote to Bedford, distinctly stating the terms they proposed, on displaying their banners against Mary.

"First, to seek the liberty of the queen, detained by the Earl of Bothwell; second, the preservation and keeping of

the young prince; third, to pursue those that murdered the king—and for that effect their lordships have desired me to write unto your lordship, to the end that they might have your sovereign's aid and support for suppressing the cruel murderer Bothwell, who, at the queen's last being at Stirling, suborned certain to have poisoned the prince; for that barbarous tyrant is not contented to have murdered the father, but he must also cut off the son, for fear that he hath of being punished hereafter."[1]

Elizabeth, to whom Bedford showed Kirkaldy's letter, affected to be highly incensed at the bold and indignant tone assumed by the Scottish knight, in reprehending the measures of his sovereign. His blunt honesty was peculiarly offensive to the high ideas of royal prerogative entertained by Elizabeth.[2]

Solely intent on capturing or destroying the political viper Bothwell, Kirkaldy, by the confederates, was appointed to the command of two hundred chosen horse, for the express purpose of taking him prisoner on the first opportunity. In this troop Sir James Hume of Cowdenknowes, Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig, and Sir Walter Kerr of Cessford, three barons of valour and distinction, served under his orders.[3]

Struck with consternation by the tidings of this formidable league, Mary issued a proclamation requiring her subjects to take up arms, and attend to the field that unworthy husband with whom her fate was now indissolubly connected. Suspecting that the gates of Edinburgh might be shut against them by the double traitor Balfour, with whom the confederates had been tamper-

[1] Tytler. [2] *Ibid.* [3] Melville, &c.

ing, they retired to the castle of Bothwell's friend, Lord Borthwick, a baronial pile of magnificent aspect and vast strength, situated in a lonely but fertile glen eleven miles south of the capital.

Lord Home, on being joined by Kirkaldy, Morton, and Lindesay, with their vassals, to the number of two thousand lances, rode from Stirling; and, passing the walls of Edinburgh on the 11th June, made a sudden night-march to Borthwick, which they environed on all sides.[1] Bothwell and Mary were banqueting in its beautiful and high-arched hall at the moment of the confederates' arrival, which overwhelmed them with astonishment and dismay: their capture would have brought the insurrection to a speedy and successful issue.

Situated on a rocky eminence, moated round by the waters of the Gore, the donjon tower of Borthwick, from its base to its projecting battlements, rises to the height of more than a hundred feet, with walls sixteen feet thick. A lofty barbican, flanked by square and round embattled towers, slit by innumerable loops for arrows and musketry, together with a portcullis, double gates, and draw-bridges, rendered it impregnable to the knights and horsemen of the confederates, who were quite unprovided with the artillery requisite for battering this stronghold, which is one of the finest examples of military architecture in Scotland; and so grand and imposing is its aspect, that every visitor, on coming in sight of its gigantic façade, is impressed with silence and awe.

Notwithstanding the number of their enemies, Mary and Bothwell contrived to elude them; the latter, with

[1] Historie of James Sext.

certain bold followers, favoured by the darkness of the night, effected an egress by a postern in the southern wall of the barbican, descended the scarped glacis, crossed the moat, and escaped down a steep and rugged glen encumbered by rocks and impending scaurs, bristling with whins and furze, but which led to his splendid castle of Crichton, crowning a hill about a mile distant, and overlooking what was then a deep and dangerous morass, but is now a fertile valley.[1]

Birrel records that the confederates summoned the castle of Borthwick, and demanded "that the Earl of Bothwell should be surrendered unto them."

John fifth lord of Borthwick, a steady adherent of the queen, answered from the ramparts "that the Lord Bothwell had issued forth, and was already fled to Dunbar."[2]

It is more than probable that the sudden and rapid night-march, by which this decisive issue came to pass, was owing to the advice of Kirkaldy, whose skill and veteran tactics as an officer of horse were of the utmost importance to the cause he espoused.

The confederates do not at that time appear to have entertained any designs against the personal liberty of Mary; but their success in putting Bothwell so easily to flight having far exceeded their first expectations, they changed their intentions regarding her. Raising the blockade of Borthwick, they rode to Morton's castle of Dalkeith, and from thence to Edinburgh, the numerous gates of which were immediately closed against them by the Earl of Huntly, who commanded in the city for

[1] Pict. of Scot.; Scotts. Provin. Antiq., &c. [2] Diary of Birrel.

Bothwell; but Kirkaldy and his companions beat down St Mary's Port, and forced an entrance lance in hand.[1]

Mary had fully calculated on the unfurling of the famous Blue Standard of the city, and consequent muster of the armed craftsmen, in her cause; but the sad tidings that the little band of confederates had so easily won her capital, were carried to her at Borthwick by James Beatoun archbishop of Glasgow, who found her almost deserted in that vast and lonely fortress, being left with only six or seven attendants. "Her majesty," Beatoun wrote in a letter to his brother, "in men's clothes, booted and spurred, departed that night from Borthwick to Dunbar, whereof no man knew save my Lord Duke, (Bothwell,) some of whose servants met her majesty a mile from Borthwick, and conveyed her to Dunbar." This was *two* days after Bothwell's flight and the blockade.

Dunbar castle, an imposing pile of great antiquity, was founded on a ridge of caverned rocks, where its broad round towers had long braved the fury of the German ocean. Of this castle Bothwell had been created captain and keeper by the parliament of April, and Whitlaw of Whitlaw commanded there as his deputy.

The confederates marched eastward against this fortress, from which Mary had issued her proclamation for mustering an army in defence of her person. It was not obeyed, save by Bothwell's immediate allies, by whose exertions the queen soon beheld four thousand brave men of Lothian and the Merse arrayed under her standard. Bothwell had a guard or chosen band of two hundred harquebussiers; and the royal stores at Dunbar furnished his

[1] Spotswood.

troops with falcons, or light six-pound field-pieces. While her forces were rapidly increasing, the queen marched to Gladsmuir, and occupied the lofty tower of Seatoun; her soldiers were mean time cantoned in the adjacent villages of Preston, Tranent, and Cockenzie.

After halting for a night at Musselburgh, the confederates, as they marched out of that ancient and picturesque little town with trumpets sounding and kettle-drums beating, amid the clamour of the inhabitants and the tolling of bells, learned that the forces of Mary, led by the Duke of Orkney, were in position on the hill of Carberry, an eminence above the town, commanding an extensive prospect of the sea and surrounding country. On the summit of that hill, now known as the *Queen's Seat*, Mary held with Sir William Kirkaldy that conference which was to have so much influence on her future destiny. It is now covered with the richest copse-wood; then it was bleak and bare, or studded only by the tufts of dark-green whin, or the golden bells of the yellow broom; and a rough block of stone on its summit formed a seat for the unfortunate Mary.

It was the morning of Sunday the 15th of June; the weather was intensely hot, and the troops of both factions suffered considerable annoyance from the clouds of dust, the closeness of the atmosphere, and the burning rays of the unclouded sun, which darted on their shining armour. Bothwell—or the Duke of Orkney—commanded the whole of Mary's little force, having under him the Lords Seatoun, Yester, and Borthwick, with four barons of the Merse—viz., Wedderburn, Langton, Cumledge, and Hirsel; and those of the Bass, Waughton, Ormiston in

Lothian, and Ormiston of that Ilk, in Teviotdale, all men of courage and high descent.[1]

The confederates were formed in two columns: Alexander lord Home and the Earl of Morton led the first, and Athol the second, with Glencairn, Ruthven, Semphill, and Sanquhar.

Kirkaldy, with his two hundred spears, had galloped eastward, to get in between Bothwell and the castle of Dunbar, hoping to cut off his retreat, and by a sudden charge break the array of his cannoneers. With his usual ardour and decision, he thought by one bold dash to capture the obnoxious noble, and end at once this unfortunate contest between the queen and her subjects. This flank and front movement, though boldly executed, was rendered, to a certain extent, unavailing by subsequent negotiations; but it is strange that Bothwell did not cannonade the band of cavalry as they encircled the base of Carberry, on which his troops were posted.

The main body of the confederates were drawn up with their left flank to the sea, almost on the same ground which, twenty years before, had witnessed the unfortunate battle of Pinkie. On both sides the numbers were now nearly equal, but they differed greatly in discipline. The army of Mary consisted of a hastily-mustered and inexperienced multitude, while that of the confederates was principally composed of gentlemen of high birth, renowned for courage, and brave as they were determined.

The ground where those adverse bands drew up for battle is now covered with groves of the most luxuriant

[1] Historie of James Sext, &c. &c.

wood, and studded with modern villas. In those days it exhibited but two solitary shepherds' huts, and Pinkie Burn winding between banks of willows, sedges, and reeds; the old taper spire of St Michael's kirk, an edifice of unknown antiquity, built of stone squared by Roman hands, rose on the Mount of the Prætorium above the wooded banks of the Esk; which, after making a beautiful sweep around it, and passing under the steep old Roman bridge of three arches, which, a thousand years before, had connected the Castrum with the Municipium, flows into the Forth between Fisherrow and Musselburgh.[1]

The latter was then, as now, a straggling and irregular burgh, with gable-ended streets, terminated by the ruined chapel of Lorretto, and the tall old manor-house of Pinkie, with its picturesque turrets overtopping its dark and shadowy groves. It was then the residence of Kirkaldy's foeman, Durie of that Ilk, Abbot of Dunfermline, who, prior to the Reformation, had been Lord Superior of Musselburgh. Such was the prospect from the hill—

> "Where MARY agonisèd stood,
> And saw contending hosts below
> Press forward to the deadly feud.
> With hilt to hilt, and hand to hand,
> The children of our mother-land
> For battle met! The banners flaunted
> Amid Carberry's beechen grove;
> And kinsmen braving kinsmen strove,
> Undaunting and undaunted."—A.

An ancient trench, which had been formed by the Eng-

[1] Statist. Acct; Forsyth's Beauties, &c.

lish in 1547, lay before the line of Mary's forces; and on the summit of this, Bothwell, gallantly arrayed in brilliant armour, "showed himself, mounted on a brave steed." He was well known to be an accomplished knight and fearless horseman, having once at a tournament, near the Rood of Greenside, galloped in full panoply down the steep side of the Calton, and leaped his steed into the ring, to the terror and admiration of Mary and her court.[1] If any thing could have retrieved her affairs in this desperate crisis, it must have been a headlong advance under cover of a cannonade; and Bothwell should instantly have led on the soldiers of Mary to victory or death; instead of which, while anxiously waiting the arrival of Lord Herries and others with fresh reinforcements, he suffered an ineffectual negotiation to take place by means of the French ambassador.

The latter, Monsieur du Crocq, an aged noble, rode over to the insurgent lords, and endeavoured to effect an accommodation, needlessly assuring them that "Her Majesty was not desirous of bloodshed, but wished for peace; that she would grant them pardons," he continued through his interpreter; "declare a general oblivion for what had been done, and that all should be indemnified for taking up arms against her."

"Not having taken up arms against the queen," replied Morton, with haughty brevity, "but against the Duke of Orkney and other murderers of her husband, no peace or truce can be made until they are delivered into our hands, to be punished according to their demerits."

[1] Pennant, &c.

"We came not to this field," sternly added Alexander earl of Glencairn, "to ask pardon for what we have done, but to yield it unto those who have offended!"

Du Crocq, finding it vain to expect an accommodation with such intractable spirits, bade adieu to the queen, and with his train departed for Edinburgh.[1]

Alive to the perils of her situation, the unhappy queen saw fully the manifold dangers which environed her in consequence of Bothwell's crimes, and her connexion with him. On her palfrey she rode through the ranks of her little host, but found the soldiers dispirited, fatigued, and viewing her coldly. Many who were overcome by the heat of the weather stole from their places to quench their thirst in Pinkie Burn, but forgot to rejoin their colours; others deserted openly in bands, and none appeared to remain stanch to her but Bothwell's band of harquebusses, and the immediate vassals of the house of Hepburn. It was at this crisis that Kirkaldy's squadron, after encompassing the hill, halted; when Bothwell, perceiving his flank turned, and matters becoming desperate, sent down a herald-at-arms with a gauntlet of defiance, offering by single combat to prove his innocence of King Henry's murder.

Kirkaldy, anxious to end these unhappy contentions, and by his sword free the queen from Bothwell and his toils for ever, rushed eagerly forward to take up the proffered gage; but Bothwell, as Duke of Orkney and Marquis of Fife, deeming the Laird of Grange, as a lesser baron, too much his inferior, refused to accept of him as the champion of the confederates, though he en-

[1] Keith.

tertained a high sense of his worth; for, in his *declaration* to the King of Denmark, he speaks of "Grange, the best officer among our adversaries."[1]

Sir William Murray, eleventh baron of Tullybardine, comptroller of the royal household, and James Murray of Purdorvis, his brother, next pressed forward to take up the gage; but were rejected for the same reason.[2] Bothwell, who lacked neither courage nor spirit, though he did not (like the celebrated Selden) deem all ranks equal in duelling, then challenged Morton; who, although a man of little stature, accepted the gage, and the combat was appointed to take place on foot. Old Lord Lindesay of the Byres, a man whose hauteur verged on insanity, and whose misanthropy has never been surpassed, now stepped forward and demanded the Earl to allow *him* the honour of meeting Bothwell, which was his right as next of kin to the murdered Darnley.

Morton immediately assented, and offered Lindesay his sword, the same ponderous weapon that his ancestor Archibald of Angus had wielded on many a bloody day, and with which he slew Spens of Kilspindie.

Lindesay examined his armour, and kneeling down before the line, audibly implored God to "strengthen the arm of the innocent, that the guilty might be punished." Twenty knights were to attend on each side, and the lists were being marked out, when the other lords interdicted the combat.

"The Lord Lindesay," said they unanimously, "shall not take upon himself the whole risk of a quarrel in which we are all equally interested."

[1] Letter of Queen Mary, vol. i. [2] Buchanan, &c., &c.

Other authorities say that the gentle Mary, overcome by the prospect of blood being shed on her account, made use of her royal prerogative, and prohibited the encounter.[1]

In this time of distress she was attracted by the band of horse at the foot of the hill, and, asking her attendants who led them, was answered, "Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange."

At that moment she was weeping bitterly.

Entertaining the highest respect for the worth and valour of Kirkaldy, whom she knew to be incapable of violating his plighted word, she sent the Laird of Ormiston to request he would speak with her.[2] Grange, not anticipating any danger, attended only by a gentleman, spurred his charger up the hill of Carberry, and dismounting, approached the queen, who was seated on a stone, with Bothwell near her.[3]

Mary was then four-and-twenty, and in the full bloom of her beauty.

Nature had formed this fair being for love rather than for governing a nation of lawless barons and unscrupulous serfs, who possessed all the headlong valour of the age of chivalry, without the gentle courtesy which distinguished it. Her dark gray eyes admirably expressed the softness and vivacity of her disposition, as her full pouting lips and dimpled chin did archness and wit, and her pure open brow intelligence and candour. One moment her eyes were languid, and the next they were full of fire: the brightness of her complexion was dazzling,

[1] Keith, Calderwood, Chalmers.

[2] Hist. of James Sext, &c. [3] Hollinshed, &c.

and her hair was of the most beautiful auburn. Her taste in dressing lent additional lustre to her charms: she rode with courage and danced with grace; which, with her love of Parisian gaiety, formed the *ultima Thule* of horror and abomination in the nostrils of Knox and his intolerant compatriots. But Mary could read Virgil and Livy with Buchanan, when such high-born ruffians as Glencairn could scarcely sign their names: in short, the name of Mary Stuart summons at once to the mind all that the greatest enthusiast can imagine of misfortune, of beauty, and romance.

Kirkaldy knelt respectfully before her. Tall, strong, sheathed in the complete armour of a knight, this courtly soldier, from his bearing and aspect, was as prepossessing as the gifted being he saluted.

The queen addressed him calmly, and bade him remember "that there were punishments in another world to be inflicted upon the rebellious in this; that all honourable men would look upon avenging King Henry's murder as a poor pretence for the confederates taking arms, as they themselves had voted the Duke of Orkney innocent of that crime, and, by their recommendation, had brought about that union which, by force of arms, they now sought to disannul."

"No man can bear a greater affection for your royal person than I," replied Kirkaldy with ardour and frankness. "All those lords with whom I am engaged, and whose measures I have espoused, as being, in my opinion, most consistent with the strict rules of duty and honour, are the most faithful subjects of your grace, and have only taken up arms for your service and safety. You

are now in the hands of dangerous enemies—men of wicked lives, whose very breath infects your reputation —men whose advices have ruined your authority and alienated the affection of your subjects. If guilty, the Duke of Orkney is unworthy the honour of being your husband; if innocent, he may with safety submit to a new trial. For myself, and those with whom I am in arms, I can assert that nothing is designed by us but the re-establishment of order and good government, on that footing which has been handed down to us by our ancestors."

He added much more concerning Bothwell's crimes, and the cruelty with which he had divorced his countess, the accomplished Lady Jane Gordon, to whom he had been married only six months before. The handsome but vindictive earl, who, during the conference had been an anxious listener, enraged by the boldness and freedom of Kirkaldy, secretly desired one of his harquebussiers to shoot him. The assassin was in the act of deliberately levelling his long-barrelled weapon at the unsuspecting knight, who was yet kneeling before Mary, when she observed the act. Starting, she uttered a scream, and throwing herself before the harquebuss, exclaimed to Bothwell, that surely he would not disgrace her so far as to murder one to whom she had promised protection.

What notice Kirkaldy took of this intended outrage, Melville, who records it, does not say; but, in no way daunted, he continued to urge, that if ever Mary expected to enjoy the confidence of her subjects, she must instantly abandon Bothwell, who, being charged with

regicide, would be allowed to leave the field until the cause were tried in a civil court; and that if Mary would come over to the troops of the confederates, they would from that moment again *acknowledge and obey* her as their sovereign.

Finding herself deserted by her friends, fearful of war and anxious for peace, expecting to be generously and kindly received on the pledged word of the gallant envoy, the queen (whose confidence and good nature appear at times to have bordered on girlish simplicity) readily agreed to perform what Kirkaldy proposed.[1] Delighted with her answer, he repaired to the confederate barons, who ratified his stipulations. Galloping back, he communicated their resolution to the queen, and taking Bothwell by the hand, with soldier-like frankness advised him to depart, promising that he would neither be opposed nor followed.[2]

Overwhelmed for a moment with remorse and disappointment, perhaps by despair, the unfortunate noble turned his eyes for the last time to gaze on that beautiful queen, whose hand he had committed so many daring crimes, and risked so many dangers, to obtain. Bidding her a sad adieu, he rode down the hill with a few attendants, leaving Mary, fame, a throne, and hope behind him.

Unworthy as he was, his ultimate fate cannot be contemplated without pity. Although lord of so many noble castles and estates, heir of so many sounding titles and magnificent heritages, the representative of the long line

[1] Tytler's Inquiry. [2] Goodall.

of the Hepburns of Hailes, from that hour he was an outcast:—

"A fugitive among his own,
Disguised, deserted, desolate—
A weed upon the torrent thrown—
A Cain among the sons of men—
A pirate on the ocean—then
A Scandinavian captive, fettered
To die amid the dungeon's gloom!"—Δ.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BROKEN TREATY—LOCHLEVEN.

"LAIRD of Grange," said Mary, on Kirkaldy again approaching her, "I render myself unto you upon the same conditions you rehearsed to me in the name of the Lords."

Kirkaldy bowed respectfully: Mary held out her hand —he kissed it beneath his barred helmet, and, taking her palfrey by the bridle, led the way down the hill of Carberry towards the embattled lines of the confederates.[1] While the sad and solitary Bothwell was riding a fugitive towards Dunbar, Kirkaldy must have felt at that time no ordinary exultation. By his able diplomacy, after M. du Crocq had failed, he had brought about an accommodation, by which an expected battle had given place to a quiet treaty; and by his means he hoped to see Mary freed for ever from Bothwell, and restored in peace, that very night, to her ancient palace and regal authority. He was miserably disappointed.

On her arrival among them, the subtle Morton, the rough Glencairn, the politic Home, the haughty Sanquhar, and ferocious Lindesay, leaped from their horses, and

[1] Melville.

crowded round her with an air of respect and duty; but the serried lines of their soldiers viewed her with glances of menace and hostility, which soon found utterance in the most bitter invectives and obscene reproaches. Morton addressed her first.

This famous noble was a man of a handsome but somewhat diminutive figure; his complexion was dark, his eyes deep hazel, and a magnificent beard—the great characteristic of all his portraits—swept over his breastplate.

"*Here*, madam," he said, "is the place where your grace should be—among those who will serve, honour, and obey you, as much as ever the nobles of this realm did any of your royal predecessors."[1]

"My lords," replied the agitated queen, "I came not unto you because I had any fear for my life, or despaired of obtaining a victory; but because I abhorred the shedding of Christian blood, more especially that of my own people. For that reason have I yielded myself unto ye, hereafter to be guided by your counsel, and trusting you will treat me as a princess—one who was born your queen."[2]

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and the setting sun was gilding the beechen woods and glittering turrets of Pinkie. The green hill of Carberry, which had so lately bristled with Bothwell's bands of spearmen, was now deserted. Defiling across the old and narrow bridge of Musselburgh—the centre of which was then defended

[1] Goodall.

[2] Birrel; Leslie's Defence; Anderson's Coll.; Chalm. Hist. of James Sext, &c.

by an arch and gate—the confederates marched westward to Edinburgh by the road which passed through the village of Niddry, and by the towers of Craigmillar, and entered the city by one of its southern ports, passing the ill-omened ruins of the house and kirk of St Mary-in-the-Field. On the march, the soldiers treated Mary with the utmost insolence and indignity, pouring upon her unceasingly a torrent of epithets the most opprobrious and revolting to a female. Wherever she turned, an emblematic banner of white taffety, representing the dead body of Darnley, was waved before her eyes. She wept: her young heart was wrung with intense anguish: she uttered only the most mournful complaints, and could scarcely be kept from falling from her horse.

This celebrated and obnoxious standard belonged to Captain Lambie's band of jackmen.

Exasperated by their brutality, Kirkaldy, whose protection the queen often and particularly entreated, drew his sword, and repeatedly struck "such as did speak irreverent language, which the nobility well allowed of."[1] The rear-guard were particularly furious in their virulence and abuse.

It was between eight and nine when they entered Edinburgh. Instead of conveying Mary to Holyrood, as Kirkaldy had promised and she expected, they led her through the dark and narrow wynds of the crowded city, surrounded by a fierce, bigoted, and petulant mob, who loaded the air with hootings and insulting cries. The innumerable windows of the lofty houses, and the outside-stair heads—then the distinguishing features of a Scottish

[1] Melville.

street—were crowded with spectators, who railed at her in unison with the rabble below. Mary called aloud to all gentlemen, who in those days were easily distinguished by the richness of their attire and superiority of their air, "I am your queen—your native princess. O suffer me not to be abused thus!"

But alas for Scottish gallantry!—the age of chivalry had passed away! Mary's face was pale from fear and grief; her eyes were swollen with tears; her auburn hair hung in disorder about her shoulders; her fair form was poorly attired in a short riding tunicle; she was exhausted with fatigue, and covered by the summer dust of the roadway, agitated by the march of so many men: in short, she was hardly recognisable; yet thus, like some vile criminal led to execution, she was conducted to the house of Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, lord provost of the city.[1] The soldiers of the confederates were long of passing through the gates; the crowd was so dense, and the streets were so narrow, that they filed through "man by man."[2]

The mansion of the provost was situated at the head of Peebles Wynd, and opened off a stair called *The Black Turnpike:* it gave access to the edifice, which was a strong pile of unknown origin, but erroneously, by local tradition, ascribed to Kenneth II.

Here Mary was thrust into a small stone chamber, only thirteen feet square by eight high, and locked up without a single attendant. It was then ten o'clock; the city was almost dark, but tumult and noise yet reigned without.

There she passed the night!

[1] Balf. Annales. [2] Calderwood.

"A woman, young, beautiful, and in distress, is naturally an object of compassion," observes the elegant Robertson. "The comparison of their present misery with their former splendour, naturally softens us in favour of illustrious sufferers: but the people beheld the deplorable situation of their sovereign with insensibility; and so strong was their persuasion of her guilt, and so great the violence of their indignation, that the sufferings of their queen did not in any degree mitigate their resentment, or procure her that sympathy which is seldom denied to unfortunate princes."

At dawn on the following day there was a scuffle in the streets, and the hapless queen was roused by the clash of swords, and the war-cry of "a Home! a Home!"[1] As morning brightened, the same yells of "murderess! lewd adulteress!" and the same hootings met her ears; the same odious banner, the pennon of Lambie's mercenary band, was displayed before her weeping eyes, till, overcome by despair, a delirium, a madness seized her; she rent her clothes, and, heedless of the gazing crowd, appeared at a little window which overlooked the street, with her bosom bare, and her bright hair dishevelled.

"Good people!" she exclaimed in accents of agony; "good people! either satisfy your hatred and cruelty by taking my miserable life, or relieve me from the hands of these inhuman and infamous traitors!"[2]

To the honour of the citizens this piercing appeal was not preferred altogether in vain. Many of them pitied her, believing that the affection she was said to bear

[1] Calderwood. [2] Kincaid; Arnot; Life of Mary, &c. &c.

Bothwell was caused by the love-philtres of his old paramour, the lady of Buccleuch, "who knew the art that none may name." Animated by a faint ray of returning loyalty, many of the more respectable burghers began to take arms and throng the streets in their harness, while some of the base rabble now reviled the lords, and clamoured for the queen as loudly as they had done against her.

Dreading their number and noise, and urged by "Kirkaldy, to whose honour she had surrendered herself, and who abhorred every idea of the treacherous violation of plighted faith,"[1] the confederates removed the queen, amid the adverse railings of a bigoted mob, to the palace of Holyrood, where she was still kept captive, helpless, abandoned to their power. With a treachery which for ever disgraced their cause, they forthwith resolved to imprison her in the desolate and insulated castle of Lochleven. Accordingly, at midnight on the 16th June, two of the most savage of the confederate barons, William lord Ruthven, and that stern misanthrope Lindesay, clad in complete armour, entered her apartment, deprived her of all her jewels and ornaments, compelled her to put on a kirtle of coarse russet, and by force conveyed her from the palace to the lonely peel of Lochleven. One of her most stanch defenders remarks:—

"It is with pleasure we find that, among this infernal band, there was found *one* man with honesty and courage sufficient to tax them with the iniquity of their proceedings. This was Kirkaldy of the Grange, who had at first pledged his honour for the behaviour of the rest,

[1] Heron.

and now began to expostulate boldly with them on the abominable perfidy of their conduct. That the measure of their iniquity might be thoroughly filled up, the associated nobles had now at hand an artifice to allay the resentment of this gallant soldier, whose high courage and pure integrity they equally dreaded."[1]

After giving him several vague and false excuses, and exhorting him to rely on the honesty of their motives, finding him still doubtful and inflexible, to overcome his honourable scruples they showed him *a letter*, universally believed to have been a forgery, but by them said to have been written by the queen, and intercepted on its way to Bothwell. It is strange that the acute Kirkaldy saw not through this affair, it being impossible for Mary, who was strictly watched, either to write or despatch a letter to the earl. In that produced by the unscrupulous Morton and his compeers, she was made to style Bothwell her "dear heart, whom she would never abandon, though she was necessitated to be absent from him—that she had sent him away only for his own safety—to be comforted, to be upon his guard," and a great deal more to the same purpose. By holograph papers of the queen, yet preserved in the Register House of Edinburgh, her handwriting appears so plain, and easy of imitation, that all the unseemly billets-doux attributed to her are easily accounted for. Kirkaldy, who had confidently hoped that, by gentle and courteous treatment, all might yet be well with Mary, was silenced, confounded, and staggered in his expectations and belief, when this document was shown him by the wily Morton. Considering how closely

[1] Kincaid, Hist. of Edin., App.; Scott, &c.

she was watched, it is amazing how he believed this letter to be genuine; but a soldier of strict honour seldom suspects guile in others. His opposition to the coercive measures gave way—he had little more to urge in Mary's behalf.

"As she hath in effect abandoned the Earl of Bothwell," said he to the assembled lords, "it is no wonder that she may yet give him a few fair words; and I doubt not, if she were discreetly treated, and humbly admonished of the trouble this man hath brought upon her, she would by degrees be brought not only to leave but detest him."

"Our lives and estates are in danger," replied the confederates, "and we must secure her; but when the time comes, that she is known to *detest* and have abandoned Bothwell, then we will reason further upon the matter."[1]

Still Grange was so indignant, that he would have withdrawn with his vassals, but for that unfortunate letter: he however agreed that, "while Bothwell was *alive*, the queen should be detained in strict custody."

She had sent him a letter lamenting her hard usage, and complaining of the broken promises of her nobles.

He wrote to her in reply, rehearsing all that he had done in her cause, and stating that he could no longer oppose the confederates, in the face of that unhappy intercepted letter. "I marvel," he continued, "that your majesty considered not that the said earl could never be your lawful husband, being so lately before married to another, whom he hath deserted without any just ground, even though he had not been so hated for the murder of the king, your

[1] Melville.

husband. I therefore entreat you to dismiss him entirely from your mind, as otherwise you can never obtain the love or respect of your subjects, nor have that obedience paid which your grace might expect." [1]

Kirkaldy appears to have been almost the only man in his faction who viewed Mary's failings with leniency. Love and policy, he was aware, had united her to Darnley; and gratitude for faithful services had made her reward the daring Bothwell, the end of whose ambitious schemes and chicanery she could not have foreseen. He knew, also, that her love of gaiety and amusement seduced her from the graver cares of ruling a fierce and military people, and that, though she had every capacity for public matters, with the thoughtlessness natural to a young and beautiful woman, she did not attend to them. He knew well the slight tenure on which Bothwell's influence depended; and, indeed, no sooner was she freed from the terrors of his presence, than she appears never to have mentioned his name, or recalled the memory of the unfortunate ties which bound her to him. His respectful letter contained many dutiful and tender admonitions, which made her "bitterly to weep;" and now, since he had failed, she abandoned herself to fate, and, despairing, (as before related,) set out with her two stern and steel-clad conductors to the melancholy castle of Lochleven, situated on an islet in the middle of a sheet of water, surrounded by lofty mountains, and kept by her greatest enemy, the haughty mistress of her father James V., the mother of the Earl of Murray.

There she was illegally compelled, under terror of

[1] Melville.

death, to sign an abdication on the 24th July, appointing her brother (who during these late broils had been abroad) regent during the minority of her infant son—the grand aim and ultimatum of all the plots and mal-practices of the subtle, ambitious, and unfeeling Morton, Lindesay, and their brother confederates.[1]

Two days after they had sent her to Lochleven, some of those disinterested warriors, whose only aims were the safety of the Reformed religion, and a government formed on a solid basis, pillaged the palace of Holyrood, like a fortress carried by storm, bearing off all its valuable movables, seized the jewels of the queen, and melted down the whole of her plate, carrying off even a beautiful cupboard of great antiquity. While this traitorous sack was going on in one part of the edifice, Glencairn and his vassals were as busily employed in another, destroying the magnificent chapel royal, which they despoiled of its rich furniture, stripped of its ornaments, and, after defacing every thing within their reach, left a perfect ruin.[2]

[1] Keith; Balfour, &c.

[2] Blackwood's History of Queen Mary, (Maitland Club.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE UNICORN.

IMMEDIATELY after the queen's imprisonment, the confederates used every means to strengthen their party, and renewed their band of association, arrogating to themselves the royal authority, under the title of *Lords of the Secret Council.* Sir William Kirkaldy was one, and his signature appears appended to several acts of that singular assembly.

How ill-fated was Mary! Living in such an iron-hearted time as that of the Scottish Reformation—so young, so beautiful, so gentle, so polished and high-minded—it was impossible she could prosper among those fierce nobles, whose hearts were hardened by the blood they shed hourly on every trivial occasion, and who, unsurpassed as they were in valour, violence, fanaticism, and ferocity, made her the victim of their vile duplicity and insatiable ambition. The adulation offered to her on landing among them had now been replaced by hatred and cruelty; equally forgotten was the homage due to her beauty, which in happier times had drawn such poetic raptures from the ungrateful Buchanan, in his Latin paraphrase of the Psalms, and *Epithalamium.*

A prey to remorse and shame, the unhappy Bothwell,

after leaving her at Carberry, proceeded to his castle of Dunbar. For a time he is said to have surveyed with a glance of sadness its clusters of magnificent towers, with the brass cannon shining through their embrasures, and its vast donjon arising above the sea-beaten rocks. He entered amid silence and dejection, knowing well that it could not shelter him long, but soon must own another and a happier lord. He departed northward, to seek a refuge among those distant isles from whence his ducal title was derived.

As hereditary lord high admiral of the kingdom, he easily fitted out a fleet of the royal vessels, well armed and equipped. On these he hoisted his banner, and set sail for the stormy seas of Orkney, where, stung by revenge and baffled ambition, after a vain attempt to storm the king's castle of Kirkwall, he spread terror among the isles by his piracies and devastations.[1]

Every man's hand and heart were against him, and so were his against all men.

On the 11th August a commission was granted by the lords of the secret council to Sir William Kirkaldy, and his friend Sir William Murray of Tullybardine, to pursue the Earl of Bothwell by sea and land, with fire and sword.[2] (Note D.) These knights, from their daring character, were well fitted for this bold enterprise.

Eager to free the queen and country from Bothwell, and anxious to revenge the personal insults offered to him at Carberry, where the earl, after refusing to do battle with him, attempted his assassination, Grange joyfully accepted the commission in conjunction with his

[1] Buch. [2] Anderson's Collections.

friend. He was further animated by a humane and loyal wish to free Mary from the *conditional* captivity to which he had consented, until the great disturber of the realm expiated by his life the humiliation and distress he had brought upon her. Bothwell's excesses had reduced the Scottish exchequer so low, that the lords were compelled to borrow money from the wealthy but miserly Morton, to equip a fleet for the northern enterprise.

On the 19th of August the armament was completed, and Kirkaldy, with four hundred soldiers, embarked on board four well-armed ships, the high-pooped, low-waisted, and heavily-rigged, but gaily decorated caravels of those days. He set sail from the Firth of Forth, and, favoured by a western breeze, soon saw the hills of Fife and Lothian vanish in the distance. Kirkaldy was on board of a vessel named the *Unicorn* of Leith; Adam Bothwell bishop of Orkney, senator of the college of justice, and Lord Holyroodhouse, was with him, clad in complete harness like a man-at-arms. That martial prelate, though he had performed the marriage ceremony for Mary and Bothwell, had now become the mortal foe of the latter, and most anxious for his apprehension.

The other three vessels of the fleet belonged to Dundee, and were named the *James*, the *Primrose*, and the *Robert*.

While Kirkaldy was on this voyage to the isles, his uncle, Captain Melville of New Miln, with Captain Halyburton, and several companies of harquebussiers, cannoneers, and pikemen, were sent to reduce the castle of Dunbar, where the Laird of Whitlaw and a garrison yet kept Bothwell's banner displayed. Melville soon

captured the fortress, and, by order of the secret council, dismantled its fortifications.[1]

The fleet soon reached Orkney, and were directed further north to Shetland for the object of their pursuit. Off the eastern coast of those stormy isles, so famous for their boiling whirlpools, powerful currents, inhospitable rocks, and adverse tides, about daybreak one morning they descried two vessels evidently cruising. These belonged to Bothwell's desperate armament, and were on the look-out for armed foes or unwary merchantmen. Kirkaldy in the Unicorn, a light and swift-sailing vessel, shot ahead of the rest of his fleet, and approached the Sound of Bressa, through which the two piratical ships were steering.

They had been at anchor when Kirkaldy appeared, but immediately the cables were slipped, and they put to sea, though the greater part of their crews were on shore.

The narrow strait they entered lies between the fertile isle of Bressa and the mainland of Shetland, which on the other side rears up its barren and leafless hills, presenting a shore, bluff with steep crags, frowning above a restless ocean—a shore where nature has assumed her most bleak and stern aspect—where the walrus lies basking on the rocks, and the vast whale flounders among the shifting and dangerous shoals; but the Sound of Bressa or *Bredeyiar*, as the Norsemen name it, is one of the finest harbours in the world, and is the great fishing rendezvous of the Scottish and Dutch vessels.

Remembering his boast made to the Earl of Bedford,

[1] Acta Parl. Jacobi VI.

that he "would either bring back the regicide, or lose his life in the attempt," on pressed Kirkaldy in the Unicorn, impatient to come up with the chace, which was so close that, as he sailed in at the south end of the sound, the fugitive ships escaped by the northern passage.

On yet went the Knight of Grange, crowding fresh sail upon his swift but straining vessel. Familiar with the reefs, holms, skerries, and shoals of those narrow and dangerous seas, Bothwell's pilots (aware of the water their vessels drew) skilfully dashed them through a boiling line of foam which curls like a bank of snow over a sunken rock, knowing right well that, if the pursuers dared to follow, certain destruction was their fate.

Steering full upon the resounding breakers, the bold retainers of the outlawed earl shot their light vessels past the dangerous bourne—their keels grazed the rock, but another moment saw them floating on the placid surface of the inner sea; and Bothwell's *declaration*, which contains a minute account of these affairs, states that his vessel was very slightly injured.[1]

Kirkaldy's ship followed close in their wake, gallantly breasting the turbulent waters outside the reef; but, more at home in his stirrups at the head of a squadron of lances, he now committed a fatal error of seamanship. In his impetuosity, and in defiance of the remonstrances of his more experienced mariners, in the excitement of the chace he ordered every inch of canvass to be crowded on the yards, and impelled his vessel in the same deadly and perilous path. She rushed amid the boiling eddies of the reef—a shout of triumph burst from Bothwell's

[1] Mary's Letters, &c., vol. i.

vassals,—another moment, and the gallant bark lay a bilged and shattered wreck on that ridge of rock which is yet discernible at low water, and is to this day named by the islanders *the Unicorn.*

Confusion and dismay reigned on board, while the more wary outlaws bore triumphantly away. A boat was lowered; the soldiers and mariners thronged into it, and Kirkaldy was about to give the order for pushing off, when a man, clad in a complete suit of heavy armour, was seen clinging, in an agony of desperation, to the parting wreck, over which the salt foam of the reef flew incessantly. Destruction dogged him close;—it seemed almost an impossibility to save him, yet Kirkaldy's humanity revolted from leaving him behind. By the mariners his cries were disregarded in the wrath, the danger, and hurry of the moment, when, animated by despair, he made a tremendous leap, all heavily-accoutred as he was, into the already overloaded boat, which he nearly overturned.

"Who could have surmised that this athletic man-at-arms was a bishop," observes a popular writer—"the bishop who so lately joined the hand of him he pursued with that of Mary,—the very bishop who, a month before, had poured the holy oil on the infant head of James VI., and stood proxy for the extorted abdication of that monarch's mother!" He was Adam lord Holyroodhouse, the Protestant bishop of Orkney.[1]

Immediately on being picked up by the other vessels of his fleet, Kirkaldy continued the pursuit of Bothwell,

[1] Edmeston's Zetland; Peterkin's Orkney; Statist. Acct.; Anderson's Collections, &c. &c.

who bore away towards the shores of Scandinavia. In the wastes of the northern ocean, the foes often came within gun-shot of each other: once Kirkaldy compelled Bothwell to shorten sail, and, after a close engagement of three hours, succeeded in cutting away his mainmast by a cannon-ball. Immediately afterwards there arose a violent tempest, with a south-west wind, and Bothwell's unmanageable ship, which would no longer obey her helm, was driven toward the Norwegian coast, after parting company with the other vessel, which contained his plate, furniture, valuables, and armour, brought from the castle of Edinburgh—all of which, probably, went to the bottom in the storm, which, in its fury, freed him for a time from Kirkaldy.[1]

Off the Norwegian shore he fell in with a richly-laden vessel, and resolved to capture it, thinking that, on obtaining her, he would be better able to cope with the pursuers. He engaged the stranger, but failed to make her a prize, as the Norwegians came off in armed boats to her assistance. Again his shattered bark encountered the fleet of the indefatigable Kirkaldy, and, despairing of victory, the hapless earl resolved to seek safety in flight, leaving his vassals and ship, stranded and bulged on a sandbank, a prey to the pursuers. In a small boat, alone and unattended, he reached Carmesund, on the bleak and barren shore of Norway. From thence he fled to Denmark; and, after many dreary years of insanity and captivity, expired, chained like a wild beast, in the dark vaults of the castle of Draxholm.

Thus perished the chief of the Hepburns, the fifth of

[1] Bothwell's Declaration.

his race who had worn a coronet—he who had won the hand of a queen, the most beautiful in the world—he whose grasp had almost secured a crown, but whose sounding titles of "the most potent and noble Prince James duke of Orkney," Marquis of Fife, Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Hailes, of Crichton, Liddesdale, and Zetland; high admiral of Scotland; warden of the three marches; high sheriff of Edinburgh, Haddington, and Berwick; bailie of Lauderdale; governor of Edinburgh castle and captain of Dunbar—only served to make the scene of the fettered felon, expiring in the dungeons of Draxholm, a more striking example of retributive fate, and of that guilty ambition, misdirected talent, and insatiable pride, the effect of which had filled all Europe with horror and amazement. Yet it is gratifying to remember that, when far away in that obscure and distant prison, ten long years after its horrors had closed over him, when reanimated by one of those gleams of returning reason which are so often the forerunners of dissolution, the expiring earl fully exculpated Mary from the participation in his crimes, with which Murray and the confederates charged her. But to resume:

His ship, which lay stranded on the sandbank, became the prize of Kirkaldy, who captured in it several of his confidential adherents, among whom were John Hepburn of Bolton, George Dalgleish, and Hay laird of Tallo. He returned to Leith with his prize and prisoners, who were soon afterwards given up to the mercies of the executioner, as participators in the murder at Kirk-of-Field.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

WHILE Kirkaldy was voyaging to Orkney, his friend Murray, the newly-elected governor, was busy establishing order and tranquillity throughout the lowlands. His authority as regent of the realm was generally acknowledged, and the infant king had been crowned at Stirling; the abdication of his mother, extorted by the stern Lindesay, and signed under terror of immediate death, being considered lawful and valid by the confederates.

Kirkaldy's signature appears to the *articles* subscribed at the meeting of the fifteenth General Assembly of the Reformed Church of Scotland, which met in July 1567; and also to that formidable "Bond of Association," for maintenance of the young king's authority, which was signed by the Regent Murray and two hundred and six of the nobles, barons, and commissioners of burghs.[1]

On Murray being confirmed in the regency, he was particularly prayed by the Lairds of Grange, Tullybardine, and Lethington, to bear himself with gentleness and reverence towards Mary, "as her majesty was of a clear wit and princely inclination," and the time might come when they would all wish her to reign over them.[2]

[1] Crawford's Officers of State, App. [2] Life of Regent Murray.

To Kirkaldy that time was nearer than he could have expected.

It is well known to every reader of history, that, after ten months of severe and insulting captivity, Mary, by the assistance of George Douglas, the young brother of the Baron of Lochleven, effected an escape from that detested fortress, and, on reaching the shore of its beautiful lake, found a band of faithful friends to attend her. That night she reached the old castle of Niddry, a tall embattled pile in West Lothian, now hastening rapidly to decay.

She wept with joy on finding herself at liberty, and often exclaimed, in girlish ecstasy, "I am once more a queen!"

Next day she was at Hamilton, where the gallant Earls of Argyle, Eglinton, Cassilis, Rothes, (all names invested with a thousand stirring memories,) and many lords and barons flocked to her standard. The resignation extorted in favour of an infant was justly declared null and void by those assembled peers, who drew up a solemn bond of association and defence, to protect with their lives and fortunes, against all men, the person and honour of Mary, and to restore to her the crown. It was signed on the 8th May 1568, by eight earls, eighteen lords, nine bishops, twelve abbots, and one hundred of the lesser barons. The princely house of Chatelherault, the gallant Seaton, the Lord Livingstone, and other loyal warriors, unfurled their pennons, and Mary almost immediately found herself at the head of six thousand men.[1]

Murray, who was holding a justice court at Glasgow,

[1] Keith.

was struck with astonishment by the tidings of his sister's escape, and this formidable association. He instantly displayed the standard of the young king his nephew, and the whole of the confederates flocked to it with their retainers; the vassals of Lennox, the patrimony of the king, the citizens of Glasgow, and a band of harquebussiers from Edinburgh, came to his muster-place, while Lord Home brought six hundred spearmen, the flower of the Border.

Arming his vassals, Kirkaldy joined the regent on the Green of Glasgow. With the memory of the (forged) letter yet rankling in his mind, and Mary's imagined duplicity, which he supposed had rendered worse than useless all his diplomacy at Carberry, it cannot be a matter of wonder that he once more drew his sword against her adherents, who were in the habit of plainly charging him with betraying her into captivity—a taunt which stung him deeply.

From the small number in arms on both sides, the war appears to have been an unpopular one among the peasantry. The regent, whose forces, with all his influence, mustered only four thousand, after encamping at Barrowfield, in the eastern suburbs of Glasgow, in expectation that the queen's troops would give him battle, received intelligence from Lord Boyd, (who sent him a letter at midnight,) stating that Mary's bands were in full march for the castle of Dunbarton.[1]

Immediately upon this, Murray, with his usual sagacity and prudence, broke off certain negotiations with which he had been amusing his sister to gain time, and, crossing the Clyde at the head of his troops, marched with all speed,

[1] Blackwood's Hist. of Mary.

and took up a strong position on the rising grounds above the village of Langside.

Kirkaldy had made an acute reconnoissance of the locality previous to occupying it, and, by his orders and instructions, the little host was formed in array of battle, so as completely to intercept the queen's advance to Dunbarton, which could only be reached through Murray's ranks of pikemen.[1]

Lord Fleming was still governor for Mary of this unreduced fortress, which was of such importance to her as a landing-place for foreign aid, that he once boasted to Charles IX., that he held the fetters of Scotland in his hand, "and, if they would lend him a little assistance, he would easily put them on, and bring the whole kingdom under Mary's sway."

The soldiers of the queen, though equally brave and more numerous than those of the regent, had not among them a single leader either of skill or renown. With those of her brother the reverse was the case. Under his standard were ranked the stern veterans of the wars of the Reformation, and Sir William Kirkaldy, so famed as a tactician of the day, and renowned for honour acquired in the fields of Picardy and Flanders. Poor Mary particularly dreaded him, and it was a source of deep grief to her that he rode in the ranks of her rebels. He commanded the cavalry, and had under his immediate orders Alexander Hume of Manderstone, and two hundred Border troopers, lightly armed with morion, jack, and spear.[2] With these he was appointed to oversee the whole field, and provide for any sudden contingency; to ride from flank to flank,

[1] Scott's Hist. [2] Melville.

and keep all the different bands in the posts assigned them; and to his skill, courage, and decision, the victory achieved that day by the army of King James was mainly owing.

On the 13th of May, Mary's forces approached the judiciously posted ranks of the enemy—her son.

The scene of this conflict, so important in her unhappy career, is a small hamlet of Renfrewshire, two miles south of Glasgow, and seven south-east of Paisley. It was decided in the northern extremity of the parish of Cathcart, where the ground, after rising to a considerable elevation on the south and east, descends suddenly towards the north and west. The country around is finely diversified by undulating hills; and a great elliptical trench on the eminence where the fight was decided, is now called Queen Mary's Camp by the peasantry, who have thus fondly changed the name of an ancient rampart of the Roman invaders.

In rear of Mary's army, and above bosky woodlands, then clad in summer's richest foliage, rose the battlements of the grim old tower of Cathcart. It occupies a lofty situation, two of its sides being washed by the Cart, down to which the hill of the castle descends almost perpendicularly. On a part of this eminence, a thorn—the usual significant emblem of Mary's progresses through Scotland—marks the spot from whence she viewed the engagement. The original tree, planted by some devoted adherent in memory of the day, has long since decayed; but another has sprung from its root to show the place from which Mary of Scotland beheld the extinction of all her hopes, and was driven to exile, captivity, and death.[1]

[1] Scots. Mag. 1809; Statist. Accts., &c.

The regent marched on foot at the head of his infantry —so did all the nobles, doubtless from etiquette. Under the Earl of Morton, the Lords Semphill, Home, and Lindesay led the pride of the Border spearmen and men of Renfrew, who formed the right wing; while the vassals of John earl of Mar, with those of the Earls of Glencairn and Menteith, and the stout burghers of Glasgow, formed the left. Kirkaldy, whose military eye saw all the capabilities of the ground, made each of his troopers take up behind him an Edinburgh harquebussier. He led them through the Clyde, and, galloping to the top of Langside hill, placed these two hundred foot behind the garden walls and green hedges of the village, from whence they were to open a fire on the flank of Mary's advanced column when it approached.[1]

Led by Gillespy earl of Argyle, the queen's troops advanced with confidence. They had ten pieces of brass ordnance, while Murray had only six. Argyle was seized with a sudden fit of epilepsy, which retarded their motions for a time; but on recovering, he mounted his horse, and drew up the army in three brigades or columns, each two thousand strong, on an eminence opposite the regent's position. Lord Arbroath commanded the vanguard, which was composed of two thousand followers of the house of Hamilton. Above their close array of helmets the ducal banner of Chatelherault was borne by the sheriff of Linlithgow.

Argyle in person led the main body.

Gilbert earl of Cassilis, the right wing.

Lord Claude Hamilton (abbot of Paisley) the left.

[1] Melville.

As the vanguard approached, the harquebussiers from their ambush opened a close and enfilading fire, which greatly incommoded the spearmen of Arbroath.

The musquet of that period was a clumsy weapon, levelled on a rest, to which it was secured by a hook screwed to the barrel. In consequence of its unwieldy nature, the process of loading was necessarily slow: the balls and loose powder were carried by the soldier in separate pouches, and, from the time requisite for adjusting the match, their platoons could not be very brisk or regular. Petronels with square butts, discharged from the breast, dragons, (so called from having the muzzle mounted with the head of that fabulous monster, and whence *dragoons*,) match and wheel-lock calivers, &c., had become very general throughout Europe; but still the favourite weapon of the Scots was their national spear, eighteen feet six inches long; and their defensive armour, as then regulated by the acts of parliament, consisted of white burnished mail for every baron and landed man, "licht or heavy as they pleased, and weaponed effeirand to their honour." Gentlemen and yeomen were arrayed in jacks of plate, with steel bonnets, gorgets, halkrikes, splints, Leith battle-axes, Glasgow bucklers, hand-culverins, and two-handed swords, with *snapsacks* or wallets.[1]

Anxious that the contest should be decided, Murray beheld the rapid advance of Mary's troops with the utmost exultation. He was environed by dangers—the dread of his adherents was obvious: some had forsaken him openly, while others were carrying on secret negotiations with his sister.

[1] Acts; Glendoick, fol.; Mil. Dict., &c.

That day was to decide his triumph or destruction!

Tradition asserts that Mary held a council near the castle of Cathcart, on an eminence still called the Court Knowe; and there it was, probably, that all efforts at an accommodation between Kirkaldy on the one hand, and the French ambassador on the other, utterly failed.

The contest then commenced by the adverse fire of sixteen field-culverins, which continued an incessant cannonade for half an hour, with little or no effect; but the closer strife was begun by Argyle ordering the heights to be carried at the point of the sword. Instantly the Lord Arbroath, though galled by the harquebussiers on his left flank, led forward the cavaliers of the house of Hamilton, who rushed with fury on the first column of the regent.

"God and the queen!" was their enthusiastic slogan, as they charged shoulder to shoulder, and joined in close battle.

"God and the king! a Darnley! a Darnley!" were the war-cries of the regent's van, which, led by Morton, received the shock upon levelled spears, but gave way, until a shower of well-shot arrows from the king's archers threw the Hamiltons into confusion, upon which they re-formed. Again the bold vassals of Chatelherault rushed gallantly on, and again they flung themselves on the charged lances of the first column.

"Here it was," relates Buchanan, "that the two brigades held out a thick stand of pikes like a breast-work before them, and fought desperately for half an hour, without giving ground on either side; insomuch, that they whose long spears were broken, hurled pistols,

daggers, stones, pieces of lances, and whatsoever they could come by, in the faces of the enemy." When the weapons first crossed, the loud and clear voice of Kirkaldy was heard above the din, exclaiming—

"Keep your spears shouldered—lower them last, and beat up the points of the enemy!"[1] but the adverse bands were instantly locked together by the lance-heads entering and fastening in the joints of the armour; and, thus wedged together, the spearmen swayed and struggled with increasing hatred and ferocity.

Led by John Maxwell, Lord Herries of Tereagles,[2] a brave and dauntless noble of great worth and magnanimity, the queen's cavalry now made a furious charge on Murray's horsemen, and completely routed them; but, re-forming under Kirkaldy, they again rushed forward, cut to pieces the cannoneers of the queen, and carried off their ten culverins. By some confused manœuvring, of which no distinct account can be given, both armies gradually drew towards the west, and continued the strife on new ground. Every detail of this encounter is very imperfect; but it seems that Kirkaldy fully frustrated a bold attempt of Argyle to turn Murray's flank.

While fiercely and doubtfully the conflict was maintained with axe and spear and two-handed sword, the queen's vanguard were exposed to a most destructive fire from the harquebussiers posted behind the orchard walls, kailyards, and hedges of Langside. Nearly the whole troops on both sides were now engaged pell-mell—foot to foot, and blade to blade, in a close and furious melée, which, with a throbbing brow and trembling

[1] Melville. [2] Douglas Peerage.

heart, the terrified Mary beheld at something less than a mile's distance.

Lord Home and his brother-in-law, Sir Walter Kerr of Cessford, fought side by side on foot, and together hewed their way through the solid mass of Arbroath's pikemen. After receiving several wounds, a large stone struck Home full in the face when his visor was up: stunned, he fell prone beneath the feet of the combatants; but Cessford, by main strength, dragged him through the press to a place of safety. At that moment Kirkaldy perceived the regent's right wing, which was composed of the royal vassals of the barony of Renfrew, giving way before the impetuosity of the queen's left, under young Claude Hamilton. Spurring his caparisoned horse, he galloped up to them, exclaiming—

"The queen's men are already retreating—fight on, and I will bring ye succour!"

Animated by his presence they re-formed, while he galloped to the regent and obtained leave to aid them with a body of soldiers under Lindesay, Lochleven, and Sir James Balfour, a knight of dubious honour, and author of the famous "Practiques." Thus reinforced, he led them to the charge, and bore back Lord Claude Hamilton's division in disorder, notwithstanding all the efforts of Colin M'Kenzie baron of Kintail, and Lord Livingston, with their vassals. Lord Somerville, who fought under Mary's standard, charged repeatedly at the head of three hundred horse, his own retainers; but at last was wounded, unhorsed, and narrowly escaped captivity or death.[1]

[1] Melville; Douglas.

The flank fire of the harquebussiers had now thrown Arbroath's column into complete confusion : Kirkaldy saw the crisis was come. He led on Murray's second line of choice troops, who rushed to the charge with levelled lances, and decided the fate of the day and the fortunes of the hapless Mary. Panic-struck, the undisciplined van recoiled on the main body, and two hundred of the clan Macfarlane, led by their chief, and armed with broadsword and targe, raised the wild yell of "*Lochsloy!*" as they bore down on Mary's wavering bands, spreading terror before and leaving death behind them. A general rout ensued—a rout which was total and irretrievable. The victors pursued with animosity; but there were not many slain, as the regent commanded them to spare their brothers—their fellow-countrymen.

"Grange was never cruel," says Melville; "so there were but few slain or taken; the only slaughter was at the first rencontre by the shot of the soldiers placed by him at the lone-head, behind some dykes."

This battle was fought on the eleventh day after Mary's escape from prison. The number of slain was trifling, as the close conflict lasted only three quarters of an hour. Forty-seven cavaliers of the surname of Hamilton, and ten of other families, lay dead on the field, in their armour. Three hundred of their soldiers fell with them; an immense number were wounded, and four hundred were made prisoners. Among these were the Lords Ross and Seaton, the Masters of Eglinton and Cassilis, Sir Mathew Campbell of Loudon, high sheriff of Ayr, Sir James Hamilton of Crawfordjohn, Sir James Hamilton of Avondale, the Lairds of Innerwick, Garren,

Nethergarren, Kincavil and Bothwellhaugh, all gentlemen of the surname of Hamilton, with Baillie of Littlegil, Heriot of Crabroun, Scott of Balwearie, and the Laird of Lawhope. Lord Seaton afterwards escaped, and fled to Flanders, where he was reduced to such misery and poverty, that for two years he drove a waggon for subsistence.[1] The Macfarlanes captured three standards.

On the side of the victors it is very remarkable that there were but few wounded, and only *one* man slain. The Lords Ochiltree and Home, with Car of Fadonside, were among the former; and the latter was John Ballon of Preston in the Merse, a vassal of Morton's.

The sudden and irrecoverable defeat of Mary's army was solely imputed to the great military skill of Kirkaldy on the one part, and the utter want of it in her general on the other, and to the Lord Herries, whose horsemen did not at first sufficiently support the charge of her vanguard on Murray's first column. The regent and Kirkaldy passed the rest of the day in making up lists of prisoners, dismissing the inferior, but retaining those of superior rank—among them, Bothwellhaugh, he whose wrongs and vengeance were so soon to make all Scotland ring. Next day the army marched into the vale of Clydesdale, and, seizing the castles of Draffen and Hamilton, carried terror among the vassals of Chatelherault.[2]

We return for the last time to Mary.

Haunted by the terrors of that captivity from which

[1] Clelland's An. of Glasgow; Crawf. Hist. of Renfew; Hist. of James Sext.

[2] Buch.

she had so lately escaped, the queen, who from the braes of Cathcart had witnessed the destruction of all her hopes, in the defeat of her brave but unskilful army, became overwhelmed with anguish and despair. She possessed a high spirit, and her previous humiliations had never subdued it; but *now* it sank altogether on beholding her mailed bands give way before the impetuous advance of her son's adherents—her vanguard thrown into disorder by the musqueteers of Kirkaldy — her banner borne back, her cannon taken — her knights and horsemen flying from a field strewn with dead and wounded. Accompanied by the Master of Maxwell, she began her flight, bathed in tears, and a prey to the utmost consternation and sorrow.[1] With the threats of the furious Lindesay, the venomous virulence of Knox, the ingratitude and selfishness of Murray, the religious and political rancour of her subjects, all placed appallingly before her, so lively were her fears, that it is said she despatched her ladies in different directions to distract the instant pursuit which she apprehended. Often she outrode her escort, and once narrowly escaped being hewn to pieces by two ruffians who were mowing in a field, and assailed her with their scythes.

On, on swept the fair fugitive through the solitary wilds of Glenkens, till, reaching the vale of the Tarff, she crossed the Dee by an ancient bridge which her escort immediately destroyed, and hurled into the rushing stream.[2] Worn and exhausted with fatigue, terror, and despair, when evening closed, the poor queen reached the magnificent abbey of old Dundrennon, where she spent

[1] Balfour; Keith, &c. [2] Pict. of Scotland.

her last night in Scotland. Save one brief halt in the vale of the Tarff for a cup of milk at a peasant's hut, Mary had never drawn her bridle until she reached this fine old pile, which is situated (sixty miles from the field of Langside) amid an amphitheatre of verdant hills, and perched on the bank of a rocky mountain stream, above which its moss-grown walls, its ivied aisles, and grassy tombs, now impart so peculiar a charm to the scenery. There Mary came to the fatal resolution of seeking refuge in the south.

Trusting fondly in letters from Elizabeth, addressed to her *after* her escape from Lochleven, inviting her in the most affectionate and sisterly manner to place herself under her protection and friendship, as a solemn pledge of which she sent her a ring;—despite the entreaties of brave and loyal Herries, who, on his knees, prayed her to pause ere she trusted to the honour or generosity of England,—Mary fell into the snare of the spoiler.

Embarking in the boat of a fisherman at Kirkcudbright on the 16th May, she crossed the Solway, and, landing at Workington in England, claimed the protection of her cousin Elizabeth.

The poor fly was now in the web of the spider.

Adversity was soon to claim a sympathy, and death to lend a glory to a life of misfortune, and of these no detracting pen can now deprive her; nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the closing scene at Fotheringay, and yet her name stirs a chord in every generous heart!

CHAPTER XIX.

KIRKALDY GOVERNOR OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

As a reward for his important services, on the 5th September Kirkaldy was appointed governor and captain of the castle of Edinburgh—a fortress every way of the first rank in the kingdom.

Sir James Balfour of Pittendreich had received that office from his patron Bothwell, and until the battle of Langside had retained it in his hands; but for a sum of money, and a gift of the Augustinian priory of Pittenweem, and on Kirkaldy pledging his word for his safety, he gave up the fortress with its stores to the regent. Kirkaldy with his family immediately repaired to the important stronghold, where they continued to reside during the remainder of his troubled career.[1]

Strong at all times from its lofty situation, the castle of Edinburgh, by the height of its towers and number of its cannon, was fully a place of as great strength in the days of Kirkaldy as it is now. The non-military compilers of topographical accounts are very careful to inform their readers that, before the invention of gunpowder, this castle was impregnable, but forget to add that, by all tacticians it has been considered still more so since Friar

[1] Balfour; Cald., &c. &c.

Bacon's notable discovery. Perched on the western rock, which, by a precipice nearly three hundred feet high, terminates the ridge of the ancient city, the walls of that magnificent fortress rise from steep and abrupt precipices of black whinstone, perpendicular in many places, and inaccessible on all, save where, to the eastward, a narrow bank or passage, cut through by a deep fosse, communicates, by a drawbridge, with the town below.

In the days of Kirkaldy, as now, strong batteries of cannon frowned over this only approach; but the grand features of the fortress were markedly different. Instead of square barracks and storehouses of homely aspect, a series of tall towers or bastel-houses—each like the fortlet of a lesser baron—reared up their lofty outlines from every angle of the jagged cliffs; massive battlements crowned, and strong curtain-walls connected them.

On the highest part of the rock stood, and yet stands, the square tower where Mary of Guise died, James VI. was born, and where the regalia have been kept for ages. On the north a massive pile, called David's Tower, built by the second monarch of that name,[1] and containing a spacious hall, rose to the height of more than forty feet above the precipice, which threw its shadows on the loch two hundred feet below. Another, named from Wallace, stood nearer to the city; and where now the formidable half-moon rears up its time-worn front, two high embattled walls, bristling with double tiers of ordnance, flanked on the north by the round tower of the Constable, fifty feet high, and on the south by a square gigantic peel, opposed their faces to the city. The soldiers of the gar-

[1] Hollin.; Scot. Chron.

rison occupied the peel, the foundations of which are yet visible. Below it lay the entrance, with its portcullis and gates, to which a flight of forty steps ascended. The other towers were St Margaret's, closed by a ponderous gate of iron, the kitchen tower, the laich-munition house; the armourer's forge, the bakehouse, brewery, and gun-house, at the gable of which swung a sonerous copper bell, for calling the watches and alarming the garrison. Between the fortress and the city lay a strong round rampart, called the Spur, and another, named the Well-house tower, defended a narrow path which led to Cuthbert's Well. The castle then contained a great hall, a palace, the regalia, a church and an oratory, endowed by St Margaret, who, five hundred years before, expired in a room which the tradition still named "the blessed Margaret's chamber."[1]

Such was the aspect of this ancient fortress in the sixteenth century. Its walls mounted only thirty pieces of cannon, including Mons Meg; but, during the command of Sir William Kirkaldy, its defences were greatly increased and strengthened. (Note E.) Immediately after his taking upon him the office of governor, he entered into a curious league, offensive and defensive, with the citizens of Edinburgh. (Note F.)

Soon after Langside, three gentlemen of the name of Hamilton, viz., Alexander of Innerwick, James of Kincavil, and the famous Bothwellhaugh, were by the regent committed to Kirkaldy's garrison and custody. They had fought valiantly in Mary's van at Langside, and,

[1] Theatre des Cités du Monde; Survey of Edin. 1572; Invent. of Jewel Office, &c.

having been captured in their armour, were ordered for immediate execution by Murray; but, dreading to exasperate too much the adherents of his sister, and being, perhaps, seized by a sudden qualm of conscience, or wrought upon by Knox's intercessions, after they had been led out to die on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, he remanded them to close prison. While Bothwellhaugh remained in the ward under Kirkaldy, his wife was inhumanly treated by an adherent of Murray.

On the confiscation of her husband's estate, she had retired to her own patrimony of Woodhouselee; but that, too, the regent gifted to a favourite, the Justice-Clerk Bellenden, a wretch whose rapacity freed him from all scruples. Eager to obtain possession, he turned out the lady, stripped naked, and recently delivered of a child, in a cold and stormy night, to perish among the woods and rocks at the foot of the bleak Pentlands. Ere day dawned she became furiously mad. Who could wonder that Bothwellhaugh, in the spirit of the age, made a solemn vow to avenge her? Rage and despair endued him with spirit to achieve an escape from his place of confinement, and he fled to his kinsmen, the Hamiltons, among whom he wandered long in secrecy, waiting a favourable opportunity to deal his vengeance with a deadly hand.

During the time that the regent, by the intrigues of Mary's friends, had to attend the conferences at York, Kirkaldy was intrusted with the principal management of affairs at home; but, from the moment he became clearly convinced that those nobles who had dethroned Mary and driven her into exile, were actuated by a spirit

of avarice and ambition, rather than love of good government, he became colder in their cause, and distrustful of Murray; and the cordial friendship which had so long subsisted between them gave place to a jealousy which the subtle, restless, and changeable Lethington—the Scottish Machiavel, who had now become the avowed partisan of Mary—resolved to turn to the best advantage.

His friendship for Kirkaldy, which was one of long standing, enabled him to bend the unsuspecting nature of the soldier to his purpose—first by enticing him into a doubtful state of neutrality, which was soon to have a formidable effect on the king's cause, and to end most fatally for that of Mary, by the destruction of both himself and Kirkaldy. Mary was now in close captivity in England; but, whether by the result of a long and deep-laid plot of Murray and the confederates, by Elizabeth's merciless treachery, or the hand of retaliative Providence for the yet unproven crimes so often laid to her charge, I pretend not to say, but leave those deep points of history to wiser heads and more subtle casuists to determine. Her impatience, her despair, together with the false promise of being restored to her throne, had induced her to comply with the degrading proposition of sending commissioners to York, where the accusations against her were to be put to the issue of a trial, the result of which is well known. Again deceived, she made an attempt to raise her adherents in Scotland, where a strong party against Murray was formed by the Duke of Chatelherault, whom the queen vested with a commission as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The regent marched suddenly

against him, and compelled him to accept a truce, the fulfilment of which he endeavoured to evade; and was, in consequence, committed prisoner of state, with Lord Herries, to the custody of the already wavering governor of the castle of Edinburgh, who remonstrated with Murray on the severity of this measure. Upon this, Mr John Wood, a pious friend of the regent's, observed to Kirkaldy, in the true spirit of his party,—

"I marvel, sir, that you are offended at these two being committed to ward; for how shall *we*, who are the defenders of my lord regent, get rewards but by the ruin of such men?"

"Ha!" rejoined Kirkaldy sternly, "is that your holiness? I see nought among ye, but envy, greed, and ambition, whereby ye will wreck a good regent and ruin the realm!" a retort which made him many enemies among the train of Murray.[1]

Prior to this, in the parliament of August 1568, the relations and executors of Cardinal Beatoun had suddenly brought an action of assythement for his death against Kirkaldy, but the estates discharged the plea, "because the cardinal's slaughter was done for the common weal and preservation of the faithful; and because the whole goods in his castle had been seized by the French at my lord governor's command." Immediately upon this, Kirkaldy, before the assembled estates, took out a protest, that nothing done by him in the castle of St Andrews should *ever again* be brought forward to his prejudice by the heirs or executors of the cardinal.[2] In the next month he was unanimously chosen provost of

[1] Melville. [2] Goodall.

the city of Edinburgh, and obtained from the Estates a gift of the valuable church lands of Auchtertool in Fifeshire.[1]

As already related, during the conferences at York, and after they were broken up, the secretary, William Maitland of Lethington, either from a constitutional instability of mind and purpose, or—as some writers aver—from a secret consciousness of the deep wrongs he had done the unhappy queen, and pitying the sad state to which she had been reduced—a state to which he had so fatally contributed by his talents to hurry her—now touched by sentiments of remorse, he became inclined to serve her, when her cause was sinking to the lowest ebb. Maitland was certainly the greatest statesman of his time; and, notwithstanding the unsteady and vacillating nature of his mind, his spirit of political enterprise, his deep penetration, his knowledge of all the craft and mystery then requisite for a thorough Scottish politician, had gained him alternately the hatred and admiration of both parties.[2] He attended Murray to York, where his fruitful invention first conceived the great project of a marriage between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk, as a very favourable means of restoring her to liberty and a sceptre; but, like many of his plots, this one ended beneath the axe of the headsman. Norfolk was executed; and Elizabeth, enraged to the utmost degree against Lethington, on discovering that the marriage scheme originated in his fertile brain, applied to Murray, who, to please his patroness and supporter, was compelled, like a true victim of ambition, to consent to the

[1] MS. Carta, Reg. House, &c. [2] Tytler's Inquiry; Scott. Biog. &c.

destruction of his old friend and political associate, a measure to which his recent defection the more inclined him. Too well knew Maitland that the projected marriage and intended restoration would never be forgiven, either by the Scottish regent or the English queen; and he soon felt their vengeance.

Murray resolved to accuse him of participation in the murder of Darnley, then a fertile and fatal charge for the *heads* of both parties; but this charge required the utmost circumspection and address, Lethington having been so long his confidential minister, that violent measures might have brought forth disclosures which Murray had no wish should be made public. It was, therefore, arranged that the accusation should come from an unexpected quarter; and consequently, Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill, a vassal of the house of Lennox, on being prompted, entered the council-chamber, and before Murray and the lords boldly accused the secretary of being accessory to the murder of King Henry. Upon this he was immediately made a state prisoner, while Sir James Balfour was arrested at his own mansion, and committed to the castle of Stirling, on suspicion of disloyalty to the young king.

About the same time, James lord Doune, commendator of St Colme, wrote to Kirkaldy concerning the distrust and severity of the regent's measures, and recommended him "to be upon his guard, for Murray was resolved to take the castle of Edinburgh from him, and make the Laird of Drumwhazel captain thereof."[1]

Kirkaldy suspected Murray to be the original framer

[1] Melville.

of the accusation against the secretary, and bluntly told him so; and so great was his disgust, that he would willingly have given up the castle, and retired for ever from court, but a secret wish to serve Mary, his friendship for Maitland, and his honour, which he had pledged for the safety of Sir James Balfour, when that false knight surrendered the castle to him in the preceding year, all made it absolutely necessary that he should save their lives, which he saw were now basely aimed at by men who wished to succeed them in office and estate. To his firm remonstrances Murray replied by saying, "that it was not in his power to save Lethington from prison—that the accusation was against his wish—but that he should learn his real intentions at a future meeting."

This answer failed to convince Kirkaldy of his sincerity, and he boldly sent him a message, requiring that the same formidable charge should be brought against James earl of Morton, and Master Archibald Douglas,—a demand which filled the former with rage, and kindled in his breast that intense hatred of Kirkaldy which blood alone sufficed to quench.[1]

From the fortress of Stirling Maitland was brought to Edinburgh, and placed in close confinement in a house of the Castlehill Street, where a party of troopers, commanded by Alexander, the young Lord Home, were appointed to guard him until the time of his trial—and execution, which was sure to follow. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, certain of the issue of an assize if he were subjected to it, and distrusting Murray's fair

[1] Melville; Defence of Mary, &c.

words, Kirkaldy, about ten o'clock that night, marched a party of his garrison to the place of Maitland's confinement, and, presenting Home with a counterfeited order, demanded the person of the Laird of Lethington. Home, aware of Kirkaldy's civil and military authority, and that he stood high in the regent's favour, readily obeyed, and Maitland was quietly carried off to the strong fortress of which his friend was governor.

The regent and his well-beloved councillor, Morton, were thunderstruck by the intelligence of Maitland's rescue by Kirkaldy's intervention. This double calamity involved them in perplexity, by the supposition "that all their councils would be disclosed to Kirkaldy. They knew not how to help the matter; but the regent was advised to conceal his anger until a fit opportunity—for he durst trust Grange, though Grange would no more trust him."[1] Alarmed by the prospect of his defection, with so important a fortress in his hands, garrisoned by soldiers devoted to him, and dreading the evils that might ensue from a coalition between him and Maitland, whose skill as a diplomatist was not inferior to Kirkaldy's as a warrior, the regent became doubly distrustful of those about him; but, dissembling his resentment, he ordered a process of high treason to be served against Maitland, which confiscated his barony of Lethington, if it could not reach his head. This proceeding only made the horizon darker.

Following up the bold avowal of his old suspicions of Morton's participation in that crime for which, eleven years afterwards, he lost his head, Kirkaldy, carried away

[1] Melville.

by the ardour of his friendship for Maitland, and feeling renewed sentiments of loyalty to the exiled Mary glowing in his breast, sent a trumpeter from the castle into the city, again demanding that a process for regicide should instantly be commenced against the Earl of Morton and Master Archibald Douglas; and, remembering the precepts of the stout old knight his father, who always offered "the single combate" in maintenance of his assertions, he offered himself, body for body, to fight Douglas on foot or horseback, while his prisoner, the Lord Herries, (whom, with Chatelherault, he had set at liberty within the fortress,) sent, as a peer of the realm, a similar cartel to the Earl of Morton. The challenges bore, "that they were in the council, and consequently art and part in the king's murder."

Though offered to descendants of the "Flower of Chivalry," no answers were returned to these defiances; but the young Lord Home, who had so unwittingly permitted the secretary to be rescued from his wardship, was that night, with his train of lances, commanded to retire from the city—an insult which completely cooled his warmth in the cause of the confederates.

The defection of Kirkaldy could not have occurred at a worse time for Murray, who seemed to be menaced on all hands. Intrigues for restoring the queen were being carried on in England, where the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two powerful peers, had espoused her cause, and hoped, by her restoration to the throne, to overturn the Reformation, while Philip of Spain and the great Duke of Alva encouraged them with liberal promises of troops and money. La Mothe, the governor of Dunkirk,

had sounded the coast, to ascertain landing-places, and Chiapini Vitelli, a distinguished cavalier, was secretly negotiating in England, while Mary's numerous and devoted adherents in Scotland were all ready to rush again to arms, on the first ray of hope lightening the horizon of her fortunes. Nothing tended more to raise their exultation than a party suddenly springing up for her in the citadel of the metropolis: "Kirkaldy and Maitland were equal to a host." The regent saw all the menacing future at a glance, but this coalition between the two greatest men of the time sank deepest in his heart.

Fearing that Maitland might reveal state secrets, which would have a powerful effect on Kirkaldy's keen sense of honour and blunt military honesty—when "all their councils would be disclosed," the true source of the last letter to Bothwell explained, and the gross invalidity of an abdication extorted under terror of the block, were all laid before him in the strongest colours with which Maitland's eloquence and indignation could array them, Murray found that he had every thing to fear, and resolved not to leave any attempt untried to recover the castle, and the friendship of its commander.

The day after Maitland's rescue he sent a message to the castle, requiring the attendance of the governor; but that wary soldier knew better than to trust the confederate lords, and refused to attend the summons. Offensive as the imputation contained in the refusal must have been to a man of Murray's spirit, he was compelled to pass over the affront, and next day visited the castle, where he had a long interview with Kirkaldy, endeavouring to regain his influence over him; but in vain. Though he

conversed with him as "a friend on all his affairs, with a merry countenance, and casting in many merry purposes, minding him of the many straits and dangers they had been engaged in together—so far was he instructed to dissemble—yet the violence he did himself was easily perceived by those who had been acquainted with him before." His dissimulation was practised in vain on Kirkaldy, whom Maitland had warned to be on his guard against any snares to draw him beyond the castle gates, as he had the worst to dread from the vengeance of Morton.[1]

Perhaps Murray merely wished to get the castle quietly into his hands, that he might bestow the governorship upon the Laird of Drumqhasel; but Morton's hatred aimed at human blood. Filled with rage at being branded as a regicide, and the unanswered gage of battle the charge had brought before him, that cruel and unscrupulous earl had formed a base plot for Kirkaldy's destruction, by suborning four private sentinels of the name of Douglas to assassinate him, on the first opportunity, if they found him in the city; and those bravoes were lying in wait at the entrance of the regent's mansion, to poniard him, if he could have been decoyed thither from the castle. Many other snares were laid for him; but, prudent as he was brave, he knew how much he had to dread from the powerful confederates, and kept close within that strong fortress, which was now to become the last bulwark of the cause of Mary.

Murray now applied to the magistrates of Edinburgh, to have him removed from the civic chair; but, proud of

[1] Melville.

their provost, and punctilious in their ideas on the freedom of election, the stout bailies briefly declined to have their choice interfered with.[1]

Kirkaldy, who secretly had been wavering in his politics ever since the field of Langside, required only Lethington's powerful rhetoric to point out the errors of his course, and confirm his hatred of Morton, his hostility to the confederate lords, and his loyalty to Mary, who had ever honoured and esteemed him. As soon as the change in his opinions was known and confirmed, the castle of Edinburgh became the general rendezvous of all who were opposed to the regent's administration, and was soon considered the grand rallying-point of the loyalists, or queen's men, who, though the king's standard yet waved over it, flocked from all quarters to pay their court to the head of the new faction. Kirkaldy was now the rising star of Mary's fortunes in Scotland. Thither came that powerful noble Lord Home, the barons of Drylaw, Pitarrow, Buccleuch, Wormistoun, and Parbroath; John Maitland, the prior of Coldingham, Kirkaldy's three uncles, Sir Robert, Sir Andrew, and Captain David Melville; the young Sir Thomas Kerr of Fernihirst, who, in Kirkaldy's young daughter Janet, was soon to find an additional incentive to loyalty and courage. Many others of the queen's faction went there on all occasions, and were ever ready for instant service. The Duke of Chatelherault, and Lord Herries, whom, by warrant from the lords of council, Kirkaldy had previously set at full liberty, were always there still, and greatly strengthened the party, which grew apace; while Murray's adherents, disgusted by many acts

[1] Note to Bannatyne.

of falsehood, oppression, and treachery, were leaving him by degrees, until, when in public, he appeared with a very slender retinue of his immediate dependants only.

With a heart burning for vengeance, and spurred on by faction, Bothwellhaugh, since his escape, had been lurking in various places for the purpose of sacrificing Murray to the manes of his injured wife, whose wrongs had made a deeper impression upon him than that momentary clemency to which he owed his life. But instead of pouring out his wrath on the base minion Bellenden, on the 23d February 1570 he shot the regent in the streets of Linlithgow, with four tempered bullets, from a caliver.

Thus, by the retributive hand of an assassin, fell the great Earl of Murray, from a supremacy won amid the troubles of those stormy times; but whether the great eminence he attained was by the mere force of circumstance, or by a steady adherence to a deep and subtle plan, formed at an early period, for the destruction of his sister and benefactress, the queen, need not be entered upon here. Though he had long been the enemy of her peace, the usurper of her power, and the blighter of her name and fame, Mary sorrowed long for him, when the tidings of his fate reached her dreary English prison.

In Edinburgh, the utmost consternation prevailed when news of his fall reached the city. The ports were closed, the town-guards doubled; and when his body was borne in, the vast concourse who thronged the streets bewailed his fate with tears, and muttered vengeance on the destroyer of "the good regent." But Bothwellhaugh,

the moment he committed the act, had fled to Hamilton, the district of his clan, by whom he was triumphantly received. The whole faction of Chatelherault rose in arms, and, under Lord Arbroath, resolved immediately to join their chief at Edinburgh, and place themselves under the standard of Sir William Kirkaldy.

The latter mourned deeply the untimely fate of Murray: they had been old comrades in the field, stanch friends in many a rough political broil; and though they had quarrelled of late, he had too much of the frankness of his profession to maintain hostility to the dead, and so came to see him laid in his last resting-place. Eight lords bore the body up St Anthony's lofty aisle, in the great cathedral of St Giles; Kirkaldy preceded it, bearing the paternal banner of Murray with the royal arms; the Laird of Cleish, who bore the coat of armour, walked beside him.[1] Knox prayed solemnly and earnestly as the body was lowered into the dust; a splendid tomb was erected over his remains, and long marked the spot where they lay.

[1] Tytler.

CHAPTER XX.

KIRKALDY AND HIS SOLDIERS REVOLT.

AFTER the death of Murray, for a short time it was doubtful what course Kirkaldy would pursue: once he had almost resolved to own the authority of the young king, fearing that, by remaining under a hostile flag, he might injure the cause of Mary while exiled; and he felt reluctance to embroil once more his native land in blood, for he had sincerely its honour and interest at heart.

Summoned by his foe Morton, he attended a meeting held in the city with the envoys of Elizabeth, Henry Gates and William Drury, knights; Wishart of Pitarrow, his constable, and Tullybardine his friend, accompanied him. What part he took in the proceedings does not appear; but soon after, by Elizabeth's influence, Lennox, the father of Darnley, was by a convention of the nobles declared regent of the realm during the minority of his grandson. Kirkaldy, whose mind was wholly bent on the restoration of Mary, by the castle guns could easily have laid in ruins the Tolbooth where the convention sat; but, treating the whole affair with supreme contempt, he refused to deliver up the regalia to officials sent for it—refused to be present, or to hear Elizabeth's letter read

by her ambassador, and issued orders that not a cannon-shot should be fired in honour of Lennox's proclamation as regent.[1]

So restless is the ambition of Morton said to have been, that, after Lennox was proclaimed, he went secretly in the night to the castle of Edinburgh, accompanied by Master Archibald Douglas, regardless of the unanswered gages of defiance hurled at them by Kirkaldy and Lord Herries. There Morton displayed his baseness, by craving their assistance to drive Lennox out of Scotland, and procure his own acknowledgment as regent instead. Amazed by his effrontery, Chatelherault and Kirkaldy peremptorily refused, and briefly dismissed the earl, who, baffled and enraged, had to smother his feelings and retire covered with shame.[2] Meanwhile Lennox, a weak-minded noble, goaded by the memory of his son's fate, proceeded to the utmost extremities with the adherents of Mary. The Duke of Chatelherault, the Earl of Huntly, Lord Herries, Sir William Kirkaldy, and all their followers, were denounced as traitors and enemies to their country. Factious and turbulent as Scotland had been previous to Murray's death, the horizon of the future became darker, and a furious civil strife was anticipated by all. The party of Mary drew to a head at Linlithgow, and sent an order to Kirkaldy, by which he released a number of prisoners who had been committed to his charge for their opposition to Murray and King James. Maitland of Lethington, who had gone to Linlithgow, soon afterwards returned, and held a conference with Kirkaldy near St Cuthbert's Kirk, arranging the

[1] Tytler. [2] Melville.

mode of reception for the queen's lords, should they move to the capital, which they did on the 13th April.[1] Some time previous to this, the secretary had been, by the king's privy council, declared innocent of Darnley's murder, and of any participation in it.

The standard of Mary had replaced that of her son on the ramparts of the fortress, and the lords of her faction now possessed the capital. There is something pathetic in the manner of Bannatyne, in his additions to Knox's "Historie," when bewailing the defection of Kirkaldy.

"Alace! Sir William Kirkcaldie, sometyme stout and true lairde of Grange; miserable is thy fall, who now drawest in yoke with knawen and manifest traitouris—that sometyme had place amongst honest hearts, yea, among the saints of God—but Judas joyed not long the price of innocent blood!"

Maitland arrived at Leith while labouring under a severe illness, and was borne to the castle on the shoulders of six soldiers. Soon afterwards Kirkaldy sent Captain Melville with a party to search the premises of Lickprevick a printer, and to destroy all copies of Buchanan's *Chamelion*, a pamphlet in which the politics of the secretary were severely handled. A parliament was held in May 1571, by the queen's party, who rode in procession to the palace and back again, with the regalia borne before them, and they passed and enacted laws which were doomed never to be put in force.

The king's party taunted Kirkaldy with having been bribed to join Mary, by the promise of the rich priory of St Andrews. "Brother William," said his old friend

[1] Bannatyne.

Randolph, the English ambassador, in a bantering letter addressed to him, 1st May 1570, "it was, indeed, most wonderful to me when I heard that you should become *Prior*. That vocation agreeth not with any thing that ever I knew in you, saving for your *religious* life led under the cardinal's hat, when we were both students at Paris.[1]

The arrival of Monsieur le Verac, an envoy from the court of France, with letters of encouragement and ample promises of aid to Kirkaldy and other leaders, together with similar offers from the court of Madrid, infused new life into the queen's faction. Le Verac served to give a sudden check to the friends of Lennox; and the English envoy, the wily and intriguing Randolph, had to fly for refuge to his own frontier town of Berwick; while a general convention of the nobles was ordered to be held at Leith, for the avowed purpose of putting an end to the miserable dissensions which rent Scotland, arming man against man—brother against brother.

Elizabeth now became alarmed at the promises of aid which the loyalists received from foreign princes; she deceived them by appointing commissioners to meet those of Mary, in order to arrange matters for an ultimate restoration to her throne. But nothing could be farther from the mind of this subtle princess, whose only object was to tyrannise over a rival whom she equally hated and envied for her surpassing beauty, and whom her fierce subjects and unfortunate destiny had thrown so utterly at her mercy. She had another aim in view: by increasing the dissensions of so martial and turbulent a people as the Scots, she rendered her throne more secure.

[1] Tytler.

Menaced as she was by rebellion at home and invasion from abroad, peace in Scotland would infallibly have rendered her authority unsteady; and the increased fury of the civil war, which always succeeded the pretended negotiations of her dishonourable envoys, evinces how well they understood and acted up to the fullest intentions of their mistress. In pursuance of her system, she desired the proposed commission for Mary's restoration to be suddenly abandoned, and submitted the poor captive to a more rigorous captivity than ever.

Meanwhile the Scottish loyalists increased daily in number and in power. The Duke of Chatelherault, head of the Hamiltons, Argyle and nine other earls, Home and thirteen other lords—the representatives of the greatest and most noble families in Scotland—were avowedly in the faction, which must soon have triumphed, but for the paralysation caused by the underhand intrigues of Elizabeth and her ministry. They possessed the fortresses of Edinburgh, Dunbarton, and Lochmaben, three of the strongest in the kingdom: the first every way important, as commanding and overawing the capital; the second, on the Clyde, affording a safe port for the expected foreign succours; and the third, an ancient castle on the frontiers in Annandale. Kirkaldy, with his brave and well-disciplined garrison, occupied the first, having as his constable Wishart of Pitarrow;[1] John lord Fleming, a gallant soldier, had maintained the second for Mary at all hazards, since the beginning of the civil wars.[2] But the chief strength of the faction lay in Sir William Kirkaldy and Maitland; the first being reputed

[1] Spotswood.

[2] Douglas Peerage.

the most fortunate soldier, and the second the most able statesman in Scotland. It was generally believed that, with two such heads to direct them, Mary's party would soon be more than a match for their opponents.

Open war was soon proclaimed—a war to which Morton, a man bred up from infancy amid civil broil and bloodshed, soon imparted a barbarity unsurpassed in the annals of civil discord. The city of Edinburgh became filled with the loyalists: their leaders were Kirkaldy, Chatelherault, and Huntly; who, in addition to their vassals, retained in constant pay a hundred lances on horseback, and five hundred foot, commanded by Captains David Melville, Montgomery, Hamilton, Bruce, and Lauder, who was also sergeant-major of the city trained bands.[1] These were brave but mercenary troops, and were independent of Kirkaldy's soldiers, who amounted to rather more than half their number.

About the time that the Earl of Sussex, with an English army, carried fire and sword through all the fertile Merse and beautiful Teviotdale, giving fifty castles and three hundred villages to the flames, and Sir William Drury, with the old bands of Berwick, carried equal devastation through Clydesdale — both wanton inroads, which the convulsed state of the country prevented it from revenging—Morton advanced to Edinburgh with a considerable body of the crown vassals, for the purpose of driving out the queen's faction. The English invasion had put Kirkaldy on the alert: confidently anticipating a siege, he had made additions to the strength of the castle, and obtained fresh supplies; but, on hearing

[1] Historie of James Sext.

of Morton's march from the west, he resolved to commence hostilities without delay.

With two of his heaviest pieces of ordnance, and a band of harquebussiers, he marched from the castle, and placed them in ambush at a place overlooking the Glasgow road, by which he expected his enemy Morton to approach. The latter soon appeared riding at the head of his pikemen, when suddenly Kirkaldy gave the word, and the loaded and pointed culverins belched forth their contents from the foliage which concealed them. Struck by a panic the king's soldiers faced about and fled; and Morton "was so startled," according to an old writer, that he did not molest Edinburgh for a considerable time afterwards. Meanwhile Sir William Drury, after committing frightful ravages on the lands of the queen's adherents, had retired leisurely to Berwick without menacing the capital, as its martial provost had fully anticipated he would.

During an abstinence from hostilities which took place for two months, he was involved in several disagreeable broils with the irascible and turbulent burghers of Edinburgh, into which he was hurried by the military impetuosity of his temper, the dangerous and peculiar nature of his position, and, above all, by his zeal for the captive Mary. Among the citizens he carried matters with a very high hand; the disgusts increased between them, and the solemn *Mutual Bond*, signed in 1568, was now forgotten, or deemed a dead letter.

The expected succours from abroad dwindled down to six hundred helmets, as many harquebusses and pikes, seven pieces of cannon, and a sum of money which the

Duke of Alva sent to Edinburgh, and for which Lord Seaton, and John Hamilton rector of Dunbar, were sent to Madrid to express the thanks of their party to the king of Spain.[1]

Towards the end of the year 1570, Kirkaldy became involved in a quarrel with his old friend Knox, the Reformer, the circumstances of which were as follow:—

John Kirkaldy, son of Patrick, Sir William's uncle, (the same young man in whose cause he fought with Ralph Evers,) had a brawl with a young cavalier named George Durie, son of Durie of that Ilk, commendator of Dunfermline. The immediate cause of the quarrel was in consequence of John Kirkaldy being summoned to compear in the justice court of Dunfermline, as member of an assize, when he was assailed in the hall by young Durie, Henry Seaton, and other gentlemen, sword in hand. He defended himself bravely, but, had the provost not interfered, would inevitably have been slain, as he was without armour—a very unusual circumstance in those times. It is probable that the old gift of the Duries' castle of Wester-Kinghorn was the primary cause of this feud; but Sir William Kirkaldy, in his "Complaint to the kirk-session of Edinburgh," sets forth "that the house of Durie had done many injuries to him and his; that the chief of that name was author of the death of his goodsire the Laird of Raith, and of the ruin of his house; and that, since that time, they have continually troubled his posterity and friends in their rightful titles, native rowmes, and old possessions."[2]

He was highly exasperated at the attempt to slay his

[1] James Sext. [2] Bannatyne.

nephew; and, understanding that Henry Seaton was in the city on private business, he sent six soldiers or valets with orders *to truncheon* him, but gave them strict injunctions not to draw their swords. He did not anticipate what was to ensue. The chastisers traced Seaton to Leith, where he was about to embark for Fife, after having transacted his business in the city. As he threaded his way among the kail-yards, cottages, anchors, boats, &c. which then encumbered the banks of the river, instead of the well-bulwarked piers of the present day, a soldier approached, and presented or struck him with a baton.

Enraged by this act of hostility and insult, young Seaton drew his long rapier, and rushed upon him to revenge it. Kirkaldy's valets drew in turn, and then ensued a sharp conflict, which ended by Seaton being repeatedly run through and slain, as he stumbled backward over a cable and anchor on the beach. This occurred ere any of the spectators could come to his rescue: he was left lying dead by the water side, while his slayers retreated with the utmost expedition. But news of the outrage reached the city before them. Headed by their bailies, a body of armed citizens attempted to intercept their retreat to the castle; five cut their way through and gained its gates in safety; but James Fleming was captured, and imprisoned in the Tolbooth.

Kirkaldy, whose garrison was probably recruited from his own vassalage, highly valued this man, and considered his seizure as an affront upon himself, which, as provost of the city, and governor of a castle whose guns could have ruined it in an hour, and from the revengeful

spirit of the time, could not be overlooked. He determined to rescue him.

Therefore late in the night of the 21st December, when the citizens were all retired to their houses, he made due preparations, without and within the fortress, to save James Fleming. "Without, he had the deaconis of craftis, and all the rable of craftismen, readie for vproare and tumult;" within, he had his numerous cannon shotted, and his soldiers arrayed in their armour. With a chosen party, and a strong battering-ram to break down the doors of the prison, he marched into the city; to prevent the sudden alarm of which he had the precaution to send soldiers to seize the great bell of St Giles, which, by its iron notes, usually roused the whole citizens like a nest of armed hornets.

The wintry night was intensely dark. Lord Home, sheathed in armour, with a band of harquebussiers and pikemen, kept guard at the upper tron to prevent Kirkaldy's retreat being cut off; while he, with the Laird of Drylaw, assailed the picturesque Tolbooth, against the strong door of which the men-at-arms thundered with the battering-ram. The javelleur, or gudeman of the prison-house, resolutely refused them admission; but the ram soon did its work. The oaken barrier was dashed to fragments — the soldiers rushed in and bore off their comrade in triumph, together with another prisoner, a female, suspected of cognisance of the assassination of the Regent Murray. Kirkaldy ordered her to be conveyed to the castle, the heavy cannon of which Pitarrow, the constable, in a spirit of mischief, had repeatedly discharged to increase the uproar, "whereby the town was

put in great fear; John Wallace' hous was schot through, and a barne beaten down in the Cannogait," as Bannatyne records—a fact which shows the limited extent of the Scottish capital, when barn-yards were within range of a cannon from its castle.

When his friend Cecil, then created Lord Burghley, heard of these passages, he remonstrated with Kirkaldy in severe terms, expressive of the surprise they occasioned him.

"How you will allow my plainness," he continues, in a letter addressed to him, "I know not; but I should think myself guilty of blood if I should not thoroughly dislike you; and to this I must add that I hear—but yet am loth to believe it—that your soldiers that broke the prison have not only taken out the murderer, your man, but a woman that was detained as guilty of the lamentable death of the last good regent. Alas! my lord, may this be true? And, with your help, may it be conceived in thought that you—*you*, I mean, that was so dear to the regent—should favour his murderers in this sort?"[1]

But neither the eloquence of the English minister, nor the virulence of Knox, softened Kirkaldy in the least, or prevailed upon him to acknowledge himself in error. As civil and military governor of Edinburgh, he considered himself superior to its magistrates, and entitled to keep any prisoner in his own possession. Three days after Fleming's rescue, Knox preached in the church of St Giles, and failed not to reprove "sic disorder;" affirming that he had never, (during all the troubles he had

[1] Tytler.

witnessed,) "seen so sclanderous, so malapert, so fearful, and so tyrannous a fact!" and, fearless of Kirkaldy's pride and indignation, the stern Reformer, warming with his discourse, continued to condemn, in strong language, the riot of the night and violation of the house of justice. Had it been done by a bloodthirsty man, who was without the fear of God, he would not, (he said,) have been so much moved at it; but he was affected to think that Sir William Kirkaldy of the Grange,—one of whom all good men had formed such great expectations, should have fallen so far as to act a part so vile,—*he* who, when a captive in the castle of Mont Saint Michel, had refused to purchase even his liberty at the price of human blood![1]

An erroneous and exaggerated account of this sermon being conveyed to Kirkaldy, he was highly incensed at the preacher's daring and presumption; and assuming the pen, which he wielded as well as the sword, sent the following letter forthwith to Knox's colleague, Master John Craig:—

"This day John Knox, in his sermon, openly called me a 'murderer and a throat-cutter,' wherein he has spoken further than he is able to justify; for I take God to be my witness, if it was my mind (intention) that man's blood should have been shed of whom he has called me murderer: and the same God I desire, from the bottom of my heart, to pour out his sudden vengeance upon him or me, whether of us twa have been most desirous of innocent blood. *This I desire you, in God's name, declare openly to the people!*

"At the castle of Edinburgh, 24th December 1570."[2]

[1] M'Crie. [2] Bannatyne.

This forcible epistle was delivered by a soldier to Master Craig in the pulpit of St Giles's church; but he, having the inflexible Reformer to dread on one hand, and the haughty governor on the other, prudently declined to read the letter without the consent of the kirk; upon which the Knight of Grange took the very peaceable mode of obtaining redress by applying to the kirk-session, requiring that his honour should be vindicated as publicly as it had been traduced. Knox, on learning that his words had been misrepresented, and that Kirkaldy continually affirmed his innocence of any intent to slay Henry Seaton, embraced the first opportunity to explain his true meaning from the pulpit. The explanation was not satisfactory; the old friendship between them was never renewed, and Kirkaldy, on a subsequent Sunday, made a display which was deemed decidedly hostile to Knox. After having been absent from church nearly a whole year, (which alone was a nameless atrocity in the eyes of the Reformed clergy,) he suddenly marched into St Giles's, with a train composed of the same soldiers who had been engaged in Seaton's death and Fleming's rescue. Though he came to church thus attended, merely out of compliment to Margaret countess-dowager of Murray, who was that day to hear Knox preach, the stern minister regarded his presence and retinue as an attempt to set him at defiance, or overawe his discourses, which were generally levelled against Mary and her adherents. In no way daunted by the clanking weapons and shining armour of the soldiers, in his sermon he dwelt particularly "on the sinfulness of forgetting benefits received from God;" and, turning

his discourse to bear on late events, warned his hearers against confiding in the mercy of Heaven while infringing its commandments, "and proudly defending such transgression."

Enraged at the admonitions which, like Knox's glances, he knew were levelled at himself, Kirkaldy started up, regardless of the place, the countess, and congregation, and so far forgot his usual dignity as to make use of very threatening language against the aged preacher. A report soon spread that he had become his enemy, and would slay him as he had done Seaton; but though nothing could be farther from the mind of so gallant a knight, it gained ground so far that the noblesse of Kyle and Cunninghame sent him a formal letter, in which, after reminding him of his former adherence to the cause of the Reformation, they mentioned the late rumours that had reached them, and solemnly warned him of any attempts to injure Knox, "that man whom God had made the first planter and waterer of his church among them." It was sent from Ayr, and bore the signatures of Knox's father-in-law, Lord Ochiltree, the Earl of Glencairn, and eleven lesser barons.[1]

But Kirkaldy had more important duties to attend to than prosecuting a quarrel with a preacher. Unintimidated by the fulminations of kirk and state, he continued his warlike preparations with the utmost deliberation and success. He hoisted cannon to the summit of St Giles's lofty spire, which rises in the middle of the central hill on which the city stands, and commands a view of it in every direction. He placed the artillery on the stone

[1] Bannatyne.

bartizan beneath the flying arches of the imperial crown that surmounts the tower, and thus turned the cathedral into a garrison, to the great annoyance of Knox and the citizens. The latter were also compelled, at their own expense, to maintain the hundred harquebussiers of Captain Melville, who were billeted in the Castlehill Street, for the queen's service; and thus, amid preparations for war, closed the year 1570.

CHAPTER XXI.

KIRKALDY'S DEFIANCE—A MOCK FIGHT AND A REAL ONE.

By the influence of Elizabeth, the two months' truce was continued until the month of April in the succeeding year: neither of the factions, however, observed the armistice very strictly, and many minor fortresses were taken and recaptured on both sides.

In the mean time Kirkaldy, like a prudent soldier, was preparing for the storm which he foresaw was sure to burst when the armistice ended. While Morton was intriguing in England, and the regent was engaged in the west country, he secretly enlisted a number of new soldiers; upon which a royal proclamation was issued by sound of trumpet, on the 19th March, warning them all, under pain of treason, to abandon the standard of this desperate soldier, who prepared for a war against all Protestant Scotland, and England too, the regent's ally. Regardless of the mandate, the new levies were, by beat of drum, assembled on the Castlehill by Captain Melville, who formally arrayed, attested, and paid them, in the name of Queen Mary.[1]

On the 13th of April, the attention of the crowds who

[1] Calderwood.

in the forenoon promenaded the High Street and Luckenbooths was attracted by the following paper, which Kirkaldy desired a gentleman of his garrison to affix to the battlements of the ancient city cross: —

"To all and sundry nobles, barons, gentlemen, and other lieges throughout the realm of Scotland.

"I, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, Knight, captain of the castle of Edinburgh, make it manifest and declare, that *forsaemeikle as* Mathew earl of Lennox, having unlawfully intruded himself in the regency of this realm, hath lately caused publish sundry letters in divers burghs of the same, full of calumnious, injurious, and untrue reports of me, commanding and charging my friends, servants, and soldiers, levied for the preservation of the said castle, to leave and abandon my service, that he may the more easily surprise the castle, and thereby continue in his detestable tyranny. . . . . I have hazarded my life for Scotland when *he* was against it; and if any gentleman undefamed, of my quality and degree, of his faction and belonging to him, shall assert to the contrary that I am a true Scottishman, I will say that he speaketh untruelie, and lieth falsely in his throat; and I shall be ready to fight him on horseback or on foot, at time and place to be appointed according to the law of arms.—Proclaimed at the market-cross of Edinburgh, 13th April 1571."[1]

To this cartel, in which Lennox was taunted with his former malpractices and exile, no answer was returned, and the untouched gage of battle hung on the city cross till the wind blew it away.

[1] Bannatyne.

On the last day of the truce, the strong castle of Dunbarton was taken by surprise by a party under Captain Crawford of Jordanhill. Lord Fleming, by a boat, effected a narrow escape alone; his lady and soldiers were made prisoners, together with the Archbishop (Hamilton) of St Andrews, whom Lennox ruthlessly hanged over Stirling bridge.

Alarmed by the fall of this important fortress, Kirkaldy made every possible preparation for a long and desperate defence. He repaired the walls and towers of Edinburgh castle; mounted more cannon; every prominence that might have assisted an escalade to ascend the cliffs was carefully cut away, and the steep banks of the hill, under the guns of the Spur, were carefully scarped and smoothed for the same purpose. Mary, who kept up a secret intercourse with her supporters, sent him ten thousand crowns: his brother, Sir James Kirkaldy, who was governor of Blackness, had gone to France, where he disposed of certain valuable jewels of the queen, and bought for her service "some murrions, corslets, hagbuts, and wine, whilk were conveyit saiflie from Leyth by the horsemen and soldiers of the town."[1] Sir William Kirkaldy broke into the town-house, and carried off all the arms and armour of the citizens; he next seized all the victual laid up in the stores of the Leith merchants, and made strenuous exertions to endure a long blockade. His preparations were conducted upon a scale never before witnessed in Scotland; and he boasted of them in a long and rather clever ballad published at the time. (Note G.)

[1] James Sext, &c.

In disciplining the new levies, he had recourse to an expedient that is often adopted by more recent tacticians,—a *mock fight;* which is quaintly described by Calderwood and the gossiping journalists of the day.

In the afternoon of the 2d March, a party of his soldiers were marched from the castle, which they again approached at eight in the evening; and, having donned white English surcoats over their armour, "tuike upon them to scarmis in manner of ane assault." On approaching, they were challenged from the ramparts of the Spur.

"Who are ye that trouble the captain in the silence of night?"

"The army of the Queen of England," replied the mock assailants, with a discharge from their harquebusses. They were promptly answered by a blank volley from the walls; and while the firing continued, they bestowed on each other all the scurrility and taunts which the Scots and their southern neighbours used in battle as liberally as hard blows.

"Begone, ye lubbards! Away, *Bluecoat!*"

"I defy thee, *Whitecoat!*—dyrt upon your teith!—Hence knaves—to your mistress—her soldiers shall not come here—we lat you to wit that we have men, meat, and ordnance to last these seven years to cum." The cannon were then discharged, upon which the mock Englishmen took to flight after an hour's skirmish, which filled the peaceable portion of the citizens with wonder and dismay.

"I could expound, if I chose, the mystery of these cannon-shots," said Knox, who, with two other clergy-

men, had been listening with astonishment to the din and clamour; "yet this much will I say, *ante ruinam prœit fastus*, as sayeth Solomon,—before destruction goeth pride. I once saw as great bravadoers in the castle of St Andrews, and yet in a few days they were brought low enough."[1] But Kirkaldy's soldiers had soon enough of more serious encounters, as the civil war had now commenced in earnest.

Hearing of his great preparations, the regent became alarmed, and ordered Ramsay and Hume, two of his captains, to beat up for recruits. He furnished them with ample powers to impress those who would not volunteer for King James; and, to enforce these arbitrary measures, they were attended by two troops of a hundred and thirty lances.

On the sunny forenoon of a Sunday in May, these cavaliers, with their horsemen, rode from Dalkeith, and passed the capital by the deep ravine at the foot of Salisbury Craigs. They discharged several calivers in at the eastern gate, and, after killing and wounding many citizens, galloped to Leith untouched by the castle guns.

Kirkaldy resolved to avenge the insult; and, as they returned southward next day, ordered fifty pikemen, and a hundred and fifty harquebusses, with a body of armed citizens under the Earl of Huntly and Captain Cullayne, to intercept and attack them. These came up with them a mile distant from the city, near a ruined chapel of St John the Baptist, among the fields at the east end of the extensive Boroughmuir, and a brisk skirmish ensued amid the thatched cottages and green hedgerows of a little

[1] Bannatyne, &c.

hamlet called the Powburn. The king's squadron of lances fought gallantly, and drove back Kirkaldy's soldiers, who fought every rood of the way, until they were close to the blackened ruins of the House and Kirk of Field, the tall square tower and ivied buttresses of which formed then a prominent object to the southward of the city. Huntly and his band were driven headlong through the Potterrow Port, an arch between two bastel houses; and there a captain named Moffat had a spear driven through his body, as he was endeavouring to close the ponderous barrier on the victors.

On this, Kirkaldy ordered a fresh band to sally forth, and these compelled the king's troopers to retire as fast as they had advanced; but, on reaching the margin of the muir, once more they made a rally, and a desperate charge—horse by horse with their levelled spears—and freed themselves of the citizens, who retired in disorder, leaving their slain behind them.[1]

The Regent Lennox now issued a summons for the whole forces of the kingdom to assemble at Linlithgow, on the 19th of May, while Morton mustered a body of troops in and about his patrimonial castle of Dalkeith; but the little influence possessed by the former is shown by the small number who attended his standard.

On the arrival of the old Duke of Chatelherault, and his spirited son Lord Claud Hamilton, with three hundred horse and seventy harquebussiers, whom they marched up to the castle gate on the 4th May, Kirkaldy, and the lords his companions, held a solemn council in the great hall.[2] Overlooking the almost perpendicular cliff to the south,

[1] Hist. James Sext, &c.

[2] Bannatyne.

this spacious apartment exhibited features very different from those it possesses in the present day. A massive iron grate occupied the ample fire-place at one end; two great tables, and a dresser, or buffet, were its principal furniture, while a chamber opening off it contained the *amrie*. Now it is an hospital.[1]

Indefatigable in the cause of Mary, anxious by energy and courage to efface the memory of his former services against her, Kirkaldy still continued the most vigorous preparations. He loopholed the spacious vaults of the great cathedral, for the purpose of sweeping with musketry its steep churchyard to the south, the broad Lawnmarket to the west, and High Street to the eastward; while his cannon from the spire commanded the long line of street called the Canongate—even to the battlements of the palace porch. He seized the ports of the city, placed guards of his soldiers upon them, and retained the keys in his own hands. He ordered a rampart and ditch to be formed at the Butter Tron, for the additional defence of the castle; and another for the same purpose at the head of the West Bow, a steep and winding street of most picturesque aspect. His soldiers pillaged the house of the regent, whose movables and valuables they carried off; he broke into the Tolbooth and council chamber, drove forth the scribes and councillors, and finally deposed the whole bench of magistrates, installing in the civic chair the daring chief of Fernihirst, (who had now become the husband of his daughter Janet, a young girl barely sixteen;) while a council composed of his mosstrooping vassals, clad in their iron jacks, steel caps, cali-

[1] Invent. of Jewel-House.

vers, and two-handed whingers, officiated as bailies, in lieu of the douce, paunchy, and well-fed burgesses of the Craims and Luckenbooths.[1] Meanwhile, so great was the hatred of the queen's party against Knox—her most bitter and implacable enemy—that the situation of the preacher became very critical, after Kirkaldy received the Hamiltons into the city, and effected so great a change in the administration of civic affairs—a change which closed for ever the hearts of the citizens against their former favourite. So intense was the animosity of the Hamilton clan against the great Reformer, that his anxious friends watched his house in the night, and even proposed to form a guard for the defence of his person—a measure almost requisite in a city thronged with the half-desperate soldiers of a ruined cause, and the ferocious mosstroopers of the Border chieftains. Kirkaldy, actuated by a proper spirit of duty, instantly interdicted the formation of a guard, but offered to send his kinsman Captain Melville to conduct the venerable Knox to and from church. Feeling interest in his safety, notwithstanding their late quarrel, and influenced by the importunity of the citizens, as much as by the innate generosity so natural to a brave man, he applied to the Duke of Chatelherault, and the gentlemen of his house, for a written protection for Knox. But they refused to pledge even their words of honour for his safety; alleging as a reason that "there were many bold rascals among their retinue who loved him not, and might do him harm without their knowledge." Of that a serious instance occurred, when the Reformer narrowly escaped the fate

[1] Calderwood.

of martyrdom. The ball of a caliver being one night shot through his window, it lodged in the ceiling of the apartment he occupied.[1] Alarmed by this circumstance, the very day after the Hamiltons entered Edinburgh he retired to St Andrews; and, during his absence, many ridiculous stories, suited to the superstition of the time, were circulated concerning him—that he had gained the love of Margaret Stuart of Ochiltree by sorcery, and other reports which honest Richard Bannatyne records with ludicrous indignation. John Low, a carrier of letters to St Andrews, being in the "Castell of Edinburgh, the Ladie Home would neids threip in his face, that Johne Knox was banist the toune, because in his yard he had raisit some *sanctis*, amangis whome their came up the devill with hornes, which when his servant Richart saw he ran wud, and so deid."

By this time the brother of the secretary, John Maitland, had joined the queen's party. A loyal subject, and steady in his adherence to Mary, he was appointed lord privy-seal in 1567, on his father's resignation; but now, that office having been given to the celebrated Buchanan, and his commendatory of Coldingham to Home of Manderstone, and being sensible that the regent was his enemy, he retired into the castle of Edinburgh, where he was kindly received by the governor and Lady Grange.[2]

Four days after Knox's departure, the Earl of Morton and his troops, having formed a junction with those of the regent, encamped at Leith, and threw up a battery on the southern part of the Calton Hill, where a bluff black precipice, then called the Doo Craig, or Pigeons'

[1] Life of Knox. [2] Officers of State, fol., &c.

Rock, opposes itself to the city. This sconce they hoped would command the Canongate and protect their parliament, which, that its proceedings might be dated from the capital, sat around the cross of St John, in the middle of the street; while a strong force under Crawford of Jordanhill was drawn up between the place of meeting and the round towers of the Netherbowport, (the Temple Bar of the city,) to prevent any sudden sortie of the soldiers of Kirkaldy, who, to disturb this strange Assembly of the Estates, fired eighty-seven shot of the heaviest calibre from the eastern curtain. But the great strength and vast height of the intervening houses protected the lords from this cannonade, which otherwise would considerably have discomposed their proceedings.

Meanwhile the sconce on the Doo Craig continued to fire at the upper part of the city; but was answered by a platform of guns erected at Leith Wynd, where Boisin, a famous French corporal, and a soldier named Kirkaldy, were slain. The latter had often danced on St Giles's steeple, exposed to the harquebusses of the foe—for dancing on dangerous and exposed places was a favourite bravado of the martialists of those days, when aims were less deadly than now.[1]

King James's parliament sat on the 24th May, and three succeeding days. Sir William and Sir James Kirkaldy, Maitland of Lethington, his brother the commendator, Gavin abbot of Kilwinning, Chatelherault, and all the queen's adherents, were again solemnly declared to be forfeited rebels and traitors, after which the meeting broke up and retired. Immediately upon this, Kirkaldy

[1] Calderwood, (Woodrow Society Edit.)

sallied forth, burnt their place of assembly, and destroyed several houses belonging to them. On this occasion the ponderous Mons Meg was brought from the castle by the Earl of Huntly, who fenced her round with fascines and a gabionade, in the Blackfriars Yard; but so great were the exertions required for dragging her, that the operation is said to have cost "two or three poore men their lyves." Four-and-twenty of her enormous stone bullets (each three hundredweight) were on this occasion discharged in two hours and a half, against the mansion of a certain obnoxious kingsman, John Lawson, whose household must have been considerably disconcerted by such a cannonade![1]

"It is impossible," observes Tytler, "to conceive a more miserable spectacle than that presented at this moment by the Scottish capital: the country torn and desolated by the struggles of two exasperated factions, whose passions became every day more fierce and implacable, so that the very children fought under the name of king's and queen's men; the capital in a state of siege, whilst the wretched citizens, placed between the fires of the castle and the camp of the regent, were compelled to intermit their peaceful labours, and either to serve under the queen's banner, or to join Lennox and have their property confiscated." While the treacherous interposition of Elizabeth's ministry served but to make matters worse, "fanaticism added her horrors to the war; and the Reformed clergy, by a refusal to *pray* for the queen, inflamed the resentment of her friends, and gave an example of rancour to the people."

All business was at an end, and all confidence between men had ceased; the bells rang no more for public wor-

[1] Bannatyne's Journal.

ship—they tolled only the signal to arms; and the ceaseless din of the artillery thundered above the desolate capital from the dawn to the sunset of each long summer day. Skirmishes and conflicts ensued daily, even hourly; and the citizens soon learned, without emotion, to behold the dead and the dying borne through their guarded barriers.

One morning in May, Sir Thomas of Fernihirst, the interim provost, with the Lords Lochinvar and Herries, two hundred lances, and one hundred and twenty harquebussiers, marched out by the long straggling street of the West Port; and, passing the chapel of the Virgin, made a circuit round the castle, and engaged a band of the regent's soldiers near the loch at the ancient village of Canonmills. The castle batteries opened to cover their advance — the shot came booming over the waving corn-fields; several of the king's men were slain, and Sir Arthur of Myrrintoun was run through by a lance at Fernihirst's side.

It was a common bravado of the cavaliers of Lennox, to gallop their horses to and fro on a level park called Halkerston's croft, near the castle, firing their petronels and brandishing their weapons, while exclaiming,—

"Traytouris to God and man, come forth and break a spear!" A cannon-ball was the usual reward of this "pricking on the fields."

Once a party of glittering horsemen were seen caracoling their chargers near the old hamlet of Broughton, and waving handkerchiefs from the points of their brandished swords, as a defiance to the castle; Kirkaldy ordered a culverin to be discharged against them, and though fully a mile distant, *one* well-directed shot slew Henry Stuart lord Methven, and seven troopers.[1]

[1] Cald.; Bannat., &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

KIRKALDY HOLDS A PARLIAMENT—DRURY'S PEACE.

AMID these transactions, commissioners from the General Assembly of the church, then convened at Leith, repaired to the castle to arrange a pacification—a fruitless errand. Sir William Drury, the marshal of Berwick, who had been sent by Elizabeth on the same pretended mission, visited Kirkaldy, and afterwards the regent, with whom he had a conference, which, like all such interventions from the south, had only the effect of increasing the hatred, bloodshed, and activity on both sides.

The Laird of Grange now attacked his adversaries with other weapons than those of war. While the whole estates of the kingdom assembled at Stirling, to hold what he termed *the Black Parliament*, he resolved to convene one in the queen's name, in the garrison under his command. This desperate parliament met on the 12th of June, and he had the honour of opening it. Chatelherault, Huntly, Home, Hamilton the bishop of Athens, prior of Coldingham, and abbot of Kilwinning, with Sir Thomas Kerr of Fernihirst, and many other barons, assembled in the Tolbooth, and, under a salute of cannon, rode from thence in solemn procession to the castle, with the regalia before them.

The sword was borne by Alexander lord Home;
The sceptre, by George earl of Huntly;
The crown, by James duke of Chatelherault.[1]

Few as they were in number, Kirkaldy seemed to have inspired the members of this bold but petty parliament with something of his own daring and spirit; and they hesitated not to pronounce doom of treason and forfeiture against the Regent Lennox, and *two hundred* peers and barons of the opposite faction: they forbade any innovation to be made in the Presbyterian religion, declared the demission of Mary null and void, and ordained prayers to be said for her in the churches, and that all who omitted them should be debarred from preaching in future.

Immediately after this, in consequence of certain reports which reached him, Kirkaldy sent a gentleman with the following challenge to the castle of Dalkeith:—

"Whereas it has come to my ears that some wicked persons, from very malice bred in their ungodly breasts, have taken the liberty to utter the venom of their poisoned hearts to the prejudice of my honour, so far as lies in their slanderous tongues, having by letters and reports given to the people untrue tales of me, calling me a traitor and murderer, and special permitter of the slaughter of the Earl of Murray, our late regent of good memory. . . . .

"Always for defence of my honour, which I will maintain against all living men, this I say, without exception of any person, of whatsoever estate he be, that hath by writing, by speech, or otherwise, used such dis-

[1] Bannat.

honest language of me as that before specified, he has *dishonestlie, falselie, and mischievouslie lied in his throat!*

"WILLIAM KIRKALDIE.

"From Edinburgh castle, Monday, 12th June 1571."[1]

To this cartel he received an answer from Sir Alexander Stewart, son of the Laird of Garlies—a young knight of great bravery and spirit, and who was distinguished for his zeal in the cause of the Reformation. He gained his spurs when Darnley was created Earl of Ross by Mary.

"Forsomuch as thou, by a cartel lately sent forth, boastest to answer any, without exception of person, estate, or degree, and most likely that thou meanest but in words, saying they lie that rumour thee with treason. Albeit that this cartel is so proud, that it may seem to come of a breast full both of arrogance and treason, comparing thyself to the chief nobles of Scotland, not so much as excepting the royal blood,—*thou* being of so base a condition that thy father had but *eight oxgangs* of land; thy progenitors, for the most part, salt-makers, and that thou art so notable and notorious a traitor, that this action should be decided by *other* judges than by adventure of arms.

"Not the less, *I, Alexander Stewart of Garlies*, will offer myself to prove thy vile and filthy treason with my person against thine, as the law and custom of arms require—with protestation that it shall not be prejudicial to my honour or my blood (encountering) with such a *leat prentit* gentleman, manifestly known to have com-

[1] Bannat.

mitted, at sundry times, divers treasons, and taken out of the galleys to be given to the *gallows*. This cartel, for more security, I have subscribed with my own hand at Leith the 14th of June 1571.

"ALEXANDER STEWART of Garlies, younger."

Fired at the many taunts contained in this insolent defiance, Kirkaldy replied,—

"Thy vain boasting is unworthy of an answer, yet I affirm that therein thou falsely liest! my progenitors being always gentlemen of blood and arms, and have been in greater estimation with the princes and subjects of this realm than *thou* art able to attain to."

On the last day of June, an answer came from Stewart, arranging a meeting for single combat, "hand to hand, on horse or foot, armed with jack and spear, steel bonnet, habergeon, and plate-sleeves, sword and whinger, being the order of Scottish armour, on the Gallowlee, upon the west side of the highway, between Leith and Edinburgh, upon the third day of July next, by nine hours before noon."

This combat, however, never took place—but not from lack of spirit on either side. Urged by the strenuous advice of his friends, Kirkaldy, whose reputation placed his courage beyond suspicion, wisely evaded the meeting, knowing his life was of the utmost consequence to Mary's interest. He frankly told his adversary "that it was not deemed just that he should hazard the queen's cause in his person"—an excuse which Garlies accepted of.[1]

In the mean time, by the more numerous, splendid, and

[1] Douglas Peer.; Spotswood, &c.

solemn Assembly of the Estates at Stirling, Sir William Kirkaldy, and his companions in arms, had doom of treason fully recorded against them; and an embassy was despatched to Elizabeth for the purpose of establishing a more intimate alliance, and assuring her of a speedy triumph over the faction of Mary; while, at that very time, the daring Kirkaldy was forming a plan which nearly ended in the utter annihilation of the king's party, and by which Lennox lost his life and power together.

Short as it was, the regency of the earl was stained by many deeds of blood and oppression. Weak, impetuous, and rash, he was guided solely by the cruel and avaricious Morton, whose advice, together with an intense hostility to Mary's partisans—a sentiment excited by the memory of his son's sad fate—hurried him into numerous atrocities. Morton had secret reasons, which shall elsewhere be developed, for wishing to compass the speedy destruction of Sir William Kirkaldy and his brother—and more especially that of Maitland, his copartner in many a scheme of political iniquity. He brooded hourly over these hopes of vengeance, till they became almost necessary to his existence and his peace. At his instigation, Lennox, on becoming master of Brechin, put seventy-six of Mary's soldiers to death—men whose bravery, by the laws of war, honour, and humanity, fully entitled them to mercy.

Against Chatelherault, and all who bore his name, the rage of Lennox was boundless. This was particularly evinced by the cruel manner in which he hanged the duke's brother, the Archbishop of St Andrews, at Stirling. The ignominious death of this prelate inspired the loyal-

ists with rage, and none displayed a greater desire to avenge him than the Laird of Grange.

The celebrated Sir James Melville, whose valuable *Memoirs* throw much light on the intricate intrigues of those warlike times, recounts a *ruse de guerre* by which the regent's party attempted to cajole Kirkaldy into a surrender. Though the brothers of the memorialist were captains of companies in the garrison of their nephew, he remained neutral, and was often bearer of pacific messages between the adverse factions. Aware of this, Morton, with his usual cunning, prevailed on the council to order the Earl of Buchan to arrest Sir James Melville, and bring him from his own house of Halhill to the camp at Leith, which was forthwith done. He was then requested to write to his nephew, stating that his life was in the utmost hazard unless the castle was instantly surrendered. Melville refused, saying scornfully, "that the proposal was childish, and would not fail to exasperate against him both his brothers and nephews, who were wroth enough already that he too did not join the standard of Mary." Alarmed on learning the captivity and supposed danger of his kinsman, Kirkaldy secretly sent a woman with a note to him, stating that he would come at midnight and carry him off sword in hand; and that he had sent the female, as a messenger whom he deemed least liable to suspicion, to ascertain where and how he was kept. He ordered a boat to lie at the Craigs of Granton, then a lonely and deserted beach above Newhaven, where the old castle of Wardie reared its turreted walls on a mass of jutting rock, against which the stream dashes, and where in the days of James I., a great Italian

galley once perished in a storm. From thence, with a chosen band, he proposed to sail into Leith harbour the same night; but on receiving a billet from Melville, assuring him that he "was in no danger," the desperate enterprise was abandoned.

Soon afterwards, on learning that Captain Michael Wemyss, with his company of a hundred trained men-at-arms, had come over from the Danish wars to join the troops of Morton at Leith, Kirkaldy desired his brother Sir James, with Captain Cullayne, and one hundred and eighty soldiers, to intercept them in the river Forth. Cullayne gladly undertook this service, for he was the most implacable foe of Morton, who had seduced his wife. The earl, who had observed Sir James march his soldiers to the shore, after seeing them embark near Leith, ordered strong bands to remain in readiness to intercept them on their return—a curious piece of bad generalship; while the regent, with a body of horse, hovered on the opposite shore.

Sir James's pikemen and harquebussiers were in a small vessel which they had seized, and four boats accompanied them. In the middle of the river they came suddenly upon four large craft, containing the Danish veterans, led by their captain, whom Buchanan eulogises as a "noble, virtuous, and learned young man." A brisk contest ensued. Wemyss, having the lesser force, fought his way shoreward, while Cullayne and Kirkaldy followed him closely. Three of their soldiers were killed, and seven wounded by bullets and pikes; but one boat was taken with thirty prisoners, whom they presented to the governor of the castle, as a trophy of the sea engage-

ment. On landing, they would inevitably have been overpowered by Morton's bands; but these having been seen from the city, a few light horse were sent out by Grange's order, who drove them, at point of sword and lance, within the walls of Leith.[1]

Mortified by the issue of this affair, Morton resolved to draw the queen's adherents out of their strong and lofty city, to fight him in the open fields. He had, for some time previous, completely intercepted all their provisions, by posting a chain of piquets on all roads diverging from the capital to Leith, Newhaven, and elsewhere. These outposts daily brought to his camp abundance of provisions, and detained the market carts and farmers' horses. He compelled many of the peasantry to serve under his standard—a measure which, though it increased his force, diminished his popularity. Forty persons were once dragged from their agricultural labours, and turned into the ranks of this thorough feudal tyrant, who, on receiving a reinforcement from Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig, thought himself sufficiently strong to take the field.

Though he had for some time been suffering under an illness, on the 16th of June he arose from bed, buckled on his rich armour, and, escorted by a guard of cavalry, marched his whole available force to the Hawkhill, a rocky knoll covered with fine wood, and situated to the northward of an old castle, where then dwelt the subtle and ambitious Baron of Restalrig.

The eminence is lofty, and on one side the ground slopes away towards Leith, then a dense mass of fantastic

[1] Hist. of James Sext.

houses, which the eight ramparts of d'Essé, and the white pavilions of Morton's camp, engirdled, and above which rose the ancient spires of St Mary and St Anthony. On the other it descended towards the deep blue loch, which still lies, dark and waveless, beneath the rocks of the Logans' castle. To the westward of it lay the pretty village of Restalrig, with its gable-ended college and ivy-clad kirk, lying in a hollow, among enamelled meadows and waving copsewood.

Here, then, on the Hawkhill, within view of Edinburgh, Morton drew up his vassals in order of battle—a bravado which was soon answered by Mary's adherents, a strong body of whom, led by the Earl of Huntly, the Lords Claud Hamilton, Home, and Herries, issued forth from the Watergate with two field-pieces and displayed banners. Marching past the north end of the bare and grassy Calton Hill, they wound among some deep quarries, from which the most ancient houses of Edinburgh have been built, and drew up in line at four hundred paces distant from the Hawkhill. Their field-pieces were about to fire, when Sir William Drury, the English ambassador, (who had supped the last night with Morton,) whose treachery to both factions had been a hundred times experienced, galloped between the adverse lines, to propose an amicable adjustment, as being preferable to a deadly combat between countrymen, relatives, and friends. With all the apparent zeal of a peacemaker, he proposed terms to Huntly, which were so satisfactory that he at once accepted them. But an important point of honour had yet to be resolved,—which party should first march off the ground. One was a

proud Douglas, the other a haughty Gordon; both were obstinate and punctilious to excess—neither would be the first to move. Huntly insisted that Morton should retire first, the bravado having been his; but Morton replied only by retorts and fierce evasions. Sir William Drury, as the best mode of dealing with such intractable spirits, proposed that he should stand in the centre, and give to both the signal to retire at the same moment. To this arrangement Huntly assented; but Drury, with his usual duplicity, is said to have warned Morton how to act when the signal was given.

All eyes were bent on this English knight, who rode into the centre, paused for a moment, and then threw up his plumed hat. Huntly's followers instantly wheeled backwards, and began their march to the city; when lo! those of Morton, instead of moving towards Leith, bent forward their pikes and standards, and, with a shout of triumph, rushed down the hill on the unformed bands of Huntly.

"On—on! we shall soon see who keeps the field last!" exclaimed the fierce Morton, as, at the head of his horse-guard, he charged their right flank with headlong fury, driving their scattered troopers among the confused infantry, whose retreat instantly became a flight. Morton's foot closed up *en masse* to the strife, and the whole of Huntly's men were driven in towards the city, through the old village of Abbeyhill, past Mary of Guise's chateau, the old house of Croft-an-Righ, and a great and pitiless slaughter ensued among the thick hedges, gray walls, and summer orchards of these old suburbs. Horse, foot, and cannon—troopers, pikemen, and harquebussiers—plumed knights and tasselled standards,—all pushed

forward in tumultuous confusion to reach the old and low-browed arch of the Watergate; while the ferocious Morton, the fiery Drumlanrig, and the gigantic Laird of Drumqhasel, with their steel-clad troopers, hewed, and speared, and rode them down like a field of rye. The din of two-handed whingers and iron maces rang in the narrow street; many men were trod to death by the hoofs of the galloping horses; Gavin Hamilton, abbot of Kilwinning, and many gentlemen of distinction, were slain in the dense press around the city gate, the whole road to which was strewed with killed and wounded, steel helmets, matchlocks, broken spears, swords, daggers, and gauntlets. Lord Home was wounded, unhorsed, and taken prisoner, together with Captain James Cullayne, Ensign Alexander Boag, several gentlemen, and seventy-two soldiers, two standards, and two culverins.

The whole were brought in triumph to Leith by Morton, who had only to regret the death of his new officer, Captain Wemyss, and one soldier; while fifty of the queen's men lay dead on the narrow way to Edinburgh. The famous Captain Cullayne, who had distinguished himself so much in the army of Mary of Guise, was ingloriously captured in an old woman's meal-girnel, where he had taken shelter during the hurly-burly, and out of which he was dragged in full panoply, and carried to Leith, where he found himself utterly at the mercy of Morton—the lover of his wife.

This skirmish was named by both parties the fight of Black Saturday, or *Drury's Peace.*[1]

[1] Histories of Edin.; Hist. of James Sext; Bannatyne's Memorials; Calderwood, &c. &c.

Lord Home was sent to Morton's strong castle of Tantallon, but was afterwards exchanged, at the Gallowlee, for Sir William Douglas of Drumlanrig, who had been brought prisoner to Kirkaldy by Sir David Spens of Wormiston.

Kirkaldy was greatly exasperated when he heard the issue of this rencontre, which would have terminated so differently had he commanded there. Notwithstanding that the general voice of the people loudly accused Drury of planning the treachery with Morton, that subtle envoy, animated either by innocence or effrontery, entered the city a short time afterwards, to concert measures for a reconciliation. Huntly and other leaders of Mary's party were unwilling to quarrel with the representative of Elizabeth, who had the life and person of their unhappy queen exposed to her heartless rigour: they were thus compelled to refrain from expressing to the marshal of Berwick their suspicions and disgust of his conduct; but, on their being assembled in the southern hall of the castle, the indignation of Kirkaldy could no longer be smothered. Turning to the ambassador —

"Sir William Drury," said he sternly, "you have acted among us the part of a very bad man; and, but for the respect which my friends and I bear to the queen of England, whose servant you are, I would this instant lay you fast by the heels!"

Drury made many protestations that he was entirely innocent of the affair of Black Saturday, and threw the whole shame on the Earl of Morton, whom he asserted to be the sole contriver of the treachery; but his assertions were made to men who were little disposed to think

well of him; especially Kirkaldy, whose old feelings of amity to Englishmen were rapidly being replaced by those of hatred, for the intrigues and duplicity of their ministry. Drury, finding only dark looks around him, and that he had lost all credit with the loyalists, was glad to depart for Leith, covered with shame and surrounded by an escort of soldiers, sent by Kirkaldy to protect him from the fury of the incensed mob, who would infallibly have torn him to pieces.

As soon as the regent heard of the successful issue of the skirmish at Restalrig, he hastened to Leith, the fortifications of which he repaired and strengthened. Soon after this arrival, the proud and powerful Morton found that he was likely to be supplanted in the favour of the representative of royalty by another courtier, the Laird of Drumqhasel, whom a clear judgment in council and eloquence in debate had raised to the rank of an oracle among his ruder compatriots. The earl, jealous of his own influence, and revengeful to excess, though the laird's most intimate friend, entertained the most deadly hatred against him. He would willingly have challenged the supplanter to single combat; but the laird was a man of great strength and stature; and Morton, though a handsome man, was rather a little one, and had no wish to come within the sweep of Drumqhasel's broadsword. He therefore resorted to the same dastardly means he had fruitlessly employed against Kirkaldy during the regency of Murray—the poniard of the assassin. Two of his valets, wretches hardened in his service, and, like himself, "nussled in blood," were employed to watch the burly and unsuspecting Drumqhasel, with orders to

despatch him on the first opportunity. Secretly as Morton conducted the plot, and though he was no novice in such infamous affairs, it reached the ears of the regent, who had a great esteem for the laird, as a native of his patrimonial province the Lennox. Afraid to offend an ally so powerful as Morton, he took no farther notice of the intended assassination than by desiring the laird to be confined to his residence in Leith, where all those knights and soldiers were lodged for whom there were not pavilions in the camp without the walls.

The moment Morton learned this, he knew the regent's motive, and burst into a tempest of fury at what he chose to consider a *deadly affront;* then, ordering his train to horse, and his baggage to be packed, prepared to abandon Leith and the king's standard together. Alarmed at the probable loss of the most influential earl of the house of Douglas, the weak regent, affecting to be ignorant of his wrathful intentions, sent a servant to acquaint him that "he meant to dine with him that day."

"I am sorry that I cannot have the high honour of his lordship's company," replied the haughty earl; "my business is pressing, and obliges me to leave Leith without even bidding him adieu."

Lennox was equally irritated and alarmed on hearing of this flat refusal, and, starting from his chair, exclaimed,—

"Then, by the holy name of God, he shall eat his dinner with *me!*" and, repairing instantly to the house of Morton, brought about a reconciliation by making two very humbling concessions: First, by dismissing

Drumqhasel, who was banished from court, which he was not to approach within ten miles under a heavy penalty; second, the life of Captain James Cullayne, that Morton might have more peaceable possession of his wife. Mistress Cullayne, a woman of great beauty, filled with pity by the danger impending over her husband, and touched with remorse for her former inconstancy, had come to Leith to beg his life as a boon at the hands of Lennox and her seducer. But the latter, inflamed anew by her charms and tears, was inflexible; the regent was his tool, and the prayers and tears of the wretched wife were poured forth at their feet in vain. The poor captain, who had seen many a hot battle in the fields of the Dane and Swede, and in the wars of his native country, was ignominiously hanged on a gibbet, as a peace-offering to Morton's wickedness.[1] Kirkaldy was greatly enraged by the cruel fate of Cullayne; but his naturally merciful disposition prevented him from making reprisals.

One of Morton's numerous love-intrigues was soon destined to disturb the peace and blight the honour of his own family.

Two days after the fight of Restalrig, Monsieur le Verac and a gentleman named Chisholm arrived from France, with a considerable supply from Charles IX. for Kirkaldy and his friends, consisting of suits of armour, harquebusses, saltpetre, cannon-balls, and a sum of money. On the vessel which brought them arriving in the Forth, Chisholm landed secretly, and for safety gave the gold to the care of the Abbot of St Colm. The French ambassador and his

[1] Historie of James Sext.

papers having been seized by Lord Lindesay, a minute concerning the gold was discovered. Chisholm was tortured in the iron boot, confessed all, and joined the regent, by which the valuable supplies fell into the hands of the foe—but only for a time. Sir David Spens of Wormiston, being despatched with a band of soldiers, boarded the vessel, sword in hand, and, after pillaging a few articles of value, scuttled and sank her in the river, where probably her hull yet remains.[1]

In the mean time, as governor of the castle and provost of the city of Edinburgh, Kirkaldy issued a proclamation by sound of trumpet, enjoining all citizens, who were not disposed to adhere to the cause of his mistress, to abandon the town forthwith; upon which many of them retired to Leith with their families, furniture, and goods, and were received within the ramparts by Patrick Lindsay, governor of the seaport.[2]

[1] Historie of James Sext; Buchanan, &c. [2] Hollinshed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE EXPLOITS OF CAPTAIN MELVILLE.

In these our days of ease and opulence, it is impossible to conceive the wretched state to which the lowlanders of Scotland were brought by the wars of those fierce factions in every part of the country, but more especially around the capital. From the shores of the Forth to the shire of Peebles, from the ramparts of Stirling to the peak of Soutra, the fertile Lothians were one vast arena of daily war and bloodshed: the castles and strongholds of earl, lord, and laird were taken, garrisoned, and retaken; while the surrounding villages were sacked, the farm-steadings ruined, growing corn cut down, destroyed, or trod to mire by the cavalry—the churches demolished, the land laid waste, the war-cry and the cannon-shot ringing on every passing breeze. "You would have seen," records the venerable Archbishop Spottiswood, "fathers against their sons, sons against their fathers, brothers fighting against brothers, nigh kinsmen and others allied together, as enemies seeking one the destruction of another. Every man, as his affection led him, joined to one party or another. But the condition of Edinburgh was, of all parts of the country, the most distressed. They that were of quiet disposition and greatest substance were forced to

forsake their houses, which were rifled and abused, partly by the soldiers, and partly by necessitous people, who made profit of the present calamities."

During the month of July, Sir Archibald Napier, of Merchiston and Edenbillie, was involved in a quarrel with Mary's adherents, in consequence of which his relative Kirkaldy often interrupted the scientific avocations of his son, by cannonading the castle of Merchiston from his western batteries. On Friday, May 25th, the governor had sent Captain David Melville of Newmiln, with a party of twelve soldiers, to procure provisions, of which Morton's out-guards and piquets had rendered the city markets utterly destitute. These foragers went to the estate of Braid, near Edinburgh, and plundered the house of the miller, who chanced at the time to be supping with his master the laird, in conformity with the primitive fashions of those days, when the whole retinue of a proprietor shared the same board and meal. Perched on an eminence, the mansion of the laird overlooked a glen where the burn of Braid, winding among rocks and trees, passed the mill gable, and impelled the machinery; an alarm was soon sounded; the stout miller came hurriedly to the rescue of his meal sacks, but was made prisoner by the soldiers, who immediately approached the manor-house.

The residence of a gloomy reformer, the personal friend of Knox, and a decided foe to Mary, the ivy-clad house of Braid was situated among the hills of that name, which, though now nearly all under culture, were then in an arid state of nature, marked only by sheep tracks, covered with whins and broom, where the red fox and pole-cat peeped

forth from their holes in the gray rocks, and where the mountain burn of Braid struggled through fissures and gorges jagged with enormous boulders, and shaded by hawthorn trees, as it wound on its way to the German Ocean.

Thundering at the well-barred gate of the Place, the foragers peremptorily called upon Fairly the laird, "to come forth and surrender to Captain Melville, or they would burn the house about his lugs!"[1]

Enraged by this defiance, and the maltreatment of his domestic, the stern old laird, without putting on armour, seized his two-handed broadsword, rushed forth at the head of his armed serving-men, and, escaping a volley from twelve harquebusses *a croc*, charged the soldiers with great bravery. A combat ensued; one soldier was hewn down by the laird, another was shot by the three balls of a comrade's piece, and, confused by this last circumstance, the party began to retire. Fairly pressed forward at the head of his vassals, and the foragers were driven down the hills, across the Boroughmuir, and even to the walls of the city. Intent on severely punishing Fairly and his men by fire and sword, Melville sallied forth at the head of an increased force, but was stopped by the Baron of Merchiston, his uncle, Melville being one of the six sons of the famous Sir John Melville of Raith and his lady, Helen Napier of Merchiston.[2] Perceiving the march of the soldiers, Napier hurried forth from his castle which stands on the verge of the Boroughmuir, and informed his kinsman that Morton's vassals from Dalkeith were advancing to Fairly's support; upon which the captain again retired

[1] Bannatyne. [2] Douglas Peerage.

to the city. But this warning proving to be a false ruse, Kirkaldy, on the 18th July, sent the Laird of Minto to the tower of Merchiston, and had his relative its proprietor brought a close prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh, where he sometimes entertained him with the unpleasant pastime of cannonading his mansion, which is about a gun-shot distant from the fortress, and a short time afterwards became occupied by a king's garrison.

The day after the skirmish at Braid saw Captain Melville's military career brought to a painful close.

The formidable Earl of Morton being at his castle of Dalkeith, six miles from Edinburgh, attended by a small body of horse and foot as a guard, Kirkaldy and the lords deemed it a favourable opportunity to capture him. Accordingly, led by Captain Melville and others, two hundred and twenty harquebussiers, a hundred lances on horseback, and a few archers, with two brass falcons, or field-pieces, marched southward from the city, with the intention of taking Morton and laying waste his property.[1]

Situated among the most romantic scenery, the town of Dalkeith stands on a lofty hill between the North and South Esks, which struggle through two deep and winding dells, covered with the richest copsewood, and jagged here and there by chasmed cliffs of impending rocks. In those days Dalkeith was merely a village, and exhibited only the ancient collegiate church with its buttressed walls and tall square tower, a series of gable-ended fantastic old houses, and a few muddy lanes of thatched cottages diverging from the main street, which occupied the ridge of the wooded peninsula, and termi-

[1] Hist. James Sext.

nated at the ditch and drawbridge of Morton's dreaded castle—the Lion's Den. The fortress served as the citadel of the village, the church of which was its chapel, as its inhabitants were the earl's born vassals, and the garrison of his castle in time of need.

On the site of the present ducal residence, built on a bank overhanging the steep dells of the North Esk, and overlooking a landscape beautifully deversified by wood and water, height and hollow—where the antlered stag reposed on the purple heath, in the grassy lawn, or under the oaken glade—the great old castle of the Graemes, in whose halls Froissart, the historian of chivalry, had been so royally feasted by the warriors who fought at *Otterburn*, reared up its machicolated ramparts above those groves of dark ancestral oak, which have yet survived it. From the part it plays in history, and the fragments of it yet remaining, it must have been a place of great strength and importance; and popular tradition still avers that the vast treasures of the ungodly Morton lie hidden in its unknown vaults and secret chambers.

Gray dawn was breaking when the little band of Mary's soldiers was seen winding down the abrupt and rocky hill of Lugton on the opposite side of the Esk, where the flash of armour and weapons announced to the denizens of Dalkeith the vicinity of an enemy. "Arm—arm!" was the cry, and Morton's vassals rushed to their muster-place. The earl, and his friend the young Laird of Kirkmichael, assembled with astonishing speed two hundred foot and sixty mailed troopers—the whole of their available force—and, sallying from the Lion's Den,

descended the steep vale of the Esk, forded the rocky stream, and boldly ascended the opposite hill; while, favoured by the inequality of the ground, a skirmish was maintained between the archers on each side.[1]

During the silent and well-ordered march from the city, Melville's soldiers had been exposed to the keen wind and drenching rain of a tempestuous morning: their armour was no protection to their underclothing, which became soaked with water and impeded their motions; while the harquebusses of the foot and the petronels of the horse were quite unserviceable, by their matches having become wetted: they were therefore at the utmost disadvantage when opposed to Morton's fresh men, who, making a detour, gained the summit of the hill over which the roadway winds. Upon this being effected, Captain Melville, who was unable to fire a shot, repassed Lugton, a house and barony then belonging to Sir Patrick Crichton, and fell back upon the muir of Sheriffhall, then a bare and desolate common, tufted with whin-bushes, dotted with grazing sheep, and marked by round tumuli—the burial mounds of the dead of other years.

Rising above the distant Lammermuirs, the morning sun shone brightly on the uplifted lances of Morton's band, which instantly rushed to the charge. A severe shock and brisk conflict ensued, and Mary's soldiers were borne back; though the young Kirkmichael, Robert Hepburn, and Andrew Halyburton, three gentlemen of the earl's train, were unhorsed and slain by his side, with several of their men. Morton, though brave, as were all

[1] Buchanan.

his race, possessed none of those qualities so essential in a leader, and neglected to follow up his first onset with sufficient ardour, and so mismanaged the pursuit that fifty of his infantry were taken prisoners, while he captured but two, a captain and a pikeman. Had the morning rain not destroyed the matches of the fire-arms, the encounter would have been more bloody; but, maintaining a skirmish with their archers, and driving their prisoners before them, the band of loyalists continued retreating for three miles, until they descended the long brae of Edmonston, had dragged their cannon through the pebbled bed of a mountain burn, passed Petite France —a hamlet built a few years before for the servants of Mary's French retinue—and had gained the summit of the hill on which the fine old castle of Craigmillar rears up its time-worn keep, above dark thickets of Scottish firs, and the mossy trees of its ancient orchard. Here they rallied and wheeled round their brass falcons, to cannonade Morton's men as they marched down the opposite slope; but an accident ensued which is very illustrative of the bad gunnery of the day.

When the rally was made, in the hurry of the moment Captain Melville, with his own hands, distributed powder to the cannoneers. Cartridges do not appear to have been in use, for this party carried their ammunition loose in a barrel strapped to the back of a sumpter-horse; and as the cannoneers crowded round Melville, a spark from one of their lighted gun-matches fell among the powder. It exploded, dreadfully scorching the captain and sixteen of the artillerymen. Melville's corslet of proof failed to save him; he was fairly carried through

the air, and fell several yards off. Dismayed by this circumstance, the party again retreated in disorder; and, from the explosion, the soldiers named the skirmish "the Lunt-fecht." Encumbered by prisoners, and carrying their captain and scorched comrades, they could offer but slight resistance to Morton's mounted harquebussiers, who came up with them at a little hamlet called the Lady-brig-end,[1] on the other side of Craigmillar hill, where stood a chapel built by James V., now desecrated into a stable; and near it was the old deserted hunting-lodge of the same gay monarch, past which the burn of Braid gurgles through sedges and gorse towards the old baronial house of Peffermilne. At this little bridge Morton's triumphant vassals charged the fugitives; many were speared and shot on both sides, and a running fight was maintained for a mile, between that place and the gibbet near the old farm of St Giles's Grange.

All the scorched sufferers died miserably in succession. On Wednesday the 6th June, Captain Melville expired in the castle of Edinburgh, in great agony. By his nephew Kirkaldy he was interred with every military solemnity—probably in the grave-yard of St Giles. His comrades, Chatelherault and all the nobles of Mary's party, attended the funeral; after which his company were assembled in the tower of the Spur, where Kirkaldy made them an enthusiastic oration on the merits of that leader, whose loss they all lamented.

"Now, sirs," concluded Kirkaldy, animated by characteristic generosity, "I will myself be your captain, and in old age none of ye shall want while I have a

[1] Bannatyne.

foot of heritage in Scotland. Be true to your sovereign, and to me, in defending this castle, should our ancient enemies of England assault it. My intention is to defend it unto the death, therefore unto me be ye leal and true!"[1]

In one of the innumerable encounters which took place around Edinburgh, called "the Long Fight of the Gallowlee," twenty-five of Morton's men-at-arms were slain: Crawford of Jordanhill, who led them, was repulsed; James Haliburton, colonel of infantry, (the first perhaps who bore the rank in Scotland,) and fifty-one of his men, were captured, and brought to Kirkaldy's garrison. Remembering the cruel fate of Cullayne, in the first transport of anger he ordered a high gibbet to be set up on the Castlehill, in view of the camp before the walls of Leith, for the purpose of showing the foe how terribly he meant to avenge the extra-judicial murder of his comrade. But the gentle nature of Kirkaldy—which as much as his bravery caused him to be esteemed, both by Scot and Southron, as "a mirror of chivalry"—was averse to that savage system of reprisal which was left for Morton's sterner soul to introduce. Moved by the entreaties of the prisoners, and the remonstrances of the officers who took them, he immediately relented; their lives were spared, and the gibbet destroyed.

Some time prior to these events he received a considerable sum in gold, which was sent by the Duke of Alva in the name of Philip II., and was brought to the castle of Edinburgh by Monsieur Sorvie, a Frenchman, who had artfully concealed the pieces in a *freare* of figs.

[1] Bannatyne.

During these warlike operations the numerously attended parliament by which Kirkaldy and his companions in arms were outlawed, was still sitting at Stirling. The regent was present, and Morton had to attend for the purpose of assisting their deliberations, while his troops at Leith were left under the command of Patrick Lindsay, and Captain Crawford of Jordanhill, the hero of Dumbarton, and most able officer of the king's faction.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LORDS OF THE BLACK PARLIAMENT.

THOROUGHLY accomplished in those sciences and stratagems which form the basis of the whole art of war, Sir William Kirkaldy appears to have possessed in an eminent degree that which is termed a military mind—one, says an enthusiastic writer, which must possess "that grasp of thought which seizes almost every thing as if by intuition—which thinks, decides, and acts in the same moment—which is not only cool and collected, but is roused and excited by every danger." This temperament, and many other estimable qualities of head and heart, must be united to form the character of a great military leader, and these essentially imparted to Kirkaldy that lofty bearing which distinguished him during his troubled career.

As a leader, his talents were strikingly displayed by the manner in which he planned the Raid of the Black Parliament—a measure which in one night so nearly destroyed the whole of the king's powerful faction, and restored to Mary that crown which so illegally had been torn from her brow. The talent, secrecy, and prudence which this able warrior evinced, were like the usual sagacity and skill which caused him "to be esteemed among

the most eminent captains of the age," and proved him to be (in the emphatic words of the Constable de Montmorencie) "*le premier soldat de l'Europe.*"[1]

On learning the insecurity with which the regent, his friends, and two thousand of their followers, were quartered in Stirling, Kirkaldy, animated equally by a desire to avenge the Archbishop of St Andrews, whom they had so ignominiously hanged, and by the hope of capturing the whole of that *Black Parliament* which had proscribed him as a traitor, resolved by one bold and decisive blow to break its power for ever, restore Mary to her throne, and end a civil war which he abhorred.[2]

"The Laird of Grange took great displeasure to see Scotsmen so furiously bent against each other, set on by the practices of England, and the extreme avarice of some particular men, who for their own selfish designs intended to augment their estates and raise their own fortunes upon the ruin of their neighbours."[3]

After a consultation with his son-in-law, the knight of Fernihirst, and Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, "a man of rare qualities, wise, true, stout, and modest, who loved Grange better than any of his own kindred," and the leading characteristic of whose life was an intense animosity to England, a march to Stirling was resolved upon. Kirkaldy ordered three hundred chosen horse and one hundred foot on the service, the former to carry the latter behind them on their cruppers: this was a favourite tactic of his, and one which the French imperial generals revived in later times, by the introduction of voltigeurs.

Led by Buccleuch, Fernihirst, George earl of Huntly,

[1] Life of Mary queen of Scots. [2] Robertson. [3] Melville.

Claud Hamilton lord of Paisley, and Sir David Spens of Wormiston, (whom Buchanan describes as an accomplished young captain of horse, inferior to none of his age in Scotland,) the detachment, after supping, and feeding their horses, set forth on the night of the 3d September. Kirkaldy intended to have led them in person, and afterwards deeply regretted that he did not; but as the expedition was deemed a most desperate and forlorn one, being the leader and master spirit of Mary's faction, to whom his talents and example were of inestimable value, and being governor of the first fortress in Scotland, it was not thought advisable to risk his life in the intended raid.

"Our only comfort, under God, consists in your preservation!" said Chatelherault and the lords. "He, on the other hand, alleged his presence would be necessary, for he was acquaint with difficult enterprises, and feared they would not follow rightly or carefully his directions. But they engaged to follow them strictly, and would not suffer him to ride with them." Therefore, after giving Sir David Spens some particular injunctions concerning the safety of the Regent Lennox, he saw them move off, and remained in the castle anxiously awaiting the issue of the expedition.

There was not one of the leaders but had some biting personal or family injury to avenge. Huntly had the fate of his kinsman Cullayne, and "stern Claud" of Paisley the fate of the archbishop, his uncle; lately three hundred troopers of Lennox had plundered his father's ducal palace of the whole of its valuables and furniture, which were publicly sold at the cross of Linlithgow—and these and other

memories he treasured up in a haughty and resentful heart, that longed to see the blood of Lennox stream upon his sword.

Preceded by an advanced guard of horse, sent forward by Kirkaldy to secure the strait at the Queensferry, to scour the roads, arrest all passengers, and prevent any communication with Stirling, the little band, in the dusky September evening, rode from Edinburgh by the dark Cowgate Port, and ascended the hill, passing the deserted hospital of the Templars, and ruined chapel of St Mary of Placentia. A hundred mosstroopers had each a harquebussier behind him; and being all in their armour, to deceive inquiring citizens as to their real destination, they gave forth that they were *en route* for Jedburgh, to quell a feud between its inhabitants and Kerr of Fernihirst; and, to mislead those spies who might follow, they marched southward a few miles on the Peebles road.

The arid hills of Braid soon rose between them and the city; night closed over the scenery, and, favoured by its shadow, they wheeled to the westward. On reaching Liberton, a little hamlet overlooked by a baronial tower and the taper spire of an ancient church, and passing the lonely peel-house, they descended into the glen of Braid, skirted the dreary Boroughmuir, and passing the desolate swamps, the loch and castle of Corstorphine, they pushed on the way to Stirling. George Bell, ensign of Captain Hamilton's band, a native of the place, and consequently well acquainted with all the avenues, alleys, and wynds of that steep and gloomy town, rode with them to guide their movements when within its walls.[1]

[1] Bannatyne.

Strong, active, and brave to excess, there was no earthly enterprise the gallant mosstroopers would not have undertaken cheerfully; no encounter could be too deadly, no adventure too desperate, for them to engage in. Accustomed to incessant war in all its darkest features, they saddled their steeds and donned their light armour at a moment's notice; at the blaze of a single beacon, in some parts of Scotland, ten thousand spears were grasped, and as many men were in their stirrups. Each trooper carried his own provisions, so that they were at all times independent of pillage and forage. Their horses were small, but strong and fleet, and the steed of the wild Arabian warrior was not better trained. The long Scottish lance, the two-handed sword, the Jeddart axe, and long iron petronels were their weapons; their armour a light helmet, surmounted by a green sprig of the shrub that formed the badge of their clan; and all wore gorgets, plate-sleeves, and jacks stitched closely over with small pieces of jointed iron, impenetrable as the shell of an alligator.

Encumbered as these mosstroopers were by the heavily-mailed harquebussiers, with their unwieldy fire-arms, hook-rests, long swords, and daggers, the night-march of thirty miles, over rugged roads, occupied an unusual time, and dawn was breaking when they drew up near the lofty walls of old gray Stirling—a town which rises amid a fertile country, and occupies the sloping ridge of a high hill, terminated by a precipitous rock crowned by a beautiful castle of the most varied outline, and of equal strength and antiquity—the Windsor and Versailles of Scotland's better days. A brief consultation was held; and Lord Claud Hamilton, who had solemnly vowed

himself to vengeance, urged the propriety of slaying the *whole* of the king's parliament. With all the eloquence that family and political animosity could inspire, the fierce young lord advocated this cruel measure; but it was resolved to obey strictly Kirkaldy's injunctions, by bringing off as many prisoners as possible.

In those days Stirling was surrounded by a strong fortified wall, which extended from the steep rocks of its stately castle to the eastern port, where a formidable arch of ponderous masonry sprung from columns of basaltic rock twenty feet in diameter. A jagged portcullis and solid gates closed the path by night, and their state keys, of solid silver, are yet preserved in the town-house. Within were vaulted chambers for the guards, whose watchfulness denied all ingress that way; and from thence the blue and winding waters of the Forth protected the city's northern side, while an arched tower and closed gate denied all access likewise by the bridge.[1] Leaving a number of their horses under a guard, in a secret place a mile distant from the town, the Borderers advanced with silence and caution towards the walls, and guided by Ensign Bell, and another officer named Calder, effected an entrance by a private passage; and no sooner were they past the walls than the fierce Kerrs, and Scotts, and Hamiltons, burning to avenge the quarrels of their chiefs, poured like a torrent through the narrow closes and dark wynds, from which they debouched upon the main street of the sleeping burgh.

"A Hamilton! a Hamilton!" "God and the queen!" "Remember the Archbishop of St Andrews!" were the

[1] Hist. of Stirling.

slogans by which they animated each other, and struck terror into the hearts of the waking burghers, who, by the gray light of the autumn morning, found their streets thronged by mosstroopers in their iron jacks and dinted morions; while Captain Halkerston, with a troop of lances, took post at the city cross to prevent private dwellings being plundered — a duty he failed to execute.[1] Meanwhile Captain Calder and Ensign Bell, who perfectly knew the houses (or lodgings, as the Scots termed them) of every person of distinction, acting as guides, assigned to the numerous detached parties their several posts. The houses were burst open — doors dashed in; and the town echoed with shrieks and outcries, mingled with the cri-de-guerre of "*A Hamilton* — think on the archbishop!" and, in an incredibly short space of time, Mathew of Lennox the regent, the Earls of Argyle, Eglinton, Glencairn, Montrose, and Buchan, the Lords Sempill, Ochiltree, and Cathcart, all leaders of the obnoxious *Black Parliament*, were dragged from their beds, and, undressed, or in disordered attire, were hurried down the steep and broad High Street of Stirling, where they were bound with cords, and roughly mounted behind a body of troopers, whose stout and active steeds had been set apart for that particular purpose. Lennox had attempted to defend his residence; but the wily mosstroopers cried aloud that they "had placed powder in the vaults, as in the *Kirk-o'-Field!*" upon which he immediately surrendered.

The annals of war do not exhibit a better executed or a bolder exploit. Thanks to their bravery and Kirk-

[1] Melville.

aldy's orders, the cause of Mary seemed triumphant—but for a time only. While the wild troopers of the Liddel, and the spearmen of Teviotdale were emptying the stables and byres, breaking open the booths of the merchants, pillaging and destroying the goods of the terrified burghers, the furious Morton, like a roused lion, buckled on his armour, barricaded his house, which stands at the foot of the Broad Street, and animated his faithful servants to defend it by shooting with bows and fire-arms through the well-grated windows. They stood siege with resolute bravery—many were slain. The time was precious, for now the echoing city rang with platoons of musketry and the deeper boom of culverins. The stout old Earl of Mar, sallying from the castle at the head of forty soldiers—probably the veteran band of Mary of Lorraine—and two pieces of cannon, took possession of an unfinished edifice, called Mar's Work, and from thence fired upon the market-place with a rapidity and precision that soon cleared it of Mary's disorderly troops, who gave way on all sides. His soldiers now relinquished their harquebusses for sharper weapons, and, filing out by a doorway, he led them, sword in hand, against the Borderers, who fled, leaving the street strewn with killed and wounded.[1]

Morton still defended his house, though it was fired by the assailants; and amid the flames and smoke of his burning chambers, surrounded by the flashing matchlocks of the Hamiltons, and the sharp lances of Liddesdale, he continued to fight with the most obstinate valour, until human endurance could no longer withstand the

[1] Life of James I.

heat of the conflagration and the smoke it caused: he was forced forth, and surrendered his sword to the Laird of Buccleuch, the husband of his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas of Angus.

Now the citizens had taken arms, and, sallying out in bands, attacked the Borderers as they recoiled before the Earl of Mar; while Argyle, Morton, Ochiltree, and others, snatched up the weapons of the slain, whose bodies strewed the blood-stained pavement, and, raising the cry of "A Darnley! a Darnley,—God and the king!" assailed the followers of Huntly and Buccleuch. But Captain Calder, whom this sudden change in the fortune of the raid had rendered perfectly furious, rushed about with his sword to slay Lennox, whom Sir David Spens had made prisoner, and around them a fierce conflict was maintained with sword and dagger. Lord Claud Hamilton urged him to the deed; and, animated by excitement, personal hatred, and innate ferocity, exclaimed incessantly, during the melée,—

"Where is Lennox? where is Lennox?"

"Down the gait yonder," answered Bell.

"Gar slay him!" replied the fierce Claud to Calder. "Shoot the regent,—think on the Archbishop of St Andrews!" Thus urged, the captain rushed upon Lennox, (who was seated upon the crupper of Buccleuch's war-horse,) and shot him through the back with a dag or petronel. The brave knight of Wormiston, who saw his fell intention, nobly threw himself before Lennox, and received the shot first in his own body. He remembered the particular orders of Kirkaldy to protect the regent from the Hamiltons, and in that

perilous hour the generous soldier was faithful to his trust.

"I am killed—I am killed!" exclaimed Lennox, as he fell from behind Buccleuch; and in the confusion Morton and others rushed upon the young Sir David Spens, and absolutely hewed him to pieces with their swords, regardless of the almost breathless entreaties of the bleeding earl, who vainly implored them, "to spare one who had risked life in his defence!"

This terrible scene occurred at a little distance from the southern gate of Stirling, and a cairn of stones which marked the spot, remained there until 1758.[1]

Assailed on all hands by the citizens and the numerous followers of the nobles, and disheartened by the sudden escape of their prisoners, the loyalists were compelled to sound a speedy retreat, leaving nine killed and many wounded, but only sixteen prisoners, among whom were Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, Captain Calder, and Ensign Bell. Huntly, Fernihirst and their followers, rushed in great confusion towards a gate called the Nether Port, treading down the foot in their hurry to escape; and so closely were they pursued, that not one of them would ever have returned to Edinburgh, but for the tact and rapacity of the mosstroopers, who secured and carried off with them every horse within the walls of Stirling. With these they mounted their harquebussiers, and the whole escaped beyond the reach of danger. Thirty-eight of the king's party lay dead in the streets, and an immense number were wounded. Young Alexander Stewart of Garlies and Sir George Ruthven were slain at the Nether

[1] Nimmo's Hist. of Stirlingshire.

Gate. Sir Walter Scott surrendered to Morton, who called aloud to him,—

"Buccleuch, I will save you, as before you saved me," and receiving his sword protected him; but Captain Calder was broken alive on the wheel, and the unhappy standard-bearer was hanged at the cross, after enduring the most horrible tortures that the cruelty of the time rendered legal.[1]

The unfortunate father of Darnley was able to keep his seat on horseback until he reached the gate of Stirling castle. On ascertaining that his wound was mortal, he prepared for death with the utmost fortitude, and after inquiring for the infant king, his grandson, summoned the excited nobles, fresh and breathless from the recent conflict, around his bedside. There, after recommending their little sovereign to their affection and care, he reminded them that he had faithfully discharged his high trust as regent of the realm—that he had sealed his services with his blood, and now, in his last hour, hoped that his successor would be a noble fearing God, and loving his country.

"I recommend to your favour my familiar servants," said he, while pressing the hand of the venerable Earl of Mar, "and desire you to give my love to my wife Meg, whom I pray God to comfort!" He expired on the evening of the 4th of September, the day after receiving his death-wound. His countess, (the mother of the unhappy Darnley,) whom he thus designated, was the daughter of Archibald earl of Angus, and Queen Mar-

[1] Scott, Hist.; Spottiswood; Hist. of the Royal Family; Balfour; Cald., &c.

garet, dowager of James IV., and sister of Henry VIII. of England.

He was interred, with little solemnity, in the chapel of Stirling castle.[1]

Such was the termination of the famous Raid of the Black Parliament—which would, no doubt, have had a very different issue had Kirkaldy commanded in lieu of Huntly or Lord Hamilton.

He had anxiously awaited the result of the daring expedition his skill had planned, and was overwhelmed with astonishment, rage, and mortification on learning their defeat, the death of Lennox and of Wormiston, the loss of Bell and Calder, the captivity of his friend Buccleuch. The survivors of the raid, as they arrived, wearied, exhausted, and dispirited, at the castle of Edinburgh, were most unwelcome guests to him. It was commonly said of him, that "never an enterprise he devised misgave, when he was present himself." He felt conscience-struck for not having led in person; and he who "used to be meek and gentle, could not now command himself, but burst out in harsh language, calling them disorderly beasts!" He sincerely deplored the death of Lennox, whom he knew to have been a lover of peace, and to have been spurred on to deeds of blood and atrocity by the fierce counsels of Morton alone. Bitterly and unavailingly he regretted that he did not command the raid, knowing well that then it must have terminated in the entire ruin of the king's party, the restoration of the queen-mother, and the accomplishment of the great object of the expedition—the capture of the *whole* Scot-

[1] Nimmo.

tish nobility, who, on being brought to the castle of Edinburgh, would have been peaceably compelled to end the war by an agreement.

Now such hopes were fled, and for ever!

The blood of the greatest man in Scotland had dyed the streets of Stirling, and the animosity on both sides was increased tenfold.

It appeared to be not generally known who slew the regent, for Grange, addressing the Lords Huntly, Hamilton, and their followers, said sternly,—

"If I knew who had committed that foul deed, the death of Lennox, or *even he* who directed it to be done, with my own right hand would I revenge it!"[1]

Lord Claud of Paisley did not deem it advisable to acknowledge what Kirkaldy no doubt suspected—his direct agency in the matter.

Though lamenting the death of Lennox, with the compassion so natural to a brave and generous mind, he could not refrain from expressions of admiration at the dashing courage of his soldiers. The following appears in a letter dated 13th September, and now preserved in the State-paper Office:—

"In their time of parliament, when all their lords, being twenty earl and lords spiritual and temporal, were convened in their principal strength, wherein were above two thousand men, three hundred of *ours* entered among them, and were masters of the town at least for the space of three hours—might have slain the whole noblemen, if they had pleased—and retired themselves, in the end, with a rich booty and without any harm."[2]

[1] Melville. [2] Tytler.

CHAPTER XXV.

BLOCKADE OF THE CAPITAL—THE CRABSTANE.

THE death of Lennox, by causing the sudden elevation of John earl of Mar to the regency, was productive of still greater evils to Kirkaldy, and the desperate cause he so nobly battled for. So many of the nobles being present at Stirling on the day subsequent to the regent's death, they unanimously chose Mar, in place of Morton, by a majority of votes—his merit in rescuing them from Kirkaldy's troopers contributing not a little to his successful elevation. He was a man of much greater talent than Lennox, and in greater favour with those evil genii of Scotland—the ministry of Elizabeth. Amid the fierce dissensions which rent his native country, he had long been distinguished by a high character for moderation, disinterestedness, and honour, which, in the *rapacious* and profligate times succeeding the Reformation, were no common qualities. Though Kirkaldy's position was strong, his military resources far from exhausted, and his soldiers brave and as fearless as himself, the Regent Mar was doomed in the end to prove almost too strong for him.

Resolving to prosecute the war with vigour, he took nine pieces of heavy ordnance from the castle of Stirling, and sent them by water to Edinburgh, which he

invested at the head of four thousand of his vassals and adherents, for the purpose of hemming Kirkaldy's little garrison within the walls of the fortress, and the troops of the lords within those of the city. On the 8th of October, his pioneers began to form trenches at the West Port and Canongate; a battery was raised at a suburb of the town called the Pleasance; and after a failure to beat down the Netherbow Port, the nine pieces of cannon opened a fire against a platform of guns erected by Kirkaldy on the stone bartizan of a mansion belonging to Adam Fullarton, a citizen.[1] During these operations, Captains Cais and Briscole, two English officers, were sent by Elizabeth's ministers to advise Kirkaldy to surrender, and presented him and Lethington with the following *declaration*:—

"Whereas you desire to know the Queen's Majesty's pleasure what she will do for the appeasing of these controversies, and therewith offered yourselves to be at her commandment, touching the common tranquillity of the whole isle, and the amity of both nations; her pleasure in this behalf is, that ye should leave off the maintenance of this civil discord, and give your obedience to the king, whom she will maintain to the uttermost of her power. And, in doing this, she will deal with the regent and king's party to receive you into favour for security of life and livings.

"Also, she says that the Queen of Scots, for that she hath practised with the pope and other princes, and also with her own subjects in England, great and dangerous treasons against the state of her own country, and also

[1] Hist. James Sext.

to the destruction of her own person, that *she shall never bear authority nor have liberty while she lives.*

"If ye refuse these gentle offers, now offered unto ye, she will presently *aid* the king's party with men, ammunition, and all necessary things to be had against you. Whereupon, her Majesty requires your answer with speed," &c.[1]

Aware of his own talent and skill, and having the utmost confidence in them—undismayed by the threats of the vicious Elizabeth, and possessing that romantic turn for enterprise and brilliant adventure, which ever marked him as the best knight of the last days of chivalry—he rejected with scorn the letters of the envoys, and briefly dismissed them, resolving to trust to fate and the fortune of war.

Perils were thickening fast around him; but Lady Grange still remained by his side, though apprehension for what was soon to ensue caused her young daughter, Lady Fernihirst, to retire from the city to her husband's castle on the borders, for which she set out, attended by a lady and fifteen lances. Near Edinburgh they met the Laird of Carmichael, with ten men-at-arms on horseback. This knight saw, from the colours, that the advancing party belonged to the queen's garrison.

"Fy!" he exclaimed, regardless of the ladies' presence and the rules of gallantry—"fy on the traitors! forward!" Each band fired their petronels, lowered their lances to the rest, and rushed at full gallop to the encounter. Many were unhorsed in the shock, and rolled on the hard roadway, but sprang up again to maintain the combat on

[1] Rob. App., vol. ii.

foot. None were slain, but several were taken—among them Melville of Carnbee, Meldrum of Seggie, and Robertson of Ernoch, three young cavaliers, who fought bravely until Lady Janet and her attendant escaped by the speed of their horses.[1]

The operations of Mar's soldiers continued; additional trenches were formed at the West Port, and Craig-end-gate to the north, for the closer investment of the city; and fresh troops were daily joining the standard of the earl, whose cannon on the morning of the 17th commenced to batter on two points the outer wall of Edinburgh, built in 1513 after Flodden Field. The operations of the artillery were necessarily slow, from the rudeness of their appurtenances. The shot came—

> "Not in the quick successive rattle
> That breathes the voice of modern battle,
> But slow and far between."

The cannoneers of those days had to manage huge and unwieldy ordnance, bearing the uncouth names of *basilisks*, *serpents*, *carthouns*, &c., which threw vast bullets of lead, iron, and stone. These were not hurled simultaneously upon a point, like the ponderous salvoes of more modern warfare, but laboriously maintained a desultory cannonade; which, instead of breaching in masses, generally knocked pieces successively from the massive walls of the time. Mortars were also used; but they threw destructive showers of stone in lieu of the formidable bomb.

On the 18th of October, after a discharge of one hundred and eighty cannon-balls, the southern wall of the

[1] Bannatyne.

city exhibited a wide breach of fifty feet broad; but within it appeared strong rampiers and trenches, well manned by the resolute adherents of Mary. A sudden failure of ammunition prevented Mar leading his soldiers to the assault. Kirkaldy's cannoneers plied their light Moyennes briskly from the spires of St Giles and Kirk of Field—and, firing due southward, aimed so well that their balls went through the pavilion of the regent, slew twelve, and wounded a number of his soldiers; upon which, with the indecision which so often marks the warfare of those days, and which can only be accounted for by the want of proper discipline and means, he raised the blockade, and suddenly retired to Leith, where he established his headquarters.[1]

Appalled by the fourteen days' cannonading they had endured, many of the citizens abandoned their goods and means of living, and followed him to Leith, for peace and safety to their families. While the loyalists worked day and night to repair the defences of the city, letters were (by the advice of Morton) despatched to Elizabeth, craving her assistance to crush for ever these enemies to the young king her cousin.

At this time a victorious encounter in the north, where Huntly's brother, Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, lieutenant for the queen, reduced the whole of Aberdeenshire to her obedience, contributed to raise the spirit of Kirkaldy's soldiers to exultation, and to depress that of the enemy in an equal degree. To military talents of the first order, Auchindown united the ferocity of a Highland cateran with the courtesy and gallantry of a knight of

[1] Calderwood.

romance. Of the former, his ravages in Angus, and of the latter, his generosity after the battle of Brechin, are striking and conflicting examples. This desultory and destructive civil war was now rapidly assuming that ferocious character which disgraced it, and which the Machiavelian policy of such men as Morton contrived to impart to it.

Deadly conflicts took place between the clans of Forbes and Gordon, the result of a feud since the battle of Corrichie, where the former were accused by the latter of having acted treacherously toward them; and, fired by a spirit of revenge, both families took advantage of the civil discord to prosecute the quarrel. Sir Adam of Auchindown defeated the Forbeses in a combat at Tullyangus, and slew black Arthur of Logie, Lord Forbes's brother. He then sent one of his captains, named Kerr, with a band, to summon the castle of Towie, the stronghold of Alexander Forbes of Brux, a gentleman in the interest of Mar. Drawing up his soldiers before the well-secured gates of the Highland tower, he called upon the inmates to "surrender in the name of Queen Mary." The Laird of Brux was absent with his chief, but his lady appeared on the battlements, and not only refused to yield, but vented several scurrilous and sarcastic reflections upon Kerr, which exasperated him so much that he ordered the soldiers to fire the castle. The resinous pines hewn from the neighbouring woods, and dry heather torn from the adjacent hills, afforded instant material of destruction, and a vast pile rose on all sides, heaped against the walls of the tower. Kerr ordered the match to be applied. The gates were already

secured, and the small windows of the lofty pile, being thickly grated with iron, afforded little or no chance of escape from the suffocating fire, which enveloped the whole edifice; and the unhappy Lady of Brux, (then within a few days of her delivery,) with all her children and servants, thirty-seven persons in all, perished amid the red flames and crashing roofs of the falling castle. One being alone—an aged woman, whom terror had endowed with supernatural strength—bursting from the smouldering flames and crumbling walls, escaped the feathered arrows and levelled lances of the Gordons, and escaped, to raise a cry for vengeance throughout the land of her tribe.

Exasperated to the utmost pitch of Highland fury by this cruel deed and their defeat at Tullyangus, the Forbeses applied to the Regent Mar, who sent them two hundred of his best-disciplined men under the Master of Forbes, to curb the alarming success of the Gordons. At the same time, the Laird of Grange despatched his brother, Sir James Kirkaldy, with a strong band of chosen harquebussiers, to assist the lieutenant of the queen. These embarked at the craigs of Granton, and went by sea to Aberdeen.[1]

The Master of Forbes, having under his banner his father's clan, Lady Crawford's band of archers, the Laird of Drum and his men, two hundred of the regent's foot, led by Captains Chisholm and Wedderburn, and three hundred horse, all his own vassals, marched to Aberdeen, intent on revenge. Auchindown watched their advance like a skilful soldier; and, having observed a hollow

[1] Bannatyne.

gorge through which he knew the whole of this war-array would have to defile, placed a hundred of Kirkaldy's harquebussiers in an ambush overlooking it; while the rest of his vassals remained drawn up in order of battle beyond it, at a place called *The Crabstone*, from a peculiar fragment of rock which long remained in the front wall of an old house on the southern road from Aberdeen, and only twelve hundred yards distant from the cross of the city.[1] The short winter evening was darkening fast upon the windings of the Dee and Don, when, eager to avenge the fall of their kindred at Towie and Tullyangus, the Forbeses poured through the gloomy gorge. Successively the Lowland pikemen in their steel harness, the heavily-armed troopers in their iron panoply, the clansmen in their dark-green tartan, with sword and targe and bended bow, and with the azure banner of Forbes displayed, entered the narrow path,—when lo! the rocks around them bristled with glancing steel, and a deadly volley from a hundred harquebusses *à croc*, flashing through the gloom of a December gloaming, was poured at once upon the column. Panic-struck, horse, foot, and archers recoiled upon each other in confusion and dismay, which a flight of whistling arrows from the Gordons increased; and Auchindown, with all his clan, rushing with claymores to the charge, completed their discomfiture. A desperate conflict ensued—but short as it was bloody. The Forbeses were defeated—the brave young Master, with two hundred of his surname, taken prisoners; but not until Captain Chisholm, fifteen gentlemen, and three hundred clansmen, were slain upon the

[1] Gazetteer of Scotland.

field, which was decided under the gloomy wing of a dark night. John master of Forbes, and the other prisoners, were taken to Strathbogie, where they were all dismissed on swearing not to bear arms against their exiled sovereign.[1]

Auchindown afterwards entered Angus, and laid siege to the castle of Douglas of Glenbervie; but previous to this, having no immediate occasion for the services of Sir James Kirkaldy, that knight, by desire of his brother, sailed from Aberdeen for France, to crave the assistance of Charles IX., who was a passionate admirer of Mary's beauty, and a sincere sympathiser with her misfortunes. During his absence, Sir William Kirkaldy received a new cause of hostility to Morton: this was the seduction of his sister-in-law, Lady Helen, (the daughter of Pitcaple,) by the gay and profligate earl, who carried on an intrigue with her so openly that it became a source of ribald jest among the cavaliers and soldiers of both factions. Between the families of Grange and Morton a terrible debt of vengeance was becoming due; and, considering the times, the country, and the mind of Kirkaldy, we may easily imagine how he must have longed to have had that hated noble within reach of his sword.

Meanwhile the war was continued with increased vigour—on the Borders by Fernihirst, and around Edinburgh by the regent, who destroyed all the numerous mills; garrisoned Craigmillar, Merchiston, Redhall, and other baronial piles; trenched the roads and blew up the bridges, to cut off all supplies, which the loyalists could only obtain by sallies from their garrisons of

[1] Buchanan.

Niddry, Blackness, and the tower of Livingstone: and thus, amid war, devastation, and misery, closed the year 1571.[1]

[1] Buchanan.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DOUGLAS WARS—THE LEAGUERS OF MERCHISTON.

In January next year, the marriage of John lord Maxwell with Lady Elizabeth Douglas, daughter of the Earl of Angus, was celebrated at Dalkeith; and in honour of the nuptials of his fair young kinswoman, Morton resolved to give a splendid banquet, in his baronial castle of Dalkeith, to the lords of the king's faction. A long train of sumpter-horses, bearing his rich household plate, a quantity of venison, wines, and other viands, on their circuitous way from Leith, were intercepted and carried off by a party of horse despatched by Kirkaldy for that express purpose; and some of the earl's valets, who were foolhardy enough to draw their swords, were speared and slain by the foraging mosstroopers.

Morton cared little for the loss of his men, but that of his plate he could never forgive. At the head of a body of infantry, he entered Fife and overran Kirkaldy's barony and estates, laying waste with fire and sword the lands of Grange, of Tyrie, Balbairdie, Pitkennie; and, after destroying the houses and slaying three of the principal vassals, returned, as d'Oisel had done before, laden with booty. But he gained nothing by this revengeful raid; for on the 8th of February, the same day on which

his property in Fifeshire was destroyed, Kirkaldy, who had received tidings of Morton's intentions, rode to Dalkeith at the head of a party of horse. He entered it at four o'clock on a dark winter morning, and destroyed the whole township by fire, slew ten of Morton's retainers, captured nine, and retired to Edinburgh, having lost only a single trooper, and leaving the whole of Dalkeith in smouldering ruins, from the crofts to the gate of the Lion's Den. The estates of his son-in-law, Fernihirst, were afterwards overrun in revenge; and these raids were popularly known as "the Lord Maxwell's handfasting."[1]

In the same month Mr Carie, son of Lord Hunsdon, had arrived at the castle, envoy from Elizabeth to its governor, craving that the city might "be free to the king's subjects;" but Kirkaldy and the loyalists would know of no king.[2] No pen can adequately describe the miseries endured by the peaceful portion of the citizens during the storm of civil war which raged around them; and the peculiar spirit of the time is evinced by the fact of a drummer being sent to Leith, challenging fifty men from that town to meet and fight an equal number from the capital—a defiance never answered.

Kirkaldy's soldiers made terrible havoc on the estates of their enemies; and now came those atrocities which, from being introduced by Morton, were named *The Douglas Wars*—scenes of death and horror, in which both parties were so lost to the principles of humanity, and the laws of honour, that they appear to have become insane. It was not in the field alone that their impla-

[1] Lives of Illust. Scots.; Caledonia, vol. ii. [2] Calderwood.

cable vengeance was displayed; but for two months, after every engagement, both parties hanged their prisoners without regard to mercy, age, rank, or justice. Morton strung up his by fifties on a gigantic gallows at the Gallowlee, midway between Leith and the city; and the loyalists invariably displayed an equal number on a gibbet which reared its ghastly outline on the Castlehill, in view of the regent's camp.

The brave Kirkaldy deplored this barbarous practice, as a reproach to humanity and to Scotland: he wrote many letters to the Regent Mar, expressive of his abhorrence for such proceedings; but, ruled as that good earl was by the ferocious Morton, his remonstrances were in vain, and this war of terror continued until both parties, by the thinned aspect of their ranks, began to feel severely the havoc they were making.[1]

Meanwhile the distresses of the hapless citizens increased. During the severities of an inclement winter, the poor were driven from its closed and hostile gates, where the pike glittered and the cannon ever frowned; the houses of foes and fugitives were demolished, and their elaborate fronts of ornamental oak torn down and sold for fuel at an exorbitant price; a stone-weight of wood was bartered for a peck of meal; the arts of peace were utterly abandoned; in the city and around it, the Sabbath bell was heard no more, or rang only the call to arms; the fields lay untilled, while the plough rusted in the grass-grown furrow; the farm-horse was bestrode by the mailed trooper, or yoked to the clanking culverin. The surrounding hamlets and villages had all been given

[1] Various historians.

to the flames, and women and children fled from the bloody hearths where fathers and husbands had perished beneath the sword of the destroyer—if not dragged away to the wheel, the rack, or the gibbet. The poor peasant who dared with his stores to approach the desolate and unused market-place, was branded with hot iron like a slave, or hanged; and even women, whom necessity forced on the same perilous errand, were scourged, burnt on both cheeks, and hanged or drowned. Men heard even the voice of the preacher and the word of God in fear and trembling; for daily and nightly the galloping troopers, the booming cannon, and the volleying harquebusses, the clash of armour, and the war-cry of *God and the Queen!* rang among the dark wynds and desolate streets of the capital. At one time, a hundred of its citizens fled to Leith, but were driven back with blows and opprobrium, threatened with the cord as spies and adherents of Mary, and returned to find the gates closed and their houses demolished. Such were the horrors of the Douglas Wars, which (save the butcheries of Cumberland) form the blackest chapter in our Scottish annals.

Amid all this national misery, the cruel Elizabeth and her subtle ministry continued their deep intrigues, and played off each fierce faction against the other. By a secret pension she had secured the adherence of Morton, who vowed never to furl his banner until the loyalist cause was rendered hopeless by the fall of Edinburgh castle, and the destruction of its governor. After the execution of the unfortunate Norfolk, Elizabeth resolved, by every means, to destroy the faction of her beautiful

rival. Her innate avarice and caution prevented her sending an army into Scotland, thus risking a defeat and a national war; but by her orders, Sir William Drury, the marshal of Berwick, and Lord Hunsdon, entered into a correspondence with Kirkaldy, for the purpose of shaking his loyalty; while Cecil, Lord Burleigh, wrote to his old correspondent Lethington, with the same view.

Elizabeth proposed that Kirkaldy should formally yield the castle to the Earl of Mar, promising that she would see him maintained in office as its governor, with one hundred and fifty soldiers of his choice, in addition to the ordinary garrison; but the honourable and prudent soldier knew too well with whom he had to deal, and was not to be deluded thus.

"To be guided by Elizabeth, or her councils," said he, "would be to prejudice my sovereign and my country;"[1] and well would it have been for Mary had he always held that opinion. The high tone he assumed intensely disgusted and irritated the haughty Elizabeth against him. While she was concerting plans of vengeance, there ensued a tedious correspondence, which ended by Kirkaldy rejecting her offers, and openly despising the threats of her envoys.

To enter into a detail of the battles, raids, skirmishes and outrages of the four regencies, would require as many volumes, and be rather foreign from the present Memoirs, which are intended to be descriptive only of the scenes in which the hero or his immediate friends were concerned. Suffice it to say that the Highlanders—ever loyal and true—triumphed in the north; Fernihirst and Buccleuch,

[1] Melville, &c.

with their bold mosstroopers, rolled the whole fury of border war on the queen's rebels in the south; Lord Semple was defeated in the west; Kirkaldy's cannon held the capital in complete subjection, while his soldiers overawed all Lothian, and so by mid-summer 1572 the affairs of the captive queen were in a victorious and flourishing condition. Kirkaldy received money, arms, and ammunition repeatedly from the courts of France and Spain; and by his orders a goldsmith of Edinburgh coined in the castle silver pieces of ten, twenty, and thirty pence Scots, for the payment of the garrison and queen's troops.[1]

During May and June there were many severe conflicts around Edinburgh, but of these a brief notice will suffice.

Kirkaldy had released his kinsman Sir Archibald Napier, and permitted him to retire to his estates in the province of Lennox; but his fortalice of Merchiston, which stands about half a mile south of Edinburgh, had been for some time previous occupied by a garrison of king's troops, who cut off all supplies coming to the city in that direction. The tall outline of this old gray tower of the fourteenth century, with its steep slated roofs and projecting battlements, is just visible from the castle of Edinburgh, rising above the dark-green copsewood, at the west end of the Burghmuir. From its lofty situation, it overlooks the whole of that spacious common, the ancient muster-place and *campus Martius* of the Scottish hosts; it commands a complete view of the country spreading southward to the base of the heath-clad Pentlands, as well as of the magnificent valley extending to the west—a far-stretching landscape, where the smoke of Glasgow rises between the faint

[1] Crim. Trials.

blue hills of Stirling and Dumbarton. Altogether, its reduction became of the utmost importance to the queen's party.

Accordingly, on the 5th of May, a Captain Scougal, with a body of pikemen and harquebussiers, marched against it; while Kirkaldy from his south-west ramparts discharged forty pieces of cannon to cover the attack.[1] This cannonade, together with the fire of Scougal's band, soon drove the defenders of Merchiston from their outworks; the barbican wall was stormed and demolished; Captain Scougal fell mortally wounded—but his pikemen pressed bravely forward, driving the enemy into the donjon-tower, from the loop-holes and battlements of which they shot securely on the assailants. These, finding it impossible to dislodge them, fired the stables and outhouses of the court-yard, to smoke them forth.

At this crisis, a strong party led from Leith by the Laird of Blairquhan rushed to the rescue. Disheartened by the death of their commander, on their flank being assailed the harquebussiers retired towards the city, furiously pressed by the enemy. Retreating by the quarries of Bruntsfield, they skirted the great sheet of water called the Burgh Loch, firing as they retired until they reached the hamlet of the Sciennes, which they gave to the flames, and, favoured by the smoke and confusion, escaped in safety. Blairquhan's horse was shot under him, and it was afterwards carried into the city—which, observes an old journalist drily, "was no tocken of gude cheir theirin."[2]

[1] Bannatyne. [2] Ibid.; James Sext, &c.

On the 10th of June following, the Regent Mar laid siege to the castle of Nidderie-Seaton, near Edinburgh, upon which Kirkaldy and the loyal lords sent a strong force against Merchiston, for the double purpose of gaining it and causing a diversion of the regent's intentions. Led by George Earl of Huntly, this party, with two heavy culverins, approached Merchiston in the forenoon; and from two until four in the afternoon these ordnance battered the square keep, till several breaches yawned in its massive walls. Mean time the active troopers were scouring the adjacant fields, from which they collected forty head of cattle; while cannon and caliver were plied against Merchiston with such success that its occupiers beat a parley, and, as their captain was absent, offered to surrender to the earl if he would permit them to march out with the honours of war.

Glad to obtain possession of this obnoxious little fortlet on any terms, Huntly assented; but unluckily, at that moment, the approach of some peasants, drawn there by curiosity and the noise of the fire-arms, startled his half-disciplined soldiers, some of whom called aloud that Morton and the king's men from Nidderie were upon them! Seized by a panic, they began to retire; and the undecided earl sent off his cannon instantly to the city, among the southern suburbs of which his retreating band were assailed by a party from Leith, who rushed upon them with the utmost fury, and by one tremendous charge completed their discomfiture. For a moment there was a shock and a conflict; the earl had his horse killed under him by a shot from the walls of Holyrood Palace, and then all became confusion. His soldiers

threw down their arms and fled to the city gates, which received them. Fifteen were slain in cold blood after surrender. Many were taken prisoners, and driven towards Leith in a close column—but goaded like a herd of cattle with swords and pikes, beaten by staves and truncheons until they reached the foot of the great gallows, where Morton instantly hanged them all! In reprisal, fifty-six of his men, who were prisoners in the castle, were gibbeted at the west end of the city by the loyalists, and this last scene of atrocity closed the cruelties of the Douglas wars.[1]

As the wretched citizens were now enduring the greatest misery, by want of the most common articles of food, Kirkaldy sent Captain Hamilton with a squadron of one hundred and fifty lances to forage. He succeeded in collecting one hundred sacks of meal, and eighty head of oxen; but on approaching Edinburgh with the valuable booty, the garrison of Merchiston made a sudden sortie on one flank, while Sir Patrick Hume of the Heugh, at the head of eighty horse, assailed them on the other. Rendered desperate by danger and starvation, Hamilton's little troop fought bravely to secure both their retreat and their much-prized booty. Deadly was the struggle that ensued, and they must have lost the fight had not a party sallied from the city, and turned the fortune of the day against the king's men, who were compelled to retreat, leaving fifty prisoners and twenty-seven slain behind them. Among these were two brave knights of the name of Hume, Patrick of the Heugh, and Sir Patrick of Polwarth, ancestor of the Earls of March-

[1] Cald., note to Wodrow, Edit. &c., &c.

mont. Of the loyalists one only was slain; he fell by a shot from the walls of Merchiston.[1]

On the 5th of the same month (July) Kirkaldy suffered a great loss by the death of John lord Fleming, a firm partisan of the queen: he was struck by a random shot from the castle wall, and died a short time afterwards at Biggar. As he was borne from the garrison in a litter, he was nearly killed outright by the sudden descent of the portcullis, an iron spike of which entered the head of a gentleman named Henry Balfour, and slew him on the spot.[2]

It was about this time that Elizabeth, who watched with increasing alarm the success of Kirkaldy and his brothers in arms, proposed an armistice for two months, which should secure *the safety and honour* of Mary's adherents. Accordingly her envoy Sir William Drury, who by old writers is always accused of endeavouring to blow the flames instead of quenching them, arrived at Edinburgh on the 18th of July. He halted for a night at Restalrig, and sent a trumpet to the city to announce his arrival to the venerable Le Crocq, his diplomatic brother from France.[3]

Weary of the horrors he had witnessed, and feeling for the starving people, Kirkaldy was willing that—if possible—the war should cease until Mary's restoration, and the re-formation of a government on a solid basis, affording peace and security to all. According to Melville, the loyalists, "for their parts, desired no man's goods, but only liberty peaceably to enjoy their own

[1] Hist. of James Sext, &c. [2] Bannatyne.
[3] Calderwood, &c., &c.

livings. Grange desired that the regent would pay certain debts contracted for repairing the castle and artillery," which debts he promised, in the presence of the Laird of Tullybardine, to disburse.

Historians have considered it strange that so able a statesman as Lethington should have consented to those peaceable measures, which were ultimately to prove the ruin of his party, the destruction of himself and of his friends. But he and Kirkaldy had long been branded by their opponents as *men of blood*, who obstinately refused even a breathing-time to their bleeding and exhausted country; and it was to refute the aspersion that they agreed to the "abstinence," just when famine in all its gaunt horror was stalking among them, and gradually reducing both parties to the utmost extremities. There was to be an entire cessation of hostilities for two months, commencing from the 1st of August; and it was expressly stated that, as soon as possible, the nobles and barons of the realm should meet to deliberate on a general peace. It was signed on the 30th of July, amid the acclamations of the people, and under a joyous salute from the long-dreaded batteries of the castle. Immediately afterwards, Chatelherault and Huntly, with other loyalist leaders, and their forces, marched from the city, which was entered by the Earls of Mar, Morton, and their troops from Leith. Contrary to the truce, they placed a strong guard in the church of St Giles, disarmed all citizens suspected of being queen's men, and billeted soldiers at free quarters every where. But Kirkaldy maintained a strict neutrality for the time, and, aware of treachery, remained close within his for-

midable garrison, which was ever on the alert, with closed gates and loaded cannon.

He and his skilful adviser, Maitland, were not permitted to remain long ignorant of their sad mistake in agreeing to a truce. Mar, though sincere in his wishes for Scotland's peace and welfare, was completely ruled and guided by the avaricious Morton, who longed greedily for the rich estates of the queen's adherents to maintain him in his career of private and political profligacy,—in the intrigues with Mistress Cullayne, Lady Helen Kirkaldy, and others. The former was so notorious, that the bishop of Galloway feared not to reprehend him severely in his discourses. The affair with Lady Helen will, to a considerable extent, explain that deep-rooted inveteracy which existed between Kirkaldy and Morton. The former was too punctilious and high-spirited to forgive such an injury done to his family: Morton knew that well; and having obtained the *superiority* of the lands of Grange in Fifeshire, he resolved by every political wile, by every kind of legal and illegal duplicity, openly or secretly, to accomplish the destruction of his gallant enemy and the attainder of his family. Now, when too late, Kirkaldy began to find the toils of the snarer closing around him.

Elizabeth's late alliance with France had considerably cooled the political interest of that false and fickle nation in Mary's cause, which was fast declining even at home—for nothing could be more distasteful to the proud and jealous Scottish nobles than the correspondence carried on by Kirkaldy, Huntly, and other loyalist leaders, with the persecuting Duke of Alva and the Catholic court of Madrid; and

fearful of a Spanish yoke, the English parliament, participating in the same feeling, had severely voted the unhappy queen of the Scots the greatest enemy to their nation..

Matters between the factions were in this state, when all Protestant Europe was overwhelmed with consternation by tidings of the barbarous massacre at Paris on the 23d of August—the eve of St Bartholomew—when thirty thousand French subjects were slaughtered in cold blood by their kindred and countrymen—an event which, while it exhibits in strong light the stern principles and dark intrigues of the Roman church, is unmatched in the annals of religious atrocity.

The miserable Mary, pining in her English prison, was a Catholic, and the terrible massacre of Bartholomew's eve had the most fatal effect upon her interests: it terrified the irresolute, and staggered her adherents,—gained her the enmity of many, and cooled the warmth of all. Horror and pity, grief and rage, animated the people by turns; and, participating in the general feeling of the nation—perhaps, too, feeling the old prejudices of other days, which his stern father had instilled into his mind, and recalling something of the spirit that animated him when he drew his sword beneath the banner of the Congregation—Kirkaldy is said to have been completely paralysed in his movements, to have wavered in his adherence to Mary, and to have become still more anxious that a happy peace should succeed the truce of the first of August.

According to agreement, the Estates, on the 27th September, met in the old Tolbooth (the Heart of Mid-Lothian)

in solemn council, to devise measures for the restoration of peace and prosperity.[1] John of Mar, the regent, presided at this meeting, which, by the wicked artifices of Morton, had been thus delayed until near the expiry of the second month. On the second day of the assembly, Kirkaldy sent a gentleman of his garrison with a document containing nine articles necessary for the personal security of his officers, his soldiers, and himself, in case they came to terms, (note H.) The *seventh* item required the Earl of Morton to resign his superiority acquired over the estates of Grange. The good Regent Mar was willing to accede to all Kirkaldy's terms; but his overruler Morton, to whom the seventh was particularly distasteful, and who foresaw in the happy end of civil discord his own downfall, and the probable rise of Maitland, bent his whole soul, energy, and interest, against the threatened peace.[2] His band numbered fully five spears for every one of the regent's, and when his pride, wrath, and avarice, were engaged, he became a most formidable ally or enemy to a weak government. All who were in temporary possession of the estates of queen's men warmly concurred with him, and the good and pious intentions of Mar were completely frustrated. Impeded thus, instead of restoring peace to his distracted country, he was only able to procure a further truce till the first day of the ensuing year.

A discovery of such avarice and ambition on the part of his friends and advisers, had a powerful and fatal effect on the temper of this patriotic and estimable noble; his spirit became broken, a settled melancholy preyed

[1] James Sext. [2] Robertson, &c.

upon his mind, and aggravated an illness under which he had long been labouring. He attended a grand banquet given by Morton, at the castle of Dalkeith, after which he immediately became worse, and departed hurriedly to Stirling, where he expired on the morning of the 29th October; and the popular voice loudly accused Morton of having administered poison to him during dinner. Indeed, when we consider the boundless ambition, insatiable avarice, and deliberate cruelty of this wicked peer, the suspicions arising from the sudden death of Mar are not to be wondered at.[1]

All the worst qualities of Morton were eminently displayed in his treatment of the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland, his friend and benefactor when exiled in England, and whom (when in turn a fugitive) he so basely sold to Elizabeth, who executed him at York. Kirkaldy was very wroth with Fernihirst and Buccleuch that they did not save the English earl, when Morton had him at Jedburgh, in their immediate neighbourhood.[2]

In November this year died the celebrated John Knox, who during his long illness often bewailed, touchingly, the defection of Kirkaldy from the party of the young king. As one of his oldest friends he sent him a solemn message, which, coming from such a man, was in those days of superstition considered prophetic. Calling Master David Lindesay, minister of Leith to his bedside,—

"Go," said the dying Reformer—"go to yonder man in the castle—*he* whom ye know I have loved so dearly—tell him that I have sent ye once more to warn him, in the name of God, to leave that evil cause, for neither

[1] Melville. [2] Sadler's State Papers.

the craigy rock in which he so miserably confides, nor the carnal prudence of that man Lethington, whom he esteems even as a demigod, nor the assistance of strangers, shall preserve him; but he shall be disgracefully dragged forth to punishment, and hanged on a gallows *in the face of the sun*, unless he speedily amend his life, and flee to the mercy of God!"[1]

Lindesay related this to Kirkaldy, who at first was moved by the solemn message, and the tidings that Knox lay on his death-bed; but the hauteur of the soldier resumed its sway, and, at Maitland's instigation, he returned a scornful answer, for which he afterwards expressed regret.

"Begone," said he, "and tell Master John Knox he is but a dirty prophet," and dismissed the messenger.[2]

Knox expired on the 24th of the month; according to Bannatyne and others, his last moments were disturbed by the constant din of war.

[1] Tytler, &c.

[2] Diary of Melville of Kilrenny.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DOUBLE BETRAYAL—LADY HELEN KIRKALDY.

On the death of Mar, no competitor appearing for the precarious office of regent, the Earl of Morton, supported by Elizabeth and the spears of his numerous vassals, was appointed governor of the realm, notwithstanding the fears of the people, and the murmurs of the nobility. He was the fourth regent within five years! Merciless, hypocritical, profligate, and crafty, nothing could have been more fatal to the cause of Mary, and the operations of her champion, than Morton's elevation. To all the power, pride, and inborn bravery of the noble house of Douglas, he united such opposite qualities that he soon became more than ever feared and detested.

Though still retaining a mortal enmity to Kirkaldy and Maitland, he pretended to have a desire for peace, and even offered to give them the terms proposed to Mar,[1] being well aware of the insecurity of his power, while so many brave men continued in arms against him; and Elizabeth was now quite anxious that the flame her intrigues had kept so long alive should be extinguished, and for ever—so her ambassador, Henry Killigrew, arrived in Scotland soon after Morton's being proclaimed regent.

[1] Melville of Halhill.

For the latter he brought with him a handsome sum in gold, and had in his train Rowland Johnson and John Fleming, two skilful engineers, who secretly and dishonourably reconnoitred and examined the towers and defences of the castle of Edinburgh, and reported to Elizabeth that, with proper forces, and cannon of sufficient weight, it might be reduced in twenty days; and she, therefore, resolved on a siege, when the opening of summer would be more favourable for such operations. (Note I.) On his way to visit the court of the young king at Stirling, Killigrew, to enable his engineers to make their observations, made a pretence of visiting Sir James Melville, who was then residing with his nephew; and, on his departure, the knight of Halhill accompanied him so far as Cramond, reasoning with him on such matters as he had in commission.[1]

It was Morton's wish that the queen's faction should, by detail, fall victims to his avarice and tyranny. His first line of politics was to treat separately with the city, and then with the country party of the loyalists,—for the purpose of detaching the one from the other. He first, as before stated, applied to Kirkaldy, but that high-spirited soldier refused to have aught to do with a treaty which did not secure the safety of the provincial lords. *They*, however, were not so careful of *his*. Morton had employed Sir James Melville to "travail" with his friends in the castle of Edinburgh, to effect a peace or coalition with him, offering to Kirkaldy the splendid revenues of the archbishoprick of St Andrews as a bribe. Neither party were sincere in these negotiations; each only sought

[1] Spotswood; Mel. Survey of 1572, (Bannatyne Club Miscell.,) &c.

to gain time for overreaching and crushing the other. Kirkaldy hoped, by aid from Charles IX. or the Duke of Alva, to restore poor Mary to freedom and her throne, and at the same time to avenge signally his own and his brother's wrongs on Morton; the latter thirsted only for the possessions of the queen's men, from whom he wished to *separate* Kirkaldy, so as to have him fully at his mercy —a piece of deep and skilful villany which he was fated soon to accomplish.

The great Duke of Chatelherault was now weighed down by age and infirmities; Huntly, Argyle, and their followers were weary of the war, and the hardships and poverty to which it subjected them; and, not possessing the indomitable ardour of Kirkaldy, they were desirous of peace. Morton sent a messenger to bring about an accommodation which would *exclude* Kirkaldy, with his officers and soldiers. "This they accepted of," according to Melville, "without making any ceremonies; whereof they, by their letters from Perth, instantly advertised the Laird of Grange, lamenting that the straits they were redacted to had compelled them to accept the agreement offered them by the regent, praying him not to take it in evil part, as they had no house of strength to retire themselves to. They gave him many thanks for the help and assistance he had given them, which they said they would never forget so long as God would lend them their lives. This was all the recompense this good gentleman obtained for the great aid he had given these lords, and the hazards he had run upon their account."

The tidings of this secret coalition must have fallen like a thunderbolt upon him, and his friends and soldiers,

who, in all, mustered barely two hundred men fit for service. Enraged at Morton's duplicity, and the cowardly perfidy of the queen's lords, he resolutely refused to be in any away comprehended in the *treaty of Perth*, a grand deed of peace which was formally signed on the 23d day of February 1573. This was the finishing-stroke to his fortunes, and a deathblow to the cause of Mary.

Wounded pride, the memory of a thousand wrongs, together with the idea that he was now an outlawed and deserted man, whose sovereign was detained a captive in a foreign land, contrary to every rule of equity and honour as known among civilised nations, hurried Kirkaldy on to the desperate course he now meant to pursue. The insidious councils of the Englishman Killigrew acted like spurs on his irritated mind, and urged him on the current of fate. He secretly informed him and Lord Home that his mistress Elizabeth would *not* assist either of the Scottish factions, and Kirkaldy appears to have believed him, although he had experienced for twenty years the perfidy of the English court. Hostile, exasperated, and suspicious, he remained within his strong fortress aloof from all; and, from the day the treaty was signed, the exulting Morton would permit no more offers of conciliation to be thought of.

The grand object for which he had protracted a desolating war was at last about to be accomplished.

Herries, Seaton, and many of the loyal nobles, had, by the express desire of Mary, (who abhorred the civil strife, and bewailed its victims[1]) transferred their allegiance to her

[1] Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.

infant son; and while by death, the fortune of war, the horror excited by the massacre of St Bartholomew, and principally by the fatal treaty of Perth, Kirkaldy found himself abandoned by all save Lord Home, the Melvilles, Maitland, and his garrison. Successively Chatelherault, the earls of Argyle, Huntly, Errol, Crawford, the earl Marischal, the earls of Caithness, Cassilis, Sutherland, and Eglinton; the Lords Ogilvie, Rosse, Borthwick, Oliphant, Yester, Fleming, Boyd, Somerville, Invermeith, Forbes, Gray, two-and-twenty lesser barons of the surname of Hamilton, Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, the commendators of Arbroath and Paisley, the bishops of Aberdeen and Galloway, the lairds of Buccleuch, Johnstone, and innumerable other knights and gentlemen, had all abandoned the fortunes of Mary; yet Kirkaldy viewed their desertion and the coming storm with a bold and undaunted heart, and a resolution to die, but never to yield his sword to the Earl of Morton. His situation was now peculiarly embarrassing and desolate. Save the solitary rock of that castle, which his brave band were soon to defend until nearly buried by its crumbling towers, the whole of Scotland had submitted to Morton's tyrannical sway. From its gray and time-worn ramparts the banner of Mary still waved in defiance, though in every other part of the country, save the tower of Blackness, it had sunk to rise no more. Deserted at home, and all but hopeless of succour from abroad; inspired by the presence of his wife, and the devotion of his kinsmen; careless of his safety, and feeling the most intense hatred to Morton and Elizabeth; conscious of the rectitude of his course, and brave even beyond the bravest of a mar-

tial age and people, he resolved—if his soldiers stood firm—that many a heart should pour forth its best blood ere he became the captive of the regent of Scotland. To Killigrew, who advised him to yield, he replied with composure,—

"No! though my friends have forsaken me, and the city of Edinburgh have done so too, yet I will defend this castle to the last!"

Disasters followed each other in rapid succession, yet his spirit remained unsubdued; and the mind of the wise Lethington never faltered, even when their cause was brought to the utmost verge of ruin. Monsieur le Verac, who again had been unexpectedly sent with succours to them from friends in France, was driven by a tempest on the coast of England, and there made prisoner, while a misfortune nearly similar befell Sir James Kirkaldy in Scotland.

He had travelled to Paris by the way of Flanders, and, after an interview with Charles IX. and the Duke de Guise, had received from the French treasury a year's revenue of Mary's jointure, to be employed in her service in Scotland. On his arrival in the river Forth, finding it impracticable to reach the castle of Edinburgh, through a city swarming with the regent's troops, he sailed his pinnace up the Forth to Blackness, supposing that the lieutenant-governor, and the garrison of that place, still obeyed his brother Sir William.[1] With his treasure and military stores he landed at the ancient fortress—a vast and desolate edifice situated close to the water on a rocky promontory, from which its lofty keep and ramparted

[1] James Sext.

outworks throw a dark shadow on the broad blue river that sweeps around them. Then, a busy and bustling seaport nestled close by it; but the blight of the Union has fallen there heavily, and the town which could once boast of its merchants, its ships, and its quays, has dwindled down to a desolate village straggling along a ruined pier, and a choked-up harbour, which the high towers of the deserted fortress still overlook, with an aspect unchanged, as in the days when Scotland was a kingdom.

Its governor, Sir James Balfour of Pittendriech, received Sir James Kirkaldy with due honour and pretended welcome. Balfour, one of the most faithless and corrupt men of the age, owed a considerable debt of gratitude to Mary and her partisans; he was then, though under the immediate protection of Sir William Kirkaldy, and in the closest intimacy with him, secretly plotting with Morton to place the castle of Blackness in his hands. The very night after his guest's arrival, he placed him in a dungeon heavily chained, robbed him of Mary's dowry, and departed for Edinburgh, to place it in the hands of his new master. Three days Sir James lay a prisoner in the vault at Blackness; but rage and chagrin lent him eloquence, and he wrought so successfully on the warders and soldiers that they (being still favourable to Mary) restored him to liberty, and made prisoner in his place Robert Balfour, whom the perfidious Laird of Pittendriech had left in charge of the fortress. Declaring Sir James their governor, they again displayed the banner of Mary; but the valuable treasure and warlike munition, which he had so carefully conveyed from France, was lost to her partisans for ever. He immediately provided

the garrison with all things necessary for enduring a siege, by laying the neighbourhood under military contribution.

Annoyed by gaining and losing so important a fortress within three days, and knowing well the determined spirit of the younger Kirkaldy, Morton resolved to gain the place by stratagem rather than force. Sir James was still ignorant of the seduction of Helen Leslie, his lady, by the Earl, who made her still further the wicked instrument of completing her husband's misfortunes. She was still beautiful and witty; her secret intrigue had taught her well how to dissemble, and, having broken her marriage vow, she resolved that no lingering traces of affection or honour should restrain her from obliging her insinuating lover, who held out to her, Heaven only knows what hopes of future greatness!

Fully instructed how to play her part, on the 10th of February she visited the gloomy stronghold of Blackness, and was received by her unsuspecting husband with every mark of tenderness, respect, and joy. Until evening darkened on the shores of the broad and noble river, she remained with him conversing about his late adventures, and listening with well dissembled fondness to the narrative of his journey to Paris, and his reception by the king; but the increasing darkness of the spring evening warning her of the time for his betrayal, she started from his side, and pretending that she was obliged to return to their children, rose to leave him, easily withstanding the touching entreaties of her husband, who wished her to remain. Her whole aim was to draw him beyond the

[1] Tytler's Inquiry and Evidence.

gates into an ambuscade which, as darkness closed over the town and castle, took post behind a little hill to the southward of the promontory. While insisting on retiring, she expressed fears for the disorderly state of the country, and begged he would accompany her a little way with a small escort.

The knight armed himself, ordered a party to attend, and, leading his fair but treacherous Helen, left the castle under the shadow of a cloudy night. On passing the little knoll without the gates, a body of the king's pikemen, led by Captain Lambie, rushed upon his party, surrounded, disarmed them, and Sir James became a prisoner in a moment.[1] Now the whole truth of this dark plot, the regent's craft, and his false wife's perfidy, broke at once upon the unhappy husband, who was hurried away in fetters, amid the biting taunts of his captors. A body of these burst into the castle in the confusion, gained it in the name of the regent, and released Sir Robert Balfour, (brother of Pittendriech,) who hanged five of the garrison from the battlements of the keep.

Captain Lambie—he of the taffety standard celebrity—hurried his prisoner to Linlithgow, and from thence to Morton's castle of Dalkeith, in the solitary dungeons of which he had ample time given him to reflect on the multiplicity of his misfortunes, and the perfidy of his beautiful wife.[2]

Darkly and horribly does this tale of female treachery conclude.

By some means unknown—either assisted by despair or favoured by the compassion of his keepers—Sir James

[1] Bannatyne, &c. [2] Historie of James Sext, &c.

Kirkaldy escaped from the noisome dungeons of Dalkeith, and safely reached his brother's garrison at Edinburgh.

On the eighth day after his escape, Lady Helen Kirkaldy was found strangled in her bedchamber.[1]

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[1] Tytler's Inquiry and Evidence, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIGNAL GUN—THE ENGLISH TROOPS.

CHIVALRIC as the gallant knight of Grange was in the cause of his beautiful queen, his was no mere animal courage, or the fevered transport of a moment of rage; but the military ardour, the confident skill, and indomitable valour of a heart trained and inured by thirty years of incessant war and toil, which had prepared him to encounter that stern hour which he had long foreseen to be approaching. Cowardice, defection, treachery, and misfortune, had left him utterly without the hope of succour or escape. He had lost all but his honour, and it was the bright beacon which led him on, and taught him, if he could not be victorious, to die in his armour, like the good knight he had ever proved himself. Rash even to a fault, it is strange that at last the principal error of his life was trusting to the English queen, of whose cold-blooded treachery and innate cruelty he had seen a thousand terrible instances.

Four-and-twenty hours before the expiry of the truce which preceded the treaty of Perth, he issued a proclamation from the castle wall, warning all loyal subjects of the queen to depart forthwith from the city; and now he

spent every moment in strengthening his batteries, and increasing his stores and munition of war.[1]

"Faint and few, but fearless still,"

his garrison, consisting only of one hundred and fifty private soldiers, exclusive of volunteers and officers, were yet stanch to him; and, in token of defiance to all the powers of Scotland and of England, the desperate band, on the expiry of the last hour of the truce, amid the greatest acclamation displayed the standard of Queen Mary from the highest tower of the castle of Edinburgh.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 1st January 1573, he discharged a warning gun from the lofty ramparts. The boom of that heavy culverin pealed over the sleeping city, to herald that once more the strife was to begin, and it made the hearts of forty thousand citizens throb with apprehension. Immediately upon this, the old trenches formed by John of Mar were lined by the blockading forces of the Regent Morton.[2] Kirkaldy, on beholding their lines of spears and helmets, ordered his batteries to open from all points on the hostile city. The most of his cannon were levelled against the Fish-market, which had been newly built; and there the falling bullets scattered the baskets of fish, beating their contents so high into the air, that some of the lofty houses received them in their fall. A number of poor and needy persons, regardless of the danger, employed themselves in gathering all they could; but a single cannon-ball lit among them, killed five, and wounded twenty.

[1] Spotswood. [2] Bannatyne.

Two bulwarks of turf and fascines, which, prior to the expiry of the truce, had been erected by Kirkaldy's successor in the provostry, the old and fierce Lord Lindesay of the Byres, sheltered the passengers in one part of the great central street of the city, though the cannon of the eastern curtain swept the length of it for nearly a mile. One of these barriers lay before the northern doorway of St Giles' church, and, favoured by it, the citizens could attend prayers in safety; while the members of the Estates were also enabled to reach the Parliament House without the danger of being decapitated or cut in two by the bullets, as they boomed down the narrow Craimes.

The exact number of Kirkaldy's cannon is not known. By an inventory (note K) taken a short time afterwards, the fortress appears to have contained upwards of forty pieces of ordnance, including the famous Mons Meg; but a number of his cannon were destroyed by the fall of the ramparts during the siege.[1]

Captains Hume and Crauford of Jordanhill, with their companies of pikemen and harquebussiers, occupied the trenches, traverses, and bulwarks, to block up the fortress, and defend the citizens from any sudden sortie. Morton ordered another work of turf and stones to be thrown across the broad and lofty main street, near the Tolbooth, and two others further up, at the steep part of the narrow way ascending to the Castlehill and the archway of the Spur. All these were built of sufficient height and thickness to shelter passengers from the incessant fire of the batteries. The band of Captain Mitchell (a famous Dalgetty of those days) occupied the great cross kirk of

[1] Jewel Office; Dalziel's Poems of the 16th Century, &c.

St Cuthbert, to the westward of the castle rock, to prevent the besieged from procuring water from St Margaret's fountain, when their wells became dry by the water oozing from the base of the rocks, which it does at the present day when the batteries are discharged. A narrow postern in the western walls gave access to this ancient fountain, which Mitchell's soldiers destroyed on the third day after their arrival. On the first day of the cannonade, twelve soldiers were killed by bullets in the trenches.[1]

Under Kirkaldy's standard there yet served Alexander lord Home; Maitland of Lethington; his brother John, prior of Coldingham; the Laird of Drylaw; Logan of Restalrig; the constable, Sir John Wishart, knight of Pitarrow; Sir Robert and Sir Andrew Melville, of the house of Raith: but the presence of Lady Kirkaldy of Grange; Jane Stuart, countess of Argyle, and half-sister of Mary; the Lady of Lethington, (in other days the beautiful Mary Fleming); and other noble ladies and their attendants, increased the cares of the governor and his comrades.[2]

Two days after the escape of his brother from Dalkeith, Kirkaldy resolved to make a sally into the city. It was now the gloomy month of February, and he chose a dark and stormy night, when a tempestuous wind was sweeping round the rugged cliffs of the ancient castle. Rushing forth in complete armour at the head of a chosen band, he attacked the trenches of the regent, scoured them sword in hand, and drove the trench-guards down

[1] Calderwood; Botville's Continuation to Hollin.; Scot. Chron., &c.
[2] Melville.

the Lawnmarket in disorder. After this, ere he returned, to avenge himself on the citizens for having deserted him, he ordered several thatched houses to be fired—some in the steep and narrow Castle Wynd, and others further westward in the ancient barony of the Portsburgh.[1] The thick dry thatch blazed like tinder in the stormy wind, which blew keenly from the westward and fanned the rising flames; a fearful conflagration—one which threatened the entire destruction of the capital—ensued. From the barrier of the West Port the fire raged eastward, through all the dense alleys and wynds in succession, along the spacious and picturesque market-place, past the lower Bow Port and the gloomy houses of the knights of St John, until it reached the chapel of St Magdalene and Forrester's Wynd in the then fashionable Cowgate.[2] The wretched citizens used every means to quench the conflagration, and save their perishing property; but the cannoneers of Kirkaldy, guided by the light of twenty blazing streets, poured the bullets of their sakers, falcons, and culverins on the scene of conflagration, three hundred feet below. The utmost exertions of the people were thus rendered completely abortive; many were slain, and in the hearts of the rest, a hatred was kindled against the aggressor which even his ultimate fate did not appease.

Though Morton wanted but this solitary fortress to have all Scotland under his severe dominion, he was very unwilling to attempt its reduction by force, which might fan anew the flames of that civil discord the treaty of Perth had now nearly extinguished; but for the complete

[1] Bannatyne. [2] Chamb. Traditions, &c. &c.

establishment of his power and authority, and also for the accomplishment of his dearly prized vengeance on the Kirkaldys, it was necessary to possess it at all risks. He applied to Elizabeth for assistance, being, from his avarice or prodigality, quite destitute of a battering-train, and every thing requisite for carrying on a siege. The English queen readily promised him aid, rejoiced at being able to humble Kirkaldy, and hurl his banner from the towers where it had waved so long and honourably.

On the 2d of March, Kirkaldy and the secretary wrote to Henry Killigrew, charging Morton with treason, and innumerable malpractices and misdemeanours; they also indignantly remonstrated with Elizabeth, for her intention of sending troops to crush them.[1] The only answer to this was preparations at Berwick for a campaign on Scottish ground.

On the 8th of March, Morton was joined by a hundred English pioneers. On the 11th they broke ground in Castlehill Street, and threw up a sconce or battery, on which they worked for four consecutive days, exposed to a constant fire poured on them by the besieged from the lofty eastern curtain. They endured considerable loss until the night of the 15th, when Kirkaldy made a sally at the head of a small party, and, again scouring the trenches with sword and pike, routed the pioneers, and destroyed the fruits of their labour. For three days his cannon continued pouring death and destruction on the city—sweeping the cross wynds and raking the length of the High Street—beating down roofs and gables, and overthrowing those heavy projections of timber, and pon-

[1] Chalmers' Life of Mary, &c.

derous stalks of dark old chimneys, which have always formed the most striking features of the ancient city. On the 18th he compelled the blockading troops to agree to a thirteen days' truce.

During this cessation of hostilities, Lord Ruthven met Sir William Drury, the high marshal of Berwick, at the old parish kirk of Lamberton, in the Merse—now a mass of ivy-covered ruin.[1] There they held a convention, in consequence of which, on the expiry of the truce, Drury marched into Scotland with the English standard displayed, and brought to the assistance of Morton fifteen hundred harquebussiers, one hundred and forty pikemen, and a numerous troop of gentlemen volunteers; while the train of cannon and baggage came round by sea to Leith, where a fleet of English ships cruised, to cut off all succour from the Continent.

With Drury came the old bands of Berwick, the scarred veterans of the English wars—men inured to toil, and the stern duty and discipline of garrisoning a frontier town in the midst of a country subject to the raids and forays of the fierce mosstroopers of the Scottish Border. All old and thorough soldiers, they were skilful in the use of the pike and harquebuss, and accustomed to the weight of their armour. In the "Annales of Scotland untill the year of our Redemption 1586, by Francis Botvile, commonly called Thin," we have a complete muster-roll of the commanders in this expedition.

The harquebussiers were led by Sir Francis Russell, knight, chamberlain of Berwick, and third son of the Earl of Bedford; Errington, the provost-mareschal: the

[1] Chal. Caledonia, &c.

captains were Read, Yaxley, Wood, Prickwell, Pikeman, Gam, John Cais, Carew, and Barton: Captain Steerly commanded the pioneers: Sir George Carey, Sir Henry Lee, knights, with Thomas Cecil, son of Lord Burleigh, Knowles, Sutton, Kelway, Daer, Tilny, and William Killigrew—all young English cavaliers of noble family—"and other gentlemen of good estimation," rode into Scotland beneath St George's cross, eager to win their spurs at the siege of the maiden castle.

Morton and the nobles of his faction increased their forces; and, forming them into five divisions, made a junction with the English auxiliaries, and blockaded the castle on every side, in terms of the eight following conditions, agreed to at Lamberton—

Neither the regent of Scotland nor the English general, without the other's concurrence, were to make any composition with the besieged.

That if the castle fell by storm, the plate, crown-jewels, and furniture of the royal household, the national records, and all public property in the hands of Sir William Kirkaldy, should be delivered to the Regent Morton, within three days after the capture. The rest to become the spoil of the English, who might freely pillage.

The persons within the castle should be reserved for trial by law; but in that matter, the regent would proceed *by Elizabeth's advice.*

He was also to pay the English forces, and assist them with a competent body of horse and foot.

He should also give pensions to the widows and near relations of English soldiers slain in his service; and if

any of the English train of ordnance were destroyed during the siege, guns of the same metal and calibre should be given to make up the loss.

That, immediately after the reduction of the fortress, the English should march back to their own country.

And that for their safe return—the chances of war excepted—James master of Ruthven, Hugh master of Semple, John Cunningham son of the earl of Glencairn, and Douglas laird of Kilspindie, should be sent to the frontier town of Berwick, there to remain as hostages.

Immediately on the arrival of these auxiliaries, Morton issued a proclamation, wherein he affected to show "the care that the Queen of England had taken for the peace of the realm in times past, and the liberal succours she had now granted for the expugnation of the castle, treasonably detained and fortified by the Laird of Grange. He required all good subjects to carry themselves as became them towards the English general and his company," threatening that he who injured them by word or deed would be deemed a traitor, and ally of Kirkaldy and other disturbers of the peace; and the records of justiciary show that several prosecutions were raised against the friends of Kirkaldy, during the period he maintained that cause which nearly all the rest of Scotland had abandoned, (note L.)

Undaunted as he was, Kirkaldy could not have contemplated without misgivings the forlorn situation of his little band, now closely environed on all sides. The humiliating prospect of yielding to Morton, the seducer of his sister-in-law, the usurper of his feudal rights, the sworn foe of himself and all his race, was an alterna-

tive to be thought of only in sorrow and despair, to which his unflinching spirit was yet a stranger. His wife, his brother, his friend Maitland, his uncles the Melvilles, and all his brave companions, would then be at the mercy of Elizabeth's duplicity and Morton's cruelty—it was a sad and terrible prospect.

On the 25th of April the following paper was delivered to him by an English trumpeter:—

"Summons to the castle of Edinburgh.

"Sir William Kirkaldy, some time of Grange, knight, —Forasmuch as the queen's majesty, my sovereign lady, upon the earnest request of her dear cousin the King of the Scots, your sovereign lord, made to her highness by his regent, nobilitie, and estates of Scotland, after all good means used to have reduced you to a dutiful obedience of his authority by treaty, which hitherto you have not duly hearkened unto, to the only hinderance of the universal peace of this realm, by withholding his highness's castle, meaning—as it seemeth—to reserve the same as a receptacle for foreign forces, to the manifest danger of this realm, and of my sovereign's, and necessary to remove so perilous a danger to both realms:

"For which consideration her majesty hath sent her aid and succours, men, ordnance, and munition, for the recovery of the said castle to the said king's use and behoof; and therefore, according to her majesty's command and commission, THIS shall be in due manner to warn, require, and summon you, that you surrender and deliver the said castle, with the whole artillery, jewels, household stuff, and such other implements within the same to me, for the use and behoof of the king your

sovereign, and his regent in his name, immediately after this my letter of summons, or knowledge of the same shall come to you.

"Which if you obey, as of duty you ought, then shall I, in her majesty's name, travail with the regent, council, and nobles here, for the safety of your lives, etc.; otherwise, if you continue in your former obstinacy, abiding our cannon, then no farther look for grace or favour, but you and the rest within that castle to be pursued to the uttermost, and holden as enemies to her majesty, your own sovereign and country.

"Given at Edinburgh, by me, Sir William Drury, knight, general of her Majesty's forces now in Scotland, this 25th day of April in the year of Christ 1573."[1]

This periphrastic document, in which Elizabeth's name preceded that of the young king, from its whole tenor, was only calculated to rouse Kirkaldy's native wrath and pride. He read it, and briefly dismissing the bearer with a bold refusal to surrender, ordered a scarlet banner, significant of *death and defiance*, to be displayed on the great tower of king David.[2]

Some weeks before the siege, Drury had come to Edinburgh on feigned business, and was imprudently permitted by Kirkaldy to enter the castle, when he had an opportunity of inspecting its strength, and observing its strongest and most assailable points. This reconnoissance, together with the report of the engineers Fleming and Johnson, will sufficiently account for the very skilful manner in which this veteran knight erected his batteries. Morton's train, consisting of six pieces of artillery, was

[1] Boteville. [2] Spotswood; James Sext, &c.

brought by water from Stirling to Leith, and joined with those ordnance brought by Drury.

These consisted of one cannon-royal or carthoun, (a 48-pounder,) fourteen gross culverins, (18-pounders,) nine of which had been taken from the Scots at the battle of Flodden; two sakers, (8-pounders,) and two bombardes, or short thick cannon, for throwing enormous balls of more than a hundredweight, and loaded by means of a crane. All the cannon of those days were levelled, raised, or depressed by means of a wedge, called the *aim-frontlet*, hollowed to receive the muzzle under which it was placed. By the 15th of May five batteries, each mounting five pieces of cannon, were ready for service. In addition to these were five field-pieces or falcons, as a movable battery.

The first, or King's Mount, commanded by the Regent Morton, was erected on the ground now occupied by Heriot's Hospital, a high eminence to the southward of the city, near the thatched hamlet of Lauriston. The other four formed a curved line of circumvallation round the fortress, placed at equal distances—the last being at Bearford's Park, to the northward of the rock.

The second battery was commanded by Sir William Drury; the third by Sir George Carey; the fourth by Sir Henry Lee, (of Ditchley); the fifth by Sir Thomas Sutton, master-general of the English ordnance.

During the trenching operations, Kirkaldy's cannon poured a continual fire on all sides, and did great execution among the besiegers, notwithstanding the vigour with which they pushed the approaches to get under cover.

On the first day of their arrival, Duberri, an English lieutenant, was shot in the trenches.

An attempt was made to undermine the strong Spur or blockhouse, but turned out a complete failure.[1]

[1] Journal of the siege, 1573; Miscell. Bannat. Club; James Sext, &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST EFFORTS OF VALOUR AND DESPAIR.

On Trinity Sunday the 17th of May, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the five batteries opened a simultaneous discharge upon the walls of the castle. Bravely and briskly its cannoneers replied to them, and deep-mouthed Mons Meg, with her vast bullets of black whin, the thundering carthouns, basilisks, serpents, and culverins, amid fire and smoke, belched their missiles from the old gray towers, showering balls of iron, lead, and stone at the batteries; while the incessant ringing of several thousand harquebusses, calivers, and wheel-lock petronels, added to the din of the double cannonade. From the calibre of the great Mons Meg, which yet frowns *en barbe* over the ramparts, one may easily imagine the dismay her enormous bullets must have caused in the trenches so far below her.

For ten days the furious cannonade continued, on both sides, without a moment's cessation. On the 19th, three towers were demolished, and enormous gaps appeared in the curtain walls; many of the castle guns were dismounted, and destroyed by the falling of the ancient masonry: a shot struck one of the largest culverins fairly on the muzzle, shattering it to pieces, and scattering

the splinters around those who stood near. A very heavy battery was discharged against King David's Tower, a great square bastel-house, the walls of which were dark with the lapse of four centuries. On the 23d a great gap had been beaten in its northern side, revealing the arched hall within; and as the vast old tower, with its cannon, its steel-clad defenders, and the red flag of defiance still waving above its machicolated bartizan, sank with a mighty crash to shapeless ruin, the wild shriek raised by the females in the castle, and the roar of the masonry rolling like thunder down the perpendicular rocks, were distinctly heard at the distant English camp.[1]

Next day the round tower of the Constable fell down in masses from the bluff cliff on which its rugged front had for ages faced the storms of war and of the elements.

Then Wallace's Tower, the great curtain to the eastward, with its six gross-culverins, the strong gate-tower, with its portcullis and barriers, all fell crashing down in succession, burying the living and the dead, laying bare the steep rocks, and choking with lime, stones, and rubbish the deep draw-wells, one of which had already dried up. Their loss added greatly to the accumulating miseries of the besieged, who were without other water than the summer dews which descended by night on their unsheltered heads, and on the bloodstained ruins of the stronghold they were so bravely defending.

Kirkaldy never for a moment left the walls, either by day or by night.[2]

His cannon were now becoming rapidly silenced, and

[1] Tytler. [2] Inquiry and Evidence, &c. &c.

his ranks thinned by wounds and death; but his soldiers still continued to make "great slaughter among the English cannoneers, sundry of whom had their legs and arms torn from their bodies and whirled into the air, by violence of the great shot." The cannoneers of Berwick worked their culverins with great intrepidity, being told by their captains that, until the brave band of Kirkaldy was subdued, the influence of their queen in Scotland was insecure, and that she was resolved, as her secretary Walsingham expressed it, "to pull the garrison out by the ears." Sir William Drury's battery was only fifty yards distant from the western walls and St Margaret's Tower, from which so sharp a fire was poured upon it that his gunners forsook their cannon in disorder, but were rallied by his example, when, taking a match, he discharged the five pieces with his own hand. Animated by courage, patriotism, and revenge, rather than by terror or despair, Kirkaldy defended himself with the most resolute bravery, amid dead and dying soldiers, falling towers, and failing cannon, without water, and without provisions, of which the demolition of the storehouses had deprived him.

Captains Hume and Crauford of Jordanhill, two leaders of the regent's Scottish companies, headed their pikemen and a band of English in an escalade. A dull old ballad, the *Sege of the Castell*,[1] says—

> "That Hume and Craford to the lave were gyde,
> With certain soiours (*i. e.* soldiers) of the garysoune;
> Four Captanis followit at their back to byde,
> Semphill and Hector, Ramsay and Robesoune."

They advanced to storm the Spur at seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th, while their allies made an attack to

[1] Scots Poems of Sixteenth Cent.

the westward, and disconcerted the measures of the garrison, whose strength ought to have been ten times greater for the perfect defence of such a fortress. Though an outwork of great strength, in the form of a half-moon, the Spur was poorly manned, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued for three hours; but by ten o'clock the ravelin was stormed, with the loss of eight men killed and twenty-eight wounded—for corslets, and morions of proof, were a great defence against sword-blades and pike-heads. The standard of James VI. was immediately hoisted upon it. Sir Francis Russel, an English knight who betrayed marked cowardice in the assault, was, in consequence, afterwards sent under arrest to Berwick.

The steep and rugged mass of black whinstone on which the castle stands, defied all attempts at an escalade. Rising in many parts, almost perpendicularly, to the height of three hundred feet, with massive though ruined walls, defended by brave soldiers, whose inherent courage, the dawning of despair, love of life, and dread of an ignominious death, and the thought of having their wives and little ones to defend from the lusts and swords of an infuriated enemy, had altogether endued with a determined ferocity that seemed to border on martial insanity. To time, starvation, misery, and death, Drury and Morton trusted for a surrender—a successful assault could not be thought of. The attack of the English on the westward, though favouring the stormers of the Spur, proved otherwise futile; they were repulsed, leaving thirty of their best men dead among the rocks.

The greatest privation of the besieged was caused by

the loss of their wells, and the sufferings of the wounded were greatly increased by the want of water. A small supply was obtained by lowering a soldier over the frightful precipice to the north, with a cord long enough to enable him to reach St Margaret's well, far down beneath the lower fortifications. Favoured by the darkness and his own daring, he made several such perilous visits, which were soon discovered by the besiegers—who, to their infamy, poisoned the well, thereafter permitting the bold water-carrier to be lowered down by his unsuspecting comrades, and to be drawn up unmolested with his vessel filled with the drugged liquid. Some authors accuse Morton, and others Drury,[1] of committing this piece of savage barbarity; but its consequences were soon fearfully visible among the little band of braves. Many whom the shot had left unscathed, expired in the greatest agonies that poison can produce; while the rest became feeble, sickly, and totally unfitted for working their ponderous cannon, and manning in complete armour, by day and night, the exposed and crumbling walls. A scarcity of provisions increased the horrors which were thickening fast around them; and Lady Kirkaldy, who appears to have taken charge of their little store, was accused by the soldiers of "skanting the victuals, which were skant eneugh alreadie."[2]

Maddened by the miseries they underwent, and rendered desperate by all hopes of escape from torture and death being utterly cut off, a frenzy seized the soldiers; they broke into a dangerous mutiny, and threatened to hang Lethington over the walls, as being the primary cause of all these dangers, from the great influence he exercised over Kirkaldy their governor. But even now,

[1] See Blackwood, Hist. of Mary. [2] Calderwood.

when amid the sick, the dying, the dead, and the mutinous—surrounded by crumbling ramparts and dismounted cannon, among which the shot of the besiegers were rebounding every instant—with the lives, honour, and safety of his wife, his brother, and numerous brave and faithful friends, depending on his efforts and example, the heart of the brave governor appears never to have quailed even for an instant!

On beholding certain movements in the trenches, and perceiving by the arrayal of the different divisions beneath their several standards, that his foe, the unrelenting Morton, exulting in the near prospect of laying hands upon his victims, was about to lead the Scottish bands to a general assault, by the great breach in the eastern wall—which, in the mutinous and sickly state of the weakened garrison, could now never be defended—Kirkaldy, with sensations which may easily be imagined, presented himself above the shattered ruins of the gate-tower, bearing a white rod in his hand in token of peace, while his drums beat a chamade in sign of parley. An English cavalier went up within speaking distance, to whom he expressed a wish to converse "with his old friend and fellow-soldier the marshal of Berwick." This was on the afternoon of the 28th May.

Morton consented, and thereupon Kirkaldy and his uncle, Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie, were lowered over the ruins by cords, as there was no other mode of egress, the flight of forty steps being completely buried in the same ruin which had choked up the archways, and hidden both gates and portcullis. The Castle-hill at that time (says Melville of Kilrenny, in his *Diary*) was covered with stones, "rinning like a sandie bray,"

but behind the breaches were the men-at-arms drawn up in firm array, with their pikes and helmets gleaming in the setting sun.

In the dusk the meeting with Drury took place, near the battery or bulwark in the Lawnmarket. The English knight courteously extolled the bravery of Kirkaldy, but advised him "to surrender, as it was impossible for him to receive the least assistance, either from France or Spain, the whole coast being vigilantly watched." The unfortunate soldier, in the same tone of courtesy, acknowledged the value of his advice, and obtained an armistice for twenty-four hours, preparatory to a capitulation. Another meeting immediately took place between Kirkaldy and Sir Robert, on their own part, Killigrew and Drury for the queen of England, and Lord Boyd for the regent.

Kirkaldy's requests were to have surety for their lives and lands, and that they should not be pillaged of any property they had within the castle; to have leave for Lord Home and William Maitland of Lethington to retire into England, and he (Kirkaldy) to be permitted to reside unmolested on his estates in Fifeshire. These conditions, which his valour so richly merited, Drury—who was altogether indifferent about the matter—might have agreed to, but Morton rejected them with undisguised scorn. He had in his own possession the whole barony of Grange, and the only terms he would grant were these:—

That if the soldiers marched forth without their armour, and submitted to his clemency, he would grant them their lives; but there were *ten* persons who must yield *unconditionally* to him, and whose fate he would leave to the decision of their umpire, Elizabeth. The unfortunate

exceptions were—the governor, Sir James Kirkaldy, Lethington, Alexander lord Home, the Bishop of Dunkeld, Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie, Logan of Restalrig, Alexander Crichton of Drylaw, Pitarrow the constable, and Patrick Wishart.

Convinced by this stern and dubious answer of their ultimate doom, they refused to capitulate on such terms; and the governor returned once more to his ruined hold, and, with a courage now gathering fresh energy from desperation, he undertook to defend it by standing in the breach of the eastern curtain, with eight knights whose rash valour was equal to his own. Among these were his brother, Lord Home, his kinsmen the Melvilles —Sir Robert, and Sir Andrew of Garvock, master of the household to Queen Mary—the Constable Pitarrow, and Patrick Wishart his brother. While those brave men were resolving thus, and arming, Robert Colville, laird of Cleish, and Mathew his brother, approached the breach, under pretext of making fresh offers, but in reality to examine the state of the ruins, and secretly to tamper with the soldiers, which they did so successfully that several deserted, and escaped down the rocks.[1]

The undaunted example of Kirkaldy now completely failed to animate his sickly, famished, and diminished band, who threatened, unless he capitulated in six hours, to hang his friend Lethington from the walls by a cord, and to deliver himself up to Morton. Thus stood matters on the expiry of the two days' truce. In this dreadful dilemma, menaced without and within, there remained but two alternatives—to surrender, or to die by his own sword.

[1] Melville.

The English captains were very anxious that the castle should be delivered to them in form; but Kirkaldy, who possessed all the enthusiasm of a true Scotsman, could not brook the humiliation of surrendering the citadel of his native capital to Englishmen, the ancient hereditary foes of his country. Therefore, when compelled to adopt the expedient (which is supposed to have originated in Lethington's fertile brain) of admitting a party of the besiegers within the outworks, or at least close to the walls, he sent privately in the night a message to Hume and Jordanhill, to march their Scottish companies between the English batteries and the fortress, lest the old bands of Drury should have the honour of entering first.[1]

On the next morning, the 29th of May he came forth and gave up his sword calmly, to the Marshal of Berwick, (rather than yield it to the hated Morton,) and on thus personally surrendering, received the most solemn assurances of being restored to his estates and liberty at the *intercession* of the Queen of England. In the name of his mistress, Drury pledged word for the safety of his adherents; and immediately the survivors of the siege, embracing only about one hundred soldiers, marched from the silent and desolate ruins, where the blood and the corpses of their comrades, and a chaos of stones and broken culverins, attested the fury of the siege and the energy of the defence. Clad in their armour, girt with their swords and bandoliers, and with their old banner displayed, they marched through the barricaded streets of the city, escorted by a guard of Morton's harquebussiers, to protect them from the animosity of the exasperated burghers, who

[1] Melville.

had not forgotten the conflagration of the Portsburgh, and the incessant cannonading they had endured for six months past. The whole of the prisoners were supposed to be under the charge of the English ambassador, and for several days they were all at liberty on parole.

Drury conducted Sir William and Lady Kirkaldy, with other ladies and gentlemen of distinction, to his temporary residence, where, like a brave English knight, (notwithstanding Morton's remonstrances,) he treated them with the kindness and courtesy their sufferings and constancy deserved. The resentful regent was determined not to be cheated of the blood he had thirsted for so long, and wrote instantly to Lord Burleigh, warning him that the "authors of all the mischief" were now unconditionally in the hands of Elizabeth's ambassador; he therefore requested that they might be delivered up to him, to receive the reward of their crimes. The barbarous Killigrew urged their immediate execution; but Drury, who, as a soldier, possessed more generosity, rejected the advice of the cold-blooded politician, and anxiously awaited his next despatches from London.

Meanwhile the castle had been taken possession of by Morton's Scottish companies, and his brother, Sir George Douglas of Tods' Holes and Parkhead, was appointed successor to Kirkaldy. This savage knight, who was popularly known as "George the Postulate of Aberbrothwick," was one of the slayers of Rizzio, into whose spine he wedged his long dagger with such force that it could not be withdrawn without violence. He was a natural son of the Earl of Angus, and, consequently, uncle of Darnley. He immediately commenced the

restoration of the ruined fortress, and some of its present batteries are the result of his exertions.[1]

The regalia of Scotland, the crown, sword, and sceptre, with many valuable private and crown-jewels, were found in Kirkaldy's own apartment. They were all contained in a great oak chest, probably the same which is yet preserved in the crown-room. Many letters in cipher were also discovered, but the prudent Maitland committed all his papers to the flames before the capitulation.[2]

Many of the English cavaliers, and officers of the old bands of Berwick, ascended into the castle by the great breach in the eastern wall, which they were fond of passing and repassing, that they might on their return boast "they had won the maiden castle." But after the appointment of the stern Douglas to the governorship, the Scottish companies would not permit their allies—of whom, no doubt, they were sufficiently jealous—to enter in any great number.[3]

By a computation made by the Marshal of Berwick, it appears that not less than three thousand cannon-balls were discharged against the castle, between the 17th and 29th of May, inclusive. The most of these were recovered, says the Marshal, by paying "the Scottish people a piece of their coin called a *bawbee* for every bullet, which is in value English one penny and a quarter."[4] The cannonade must have averaged fully two hundred and thirty rounds for each of the thirteen days, which, all things considered, was very good gunnery.

[1] Hist. of James Sext. [2] Note to Bannat.; Poems of 16th Century, &c.
[3] Melville. [4] Note to Tytler.

Kirkaldy and Maitland, though prisoners at large in Drury's temporary residence, on learning the purport of Morton's communications with Elizabeth, became alarmed for their safety, and intreated Killigrew the ambassador to remove them to England. But Master Killigrew knew too well the wishes and intentions of his queen towards them, and continued to urge their immediate execution. In a letter to Lord Burleigh, they condescended to acknowledge that he might blame their obstinate resistance to Morton; but promised in future to be obedient to his mistress, and hoped they might become useful if permitted to enter her service—now that every hope of residing in Scotland had passed away. Their doubts and dangers were increasing fast. With this loyal soldier of Mary, nothing but the disgrace and horror with which he contemplated a public and ignominious execution, under Morton's eye, could have made him affix his name to so humble an appeal as the following, which was no doubt penned and conceived by Maitland, and which I quote from Tytler's History:—

"My Lord,—The malice of our enemies is the more increased against us, that they have seen us rendered unto the queen's majesty's will, and now seeking refuge at her highness's hands; and, therefore, we doubt not but they will go about by all possible means to procure our mischief; yea, that their cruel minds will lead them to crave our blood at her majesty's hands. But whatsoever their malice be, we cannot fear that it shall have success, knowing with how gracious a princess we have to do, who hath given so many good proofs to the world of her clemency and mild nature (?) that we can-

not mistrust that the first example of the contrary shall be shown upon us. We take this to be her very natural *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*

"We have rendered ourselves unto her majesty, which to our own countrymen we would never have done in any extremity that might come. We trust her majesty will not put us out of her hands, to make any others (especially *our mortal enemies*) our masters. If it will please her majesty to extend her most gracious clemency towards us, she may be assured to have us perpetually at her devotion as any of this nation—yea, as any subject of her own—for now with honour we may oblige ourselves to her majesty farther than we might before, and her majesty's benefit will bind us to her perpetually.

"Your lordship knoweth what our request is, we pray your lordship to further it.

"There never was a time wherein your lordship's friendship might stand us in such stead. As we have oftentimes before tasted thereof, so we humbly pray you will not let it inlack us now, in time of this our greatest misery. Let not the mis-reports of our enemies prevail against us. When we are in her majesty's hands, she may make of us what pleaseth her.

"From Edinburgh, 1st of June, 1573."

Considering the subtle statesman and noble warrior from whom this artful letter came, a painful air of humility pervades it, which probably nothing but the cause before mentioned, together with the intense mortification of finding themselves at the mercy of Morton—he whom they detested and abhorred—could ever have drawn from Maitland of Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange.

Notwithstanding its earnestness, it was productive of no effect. Elizabeth, though naturally cruel and enraged against the champions of Mary, did not immediately decide; but the Earl of Morton, and Killigrew her ambassador, so strongly and vehemently advised their execution, that she ordered her general to deliver them up to the former to be treated as he pleased, an order which she knew was equivalent to signing their death-warrant. Morton had delivered up the unhappy Northumberland to her insatiable vengeance and pride; and could she be less liberal in infamy?[1]

Drury, who now pitied the fallen state of Kirkaldy, and respected his valour and worth, must have experienced deep mortification on receiving this final and fatal order from one he dared not disobey, and in obedience to whom he placed Sir William, Lady Kirkaldy, and the whole of the prisoners, noble and of humbler rank, in all one hundred and sixty-four men, thirty-four women, and ten boys, in the hands of the exulting and triumphant regent, who by some means had previously secured Sir James Kirkaldy in fetters and a dungeon.[2] As a gloomy earnest of what their superiors were to expect, the whole of the private soldiers were thrown into the vaults of Craigmillar, Merchiston, and Blackness. Sir William Kirkaldy was committed to the palace of Holyrood, where a band of Morton's men guarded him day and night.

Lord Home was committed to the castle of Edinburgh, where he remained till the hour of his death. Carte, from Fenelon's despatches, relates that Home paid Morton

[1] All Scots Historians. [2] Calderwood.

£10,000 to be put in possession of his patrimonial fortresses of Fastcastle and Home; but the regent took the money with admirable coolness, and troubled himself no further in the matter. Home died in August 1575.

The bishop of Dunkeld was sent to Blackness; John Maitland, the prior of Coldingham, to the castle of Tantallon, where he remained until 1584; his brother, the secretary, to the ancient Tolbooth of Leith. Sir James Kirkaldy, with Mossman and Cockie, two goldsmiths of Edinburgh, who had coined money in the castle by the governor's order, were placed in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie was sent to the castle of Lethington, in charge of David Hume of Fishwick, its captain. His life was spared at the intercession of his brother, Sir James of Halhill, and by the interest of Killigrew. Alexander Crichton of Drylaw was afterwards liberated. Morton dared not proceed against the life of Lord Home, who was chief of a bold mosstrooping clan; and the threats of his vassals, the Laird of Manderstone, the Knight of Cowdenknowes, the Goodman of North Berwick, and other Homes, were not to be trifled with. The faithful Sir Andrew Melville of Garvock, was also spared, and lived to attend Mary at the scaffold in Fotheringay, fifteen years after. Of the ultimate fate of Lady Kirkaldy, and the other noble dames who were with her, few notices can be discovered; but none suffered either death or imprisonment.[1]

Immediately on giving over his prisoners, Sir William Drury, with all his forces and artillery, marched back to Berwick, leaving these, the last of the unfortunate loyal-

[1] Melville; Scott's Hist. fol.; Records of Council, &c.

ists, utterly at the mercy of Morton. He complained bitterly that this breach of faith and lack of charity on the part of his sovereign had covered him with shame and dishonour, and compelled him to act so inconsistently with his feelings and profession; but the Scots, who in those days were never inclined to think very favourably of an Englishman, loudly accused him of the vilest duplicity. Morton at the same time exclaimed against him, for having promised conditions of peace to Kirkaldy of Grange and his friends, expressly against the first article of the convention of Lamberton, which provided that neither of them should transact or compound with the besieged without the consent of the other. It is considered certain that Drury acquainted him, on the 29th of May, with the conditions on which Kirkaldy and his soldiers capitulated.[1] Morton, being intently resolved on their destruction, cared little what the public thought.

Victorious at home, and supported abroad by his powerful ally Elizabeth, he determined to give full scope to his tyrannical disposition, and his grand ruling passions of avarice and revenge. Of those whom fate and the fortune of war had placed so completely at his mercy, he was not long in disposing.

William Maitland of Lethington, by swallowing poison, escaped the ignominious death he anticipated, and to which he would assuredly have been brought by Morton, whom some writers have accused of administering the potion; but it is much more probable that the stern regent would have reserved him for the shame of those judicial shambles which awaited his brethren in misfor-

[1] Scott's Hist. fol., &c.

tune. Resolved, however, not to be cheated of his prey, the moment he became aware of the desperate deed, he ordered Lethington to be dragged from the Tolbooth of Leith to his own house in Edinburgh, where on the 9th of July he expired in great torment. Something peculiarly ignominious appears to have been intended for his body, which was allowed to lie so long unburied, "that the vermine came creeping out under the doore of the hous where he was lying."[1]

Such was the miserable end of this great and accomplished statesman. There is yet extant a pathetic letter from his lady, the once famed and beautiful daughter of Malcolm lord Fleming, praying that his "poor remains might suffer no shame," but be committed to the tomb.[2] An original portrait of him is still preserved in the castle of Thirlestane. Mary Fleming, one of the four Marys of the queen, was his second wife, and by her he left a son, James, on whose death the line of the family was carried on by the prior of Coldinghame, who thus became progenitor of the Duke and Earls of Lauderdale. Mary, the daughter of the unfortunate secretary, became countess of Robert third earl of Roxburgh. The estates of Lethington were afterwards restored to the heirs, in whose favour the ninth parliament of James VI. passed an act in 1584.[3]

After suffering a close confinement in the gloomiest chambers of old Holyrood, where Morton's armed vassals kept constant watch and ward, Sir William Kirkaldy, and his brother Sir James, were brought to trial on the 3d August. James Mossman and James Cockie,

[1] Cald. and Scott's Hist. fol. [2] Life of Mary, &c. [3] Acts Douglas Peer.

who had served in the castle of Edinburgh, and coined silver therein in the queen's name, were arraigned at the same time, charged with murder, rebellion, and treasonably defending and withholding a fortress of the king. Pitcairn, in his scarce and valuable "Criminal Trials," remarks that, in the case of Sir William Kirkaldy, "there appears to have been considerable debate on the relevancy of the indictment on which he was tried"—but he was soon found guilty of treason against King James by a court overawed by the regent, and predisposed to bring in a fatal verdict.

Unfortunately, from the 3d of August 1573, until the close of 1576, there occurs a blank in the records of the Scottish High Court of Justiciary, and in consequence the trials of Kirkaldy and his brother cannot be given at length.

Of the latter's case the following brief memorandum alone appears, and no further particulars of it are preserved.

"*August 3d.*—Mr James Kirkaldye, and James Cockke, goldsmythe, burges of Edinburgh, dilatit of certane crymes of treasoune committit against our souerane lord, and his heines auctoritie." On the margin of the record appear the words *convict. et suspen.*, and from thence is the blank of three years.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE GIBBET AND THE SETTING SUN.

THOUGH proud in spirit, high in courage, and now growing gray in arms, the unfortunate Kirkaldy did not disdain to plead for life; and the stern and aged Lord Lindesay of the Byres, who, during the civil war, had been his most inveterate enemy, was now the only man of Morton's faction who appeared his friend, and inveighed loudly against the unworthy treatment of the vanquished warrior.[1]

Kirkaldy's kinsmen, to the number of one hundred barons and gentlemen of rank and fortune, offered, if he should be spared, to bind themselves and their heirs, by *bond of manrent*, to the house of Angus and Morton as vassals and servants for ever.

To the regent they offered a large annuity of three thousand merks yearly, two thousand of them to be paid instantly down.

Even the splendid jewels of the helpless Mary were offered to the gloating eyes of the avaricious earl; but revenge triumphed, and, for *once* in his life, as a judge he was inaccessible to bribery.[2] Stern, inflexible, triumphant, eager to glut his hatred, and secure for ever the

[1] Memoirs of the Aff. of Scot. [2] Poems of 16th cent.

estates of him whom he feared and envied for his spotless fame and warlike talent, he would hear of nothing but death, *and the church urged him blood.* The whole Christian ministers of the Scottish Reformed Kirk, aware of Knox's deathbed prediction, which then was remembered and repeated aloud with all the emphasis that malice and bigotry could lend it, were resolved that nothing should mar its fulfilment, and continued to exclaim from all their pulpits that "God's plague would not cease till the land were purged with blood!"[1]

Others cried to "bring down the pride of that giant who boasted to be another Wallace!" and all, exulting in the fulfilment of the prophecy, opposed every intercession for mercy.[2]

According to the barbarous custom of that time, the instant that the sentence was passed upon them, the unfortunate brothers and the two burgesses, their adherents, were ordered forth for immediate execution.

As the sands of existence ebbed, Kirkaldy of Grange acquitted himself to the last moment like the true knight he had proved through life. He who in youth had won his spurs in the wars of Picardy, and been the brother-in-arms of Henry of Bourbon—who had shone so victoriously in the tournaments of Diana of Valentinois, and led the Chevaux Legers of France through the carnage of Renti and Cambray—who in manhood had fought in the fierce wars of the Congregation, been the vanquisher of Evers, and the victor of Langside—he whose sword had never been sheathed, when his country or his honour required it to be drawn, and who had been, in the years

[1] Hist of Scot. vol. vii. [2] Melville.

of her greatest extremity, the last champion of the injured and beautiful Mary—though dragged like a felon to the gallows, was not, by shrinking in the last hour, to forfeit that high reputation for courage which was now the only hereditary right of his race.

On sentence being passed, he was immediately visited by a former friend, David Lindesay, minister of Leith—a famous clerical martialist, whose hands were, perhaps, more accustomed to the use of the sword and caliver, than the Bible and book of prayer.[1]

Kirkaldy bade adieu to his wife, and, moved probably by her tears, as a last appeal for his brother and himself, sent David Lindesay to Morton with the *bond of manrent*, and an offer of his whole heritage, his patrimonial baronies of Grange, Auchtertool, and Friartoun, all he possessed in free gift, if he would permit him to leave his native country and die in exile, with no other inheritance than his sword and his untarnished honour. Better was that alternative than a felon's doom—but Morton was inflexible. After a brief and affected consultation with Kirkaldy's foemen, David Durie of that Ilk, commendator of Dunfermline, and with the lord clerk-register, who happened to be with him at the moment, Morton replied with coldness and hauteur,—

"The people will only be satisfied by the exemplary punishment of this man, Kirkaldy, whose death is necessary to crown our cause;" and the good minister who, having borne arms, was more merciful than his brethren, was forced dejectedly to retire. On his returning with the rejected offers and Morton's final answer—

[1] M'Crie.

"Then, Master David," replied Kirkaldy firmly, "for the love of Christ, and the memory of our old friendship, do not leave me now!" [1]

Immediately afterwards, with his brother Sir James and the two burgesses, he was bound with cords and brought forth from the palace. They were placed upon conspicuous hurdles, as spectacles to the dense concourse which thronged the Abbey Close, and thus were slowly drawn backwards up that long and steep street called the Canongate. The pious Lindesay remained in the hurdle of Kirkaldy, who listened to his earnest exhortations and discourse with deep attention, and acknowledged the value of his ministrations with sincere gratitude.

Calderwood and others give brief but graphic notices of his last moments on the scaffold.

Through streets crowded to excess by scowling and vindictive citizens, by railing churchmen and pitying loyalists, he was drawn to the ancient market-cross, surrounded by the mailed soldiers of Morton. When the bright sunset of the summer evening streamed from the westward, down the crowded and picturesque vista of that noble and lofty street, and "when he saw the day faire and the sunne shyning cleere" on the vast gothic façade of St Giles, the high fantastic gable of the old Tolbooth, grisly with the bleaching skulls of traitors, and the grim arm of the fatal gibbet, with its cords dangling near the tall octagon column and carved battlements of the cross, "*then* his countenance changed," and so markedly, that Lindesay asked why.

"In faith! Master David," he replied, "now I well

[1] Historie of the Kirk.

perceive that Master Knox was a true servant of God, and that his warning is about to be accomplished. Repeat unto me his last words."

The minister then rehearsed Knox's prediction, which was in every man's mouth, and in all men's memory. "The soul of that man," Knox said, "is dear to me—I would fain have saved him; but he shall be dragged forth and hanged in the face of the sun!" Lindesay added, that Knox had been "earnest with God for *him*—was sorry for that which should befal his bodie, for the love he bore him; but was assured there was mercy for his soule."

"May his words prove true!" rejoined Kirkaldy, fervently, and requested Lindesay to repeat them over to him once more. Knox had been one of his oldest and earliest friends, and now the strong spirit of the stately soldier was so subdued that he shed tears while Lindesay spoke. He expressed regret for the answer he had sent to Knox's friendly message, and added, with humility, that he was sincerely penitent for any sins of which he had unwittingly been guilty. To the last he expressed the most devoted and unshaken attachment to his country and its unhappy queen.

John Durie, another clergyman of Leith, attended him on the scaffold.

"Master David," said he with an unaltered manner, as Lindesay was about to descend from the fatal platform, "I hope that, after men shall think I am dead and gone, I shall give them a token of assurance of mercy to my soul, according to the words of Knox, that man of God."

The ministers retired.

Exactly at four in the afternoon, he was thrust off the ladder by which he had ascended the scaffold.

"The sun being about the north-west corner of the steeple (of St Giles,)" continues the superstitious Calderwood, "as he was hanging, his face was set towards the east, but within a prettie space, turned about to the west *against the sunne*, and so remained; at which time Mr David marked him—when all supposed he was dead—to lift up his hands, which were bound before him, and to lay them down again softlie, which moved him with exclamatioune to glorifie God before the people!"

Then the people cried aloud that the prophecy of Knox was fulfilled.

Kirkaldy must have been about forty-five years of age only. James Mossman was hanged at the same time, and, when the evening was further advanced, Sir James Kirkaldy and James Cockie were executed on the same scaffold; and then the four bodies were quartered.

The head of Sir William was placed over the ruined gate of that castle which had been the scene of his last and most brilliant achievements. The heads of Sir James and the two burgesses were placed on high spikes on the most conspicuous parts of the walls; while their mangled remains were all consigned to some obscure place of burial.[1]

Such was the melancholy fate of Kirkaldy of Grange, the most accomplished cavalier of his time; a soldier as much distinguished for his unaffected modesty as for his undaunted bravery and unblemished honour. Though ignominious his end, the cause for which he died shed a

[1] Criminal Records.

halo round that scaffold, to which his intrepid valour in the cause of a fallen queen and desperate faction, together with his chivalric friendship for a crafty and volatile statesman, had hurried him. Though sometimes inconsistent as a politician, he was at all times a steady adherent to the cause of religious reform: wise in council, eloquent in address, amiable in temper, distinguished for ability as for courage, a well-wisher to mankind in general, and to Scotland in particular, he united all the virtues of the man, the hero, and the Christian; and it is to be regretted that he died not as he had lived, with his sword in his hand, and his face to the enemy.

The tidings of his death, and of the fall of Edinburgh castle, was a sad blow to poor Mary in her dreary captivity; and the Earl of Shrewsbury failed not to communicate them to her in a very unfeeling manner, and expatiated on Elizabeth's generous protection of the infant James VI.

"How," exclaimed Mary, "can your queen expect that I will thank her for depriving me of my only friends? Alas! henceforth I will neither hear nor speak of Scotland more!" She remained long afterwards in the most profound melancholy.[1]

With Kirkaldy's life the reign of Mary ended in Scotland, and the hopes of her adherents for ever died away; but, soon after his death, the ministry of Elizabeth regretted that they had not preserved him as a political counterpoise to the vast power attained by Morton. Sir William Drury, like a generous English soldier, is said to have deeply deplored the executions of the 3d

[1] Lodge's Illust. Brit. Hist.; Chal. Life of Mary, &c.

August, and to have been so exasperated against his sovereign for the part she had made him act after the siege—a part which so greatly injured his reputation as a knight and man of honour—that he resigned his office as Marshal of Berwick, and retired from her service, (until his nomination to the lord-presidency of Ulster;) while all the captains and soldiers of the old bands, on hearing of Kirkaldy's fate, with one accord "lamented the loss of so worthy a captain."[1]

To conclude, the wars being now over, Mitchel and other Scottish captains, and their companies, who had been so long kept in pay by the lords of both factions, went over to Sweden and the Low Countries, where, by their valour and good conduct, they maintained the old military reputation of the Scottish people.[2]

The valiant Crawford of Jordanhill, who so greatly distinguished himself in many conflicts against Kirkaldy, survived till the 3d of January 1603, when he died full of years and honour; and was laid among his fathers in the old kirkyard of Kilbirnie, where his moss-grown effigy may yet be seen. On his tomb is inscribed, *God shaw the Richt*—a motto given him by Morton, in memory of his bravery in the fight of the Gallowlee.[3]

Captain Lambie ended his days on Crawford Muir, where he was slain in a feudal conflict.[4]

Sir James Melville retired from public life on the king's accession to the English throne, and died in November 1607.

Sir Thomas Kerr of Fernihirst, after six years of

[1] Melville; Life of Aodh O'Neil.
[2] Hist. James Sext.
[3] Acct. of Kilbirnie Parish.
[4] Botville's Annales.

wandering through France, Spain, and Holland, during which he was probably accompanied by his wife and Lady Kirkaldy, was permitted to return home in 1579, and afterwards died in captivity at Aberdeen, where he had been sent by James VI., for making a hostile inroad on the English Border. He survived Janet Kirkaldy for many years.

I know not how long Lady Kirkaldy survived her husband; but poor Mary appears to have remembered with gratitude his services and worth. In a letter addressed from her prison at Sheffield, (2d September 1582,) to Monsieur Castelnau de Mauvissière, peer of France, the following passage occurs:—

"Let the sum of forty crowns be given to the daughter of the Laird of Grange, who is over there, to enable her to return into Scotland, as her mother has refused my proposal of sending her to France, and getting her an appointment, and I see no likelihood of having her about me; and let them not wait longer over there for answer, if they have no other occasion for staying."

From this somewhat confused passage, it would appear that, by the confiscation of the estates, Lady Margaret and her daughter were then residing in poor circumstances at Fontainebleau, whither they had probably retired after the capitulation at Edinburgh.[1] The barony of Grange was held by Morton; Halyards passed into possession of a family named Skene; Friartoun to the Lord Darnley; and the castle of Kinghorn was given as a gift to Melville of Murdocairnie: all had passed away from them.[2]

[1] Mary's Letters, vol. i.

[2] Retours, &c.

I am unable to discover where the remains of Kirkaldy were at first interred, by order of the Regent Morton—probably in the corner of the (then new) Grayfriars' Churchyard, appropriated for the burial-place of malefactors. Eight years afterwards, when King James assumed the regal power, and became old enough to understand how matters had been conducted in his minority, he restored the barony of Grange to William, son of Sir James, and nephew of the ill-fated Sir William Kirkaldy, whose remains he ordered to be taken up and conveyed to Kinghorn, where they were honourably interred in the ancient burial-place of his forefathers—the Eglise de Mariæ of Grange. This must have been about the year 1581, at the very time that his mortal foe the Regent Morton fell from his high estate, and was arraigned on charges of treason and regicide, for which his honours were attainted, his head stricken from his body, and affixed to the gable of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, where for many a day it bleached in the summer sun and winter storm.[1]

[1] MS. Cart. in Register House; Melville, &c. &c.

NOTES.

Note A. Page 4.

The following note of MS. charters, preserved in the Register House at Edinburgh, &c., will give the reader rather a favourable idea of the importance of the ancient family of Kirkaldy-Grange. Most of them are referred to in the beginning of the work:—

I. *Carta*, Johanni Kyrcauldie, Dimiditatis terrarum de Tyry et Seefelde. Fyfe, April 1440.

II. *Carta*, Georgio Kirkaldie, filio et heredi Joannis de Kirkaldie, of the half of the lands of Seafield, in his own resignation. Fife, 1440.

III. *Carta*, Egidia Berclay in Vitali Redditu et Willielmo Kirkaldy ejus filio, molendini de Lunquhatt. Fife, 13th Feb. 1528.

IV. *Carta Feodifirme*, Jacobo Kyrkaldy de Grange, Terrarum Regis de Rathuleit, cum molendini multura, Terrarum de Murdocairnie, Fife. Jacobi V., August 1535, fol. 25.

V. *Carta*, Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange et Janet Mailville ejus conjugi, Terrarum de Banchry. Fife, 13th Oct. 1537.

VI. *Remission*, Schir Johne Maluill of Raithe, Knt., James Kirkaldy of Grange, William Berclay of Touche, John Mailuille of Wester Touche, John and Patrick Kirkaldy, brothers of the Laird of Grange, and eight others, for all crimes excepting treason, &c., prior to this date. Apud Stirling, 15th August 1538. (*Criminal Trials.*)

VII. *Carta*, Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Terrarum de Balberdy, Pitcany, &c., pro vita sua. Fife, 27th Dec. 1538.

VIII. *Carta*, Johanni Kirkaldy de Grange, fratri germano Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Molendini de Luthre. Fife, March 1539.

IX. *Carta*, Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Thesaurario, Terrarum de Nether Pittedy, Balberdy. Fife, 8th July 1539.

X. *Carta*, dicto Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Piscariarum su: per Aqua de Tay, Terris de Fotheris et Schanwell propinquitus adjacen. 4th Oct. 1539.

XI. *Remissio* Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, et tribus suis fratribus. Apud Falkland, 19th Oct. 1539.

XII. *Carta*, Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Regi Thesaurario, Terrarum de Grange, &c., in Baronia unit. Fife, Feb. 1540.

XIII. *Carta Con.*, Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Regi Thesaurario, Terrarum de Grange, &c., in Baronia de Uchtertule et Fynmouth in Regalitate de Dunfermling. Fife,[1] 4th Feb. 1540.

XIV. *Carta*, Roberto Drummond de Carnock, et Agneti Kirkaldy suæ sponsæ, de duabus septibus partibus Terrarum de Plaine. Stirling, 5th July 1542. (He was one of the fourteen barons who were knighted when Darnley was made Earl of Ross.)

XV. *Carta*, Georgio Kirkaldy de Grange fratri germano Jacobo Kirkaldy de Grange, Terrarum Regis de Skeoch. 30th May 1542. (Sir George also possessed the lands of Craigcrook, near Edinburgh; but for a short time only, as they reverted to a family named Marjoribanks.) *Records*, June 1542.

XVI. *Carta*, Johanni Mowbray de Barnebougall, et Elizabeth Kirkaldy ejus conjugi, Terrarum de East Craigie, &c., et Letil Barnebougall. Linlithgow, Maii 1556.

XVII. *Carta*, Willielmo Kirkaldy de Grange, Equitis curato, Terrarum et Baroniæ de Grange, &c. Fife, 22d May 1564.

XVIII. *Carta Con.*, Willielmo Kirkaldy de Grange, et Margaret Leirmonth ejus sponsæ, Terrarum de Nether Friertoun. Sancti Andree, 5th Oct. 1564.

XIX. *Carta*, Johanni Mowbray de Barnebougal, de annuo redditu Quadraginta duo Librarum de Terris de Balbairdy. Fife, January 1556.

XX. *Carta Con.*, Willelmo Kirkaldy de Grange, militi, Terrarum Ecclesiasticarum de Auchtertoole. Fife, 1st Sept. 1568.

Note B. Page 103.

Maii 4th 1564.—Willielmus Kirkcaldie de Grange, miles, heres Jacobi Kirkcaldie de Grange;—in terris de Grange;—dimi-

[1] Registrum de Dunfermelyne.

ditate terrarum de Tyrie;—terris de Banchrie;—terris de Nether Pittedy;—terris de Pitkeny et Turlvany; terris de Balbairdy;—Castro de Kinghorne, cum monte, unitis in Baroniam de Grange. —*Inquisitionum Retornatarum Abbreviatio*, vol. i., *Inquisit. Speciales.*

NOTE C. Page 147.

2d Oct. 1565.—*Treasonable intercommuning with the Duke of Chatelherault and others.*

Alexander Moncrief, (son of Moncrief of that Ilk,) James Ronald, and Duncan Robertson, dilatit "for putting of thameself in armes as raisit men of Weir, against our souereigns and their auctoritie, in wages under William Moncrief of that Ilk, younger, James (?) Kirkaldy of the Grange, &c." Sentence, to be "*Hedit and quarterit.*" (In the list of the Lords, &c., that "depairtit to England," he is correctly named "Sir William Kirkaldie of Grange, knight.")—*Crim. Trials.*

NOTE D. Page 185.

Commission of fire and sword granted to the Lairds of Grange and Tullybardine—Extracted by Anderson from the Records of the Privy Council.

"*Apud Edinburgh*, 10*th Aug. Anno Dom.* 1567.—FORSAEMEKILL as James Erle Bothwell, with his complices, declarit rebellis and fugitive frae oure Souerane Lordis lawes, for ye tressonabill and unworthie murthour of umquhile the King his Magesties dearest Fader, of worthie memorie, having reft and spulzeit diverse schippis, als weil pertaining to his heines awn subjectis as unto strangeris, friendis, and confederattis of yis realm, accompaneit with certain notorious pyrattis, are past to the sey, minding to continew in yair reif and piracie, bayth againis the subjectis of yis realm and all nationis; and first are begun at his Majesties propper landis of Orkeny, to ye greit sklander of yis haill natioun, and greit hurt of the commounweill, gif tymous remeid be not provydet: Our Souerane Lord yairfoir hes committit his Heines full power to his trusty and weil belovit SIR WILLIAM MURRAY OF TULLIBARDINE, KNYCHT, Comptroller, and SIR WILLIAME KIRKALDY OF GRANGE, KNYCHT, to pass, search, and seik the said Erle and his complices, rebellis, with the utheris notorious

pyrates, being in his company, quhairevir yai can be apprehendit, and to persew yame with fire, sword, and all uther kind of hostilitie, quhill yai be broucht to our soueranis lawis, or punishit according to yair deservance.

"For quhilk purpose it is convenient yat ye said Comptroller and Laird of Grange be substantiously furnishit with schippis, and accumpaniet with true and faythfull schippers and mariners: *Yairfoir ordainis* letters to be sent to the Prouest, Ballies, Counsail, and Communtie of the burgh of Dundee, and to the officers at armis, sheriffs in yat part, charging them to pass command, and charge Thomas Christall, master of ye *James*, Thomas Dauidson, alswa master of the said ship, Thomas Linloch, master of the *Primrose*, John Fotheringham, owner of one part of the *Robert*, Alexander Strachan, master of the *Robert*, George Lochmalony, owner of one part of the *Robert*, and all maisters, schippers, and mariners, indwellers in the said burgh of Dundee, quhose names ye said comptroller shall give in the bill, yat yai, and ilk ane of yame, address and prepare yameselffis and yair schippis, to pass with him and his company for execution of the Kings Majesties charge and commandment aboue written comitit to him, and yat yai answer and obey to him yairin within six houris nixt eftir yai be chargeit yairto."—*Collections*, vol. i. *edit.* 1727.

Sea-brieves to the Lairds of Grange and Tullybardine. *Privy Council Records.* Apud Edin., 12th Aug., An. Dom. 1567.

The Lordis Regentis and Secreit Counsall ordain the Secretary and his Deputies, Keepers of the Green Signet, to pass and direct Sey-breifs in due and competent form, under the said Signet, to Sir William Murray of Tullybardine, Knycht, Comptroller, and Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grainge, Knycht, in our Souerane Lordis name, presently direct for seeking, searching, and apprehension of the Erle Bothwell and his complices, His Heinis Rebellis, and at the Horne for the cruell and horribill slauchter of the King our Soueraines Fader; and yat yai pass sae mony of ye said Sea-briefs as shall be thocht neidfull, keepand ye coppie yairof, with this present for yair warrant.—(*Collections.*)

Note E. Page 208.

List made by Sir James Balfour, Knt. of Pittendreich, at the queen's command, descriptive of cannon in the Castle of Edinburgh,

20th March 1566, *when he "fand the haill artailyearie and munition," &c. to be,—*

On the eastern curtain, four new cannon of *found* (*i.e.* cast,) with stocks, wheels, and axle-trees, garnished with iron, having wedges of timber, (brought from France.) Two gross culverins, (18-*pounders.*)

On the Towerhead a Moyane, (*balls* 12 *ounces.*)

Two battardes on stocks, at the hill behind the munition-house, (*French* 18-*pounders.*)

Two cannon of found at the chapel, and two at the foot of the hill, (*probably* 48-*pounders.*)

Two Moyans at the chapel end, one having lymmaris, (12-*ounce balls.*)

One sacker at the West Postern, (6 or 8 *pounder.*)

One single-falcon of found, (3-*pounder.*)

Two double-falcons, (6-*pounders,*) one at the Butts.

One English falcon in the same place.

One English culverin, (18-*pounder.*) Two Moyans of found.

One English gross-culverin, at the gun-house gable.

One Moyan in the same place.

Two Passe Volants of brass, mounted on wheels and stocks, (*false cannon, to fill vacant places.*)

Six cut-throats. Two carts of cut-throats.

Two long serpentine culverins, (4-*pounders.*)

Sixteen hagbuts of found, seven hundred pikes, and hand-culverins, cross-bows, pistols, and cannon-balls innumerable. The calibres are not in the original.

The famous Mons Meg was also there—balls 21 inches in diameter. —*Inventories of Royal Wardrobe and Jewel-house of Scotland.*

Note F. Page 208.

The Mutual Bond.—Edinburgh, 18th May 1568.

"It is appointed, agreed, and finallie contracted and bound up, betwixt the Right Hon. Sir William Kirkaldie of Grainge, Knight, Captan of the Castell of Edinburgh, for himself, kin, friends, servants, assisters, and partakers, *on the one part*, and the Right Hon. Simon Preston of Craigmillar, of that ilk, Knight, Provost of the Burgh of Edinburgh, for himself, the Bailiffes, &c. *on the other part*, in manner, forme, and effect, as efter followeth—that is to say,

"Forsameekle as it is not unknowne to them, how the Queen, our Soueran's deerest mother, with certain of the nobilitie, her assisters and partakers, seeke by all means, force, and power they may, to depose our said Souerane of his authoritie Royall, and for more haistie performing thereof are already convened in arms for the invasion of our said most undoubted soueran's Regent and Governor, James Erle of Murray, &c., and all others his partakers and assisters . . . . for eschewing whereof, fortificatoun, maintaining, and defending our said undoubted Soueran, now in his tender age, and his Regent foresaid, the saids Captan and Proueist for themselves, and taking the burthen upon them for the others above written, according to their bound duetie and oath of fidelitie given to their most undoubted and native Sourane for maintainance of him and his authoritie royall, are bound, obliged, and sworn, by the faith and truthe of their bodies, *to tak effald, true*, and plaine part together, for defence of our said Souerane, his authoritie, and persoun royall, and either of them, with their whole force, substance, and power, to fortifie, assist, and maintain others with their bodies and goods: and to concur and passe together at all times and to all places needful, not only for defence of the said castell, toun, lieges, habitatoun and substance thereof, but also for maintainance, defence, and aid of our said Souerane, his authoritie royall and Regent foresaid, against all and sundry that invade, molest, or pursue them. . . . . .

"In witness of which to thir present letters, subscrived with our hand, our Signet is affixed at the said Burgh, day, yeere, and place foresaid, before thir witnesses, Sir William Matlane of Lethington, younger, knight, Mr James Macgill of Rankelliour-nether, Clerk-Register, Mr Archibald Douglas, Parson, of that Ilk, and David Forrest, Justice-General, with others diverse.

"William Kirkaldie. Craigmillar, Knight."

Those who may wish to see this prolix paper at full length, will find it in Calderwood, or in Bannatyne's continuation of Knox's History.

Note G. Page 239.

Grange's Ballad.

"The Captain," says Calderwood, "made a *rowstie rhyme*, which went from hand to hand." He boasts of the completeness of his resources; and though obsolete words have rendered some passages

obscure, the following extract may serve for a specimen of this curious old poem, which is not without merit. The spelling is little altered.

At the castle of Edinburgh
Upon the bank both green and rough,
  As all alone I lay,
With paper, pen, and ink in hand,
Musing if I could understand
  Of the sudden decay
That unto this poor nation
  Apparently has come;
I found the Congregation
  Was cause of all, and some
Whose authors' instructors
Have blinded them so long,
That, blameless and shameless,
Both rich and poor they wrong.

Those wicked, vain, venerians,
Proud, poisoned Pharisians—
  Their blind guides, without grace,
Have caused this poor countrie
Assist unto their traitorie,
  Their sovereign to displace:
For them I cannot testify
  How wrongfully they wrought,
When they their Queen so piteously
  To prison strong had brought;
Abused her, accused her,
With serpent words fell,
Of shavelings and rebells
The hideous hounds of hell!

. . . . . .

This guiding caused great grief arise
In me, who no way could devise
  To mend such great mischance;
And as I mused upon the case,
I heard one say within this place,
  "*Seek aid of God and France!*
I shall, within a little space,
  Thy sorrows all redress;
With help of Christ, thou shalt in peace,
  Thy kindlie Queen possess.

For I have men, and men enough,
They know I am a soldier tough,
  And will be right sore grieved;
When they have lost as many teeth
As they did at the siege of Leith,
  They will be fain to leave it.
My neighbours all in Edinburgh town,
What shall their part be, up or down,
  I cannot yet declare;
But one thing I make manifest,
If *me* they any way molest,
  Their booths shall be made bare!
If fire may their building sack,
  Or bullets beat them down,
They shall not fail that end to mak'
  The stairs made in this town.
So use them and chuse them,
What part they will pursue;
Forsake me, or take me,
They shall drink as they brew.

He bade me rise and muse nae mair,
But pray to God, baith late and aire,
  To save this noble Ludge;
Which is in all prosperity,
And likewise in adversity,
  Our Prince's plain refuge.
Therefore all true men I exhort,

Note H. Page 311.

Articles for Sir William Kirkaldy and his garrison. Edinburgh, 28th September 1572.

I. All the persons principals now remaining within the castle, for themselves, the captains who have served and now serve, desire that, by a declaration in parliament, they may be discharged of all crimes committed by them since the beginning of the troubles; and that all acts, decreets, sentences, or whatsoever, process laid against them, either in parliament, in secret council, before the justice general and his deputes, or before any other judges, be declared null and of no effect; and all writings made thereanent to be cancelled and obliterated, and to be retreated presently, that they may be entered into their roumes, and possessions; and that no person or persons injure or slander them for any cause or occasion bygone under pain of death.

II. *The captain desires* to make compt and restitution of all the princely jewels and movable goods delivered to him at the acceptation of the house, either to the queen's lieutenants, or to such other person or persons as the nobility now assembled shall decern; and that he may have a sufficient discharge thereupon by act of parliament, as also a discharge of the goods of the people of Edinburgh put there in custody, providing they crave restitution within a month.

III. *They desire* that the castle of Blackness, with sufficient ordnance, be given to some condign man of their company, by consent of both parties, together with the rent annexed thereto.

IV. That the heirs of the Lord Fleming, the Laird of Wormiston, and others slain and departed this life in the Queen's cause, may enter into their heritages and roumes, as though they had never been forfeited.

V. That the castles of Home and Fastcastle, with the lands and mains thereof, be restored to my Lord Home; and the Abbey of Coldingham, with the houses, granges, mains, and all other pertinents, be restored to John Maitland prior thereof; and that the queen of England shall promise to maintain and defend them therein.

VI. *The captain desires*, in respect he has contracted debts in

these wars, that he may have the sum of 20,000 merks allowed him for payment thereof.

VII. *The captain desires* that my Lord of Morton shall resign into the king's hands the superiority of the lands of Grange, and other lands annexed thereto, to be holden of the crown in all time to come.

VIII. *The captain desires* that one of his gentlemen may have liberty to pass into England, to speak with the queen of Scotland.

IX. The lords within the castle desire the house to be consigned in the hands of the Earl of Rothes, with the whole furnishing and rent appertaining thereto; and that licence and passport may be granted to them to repair to France, or such parts of Scotland as they shall think convenient; and that the Earl of Rothes be security for the accomplishment of these promises.

These *articles*, which are of some importance, as being illustrative that Kirkaldy was not disinclined to an honourable peace, will be found in the *Historie of James Sext*, &c., in the original spelling.

Note I. Page 315.

The following is a modernised copy of the *Survey* of those English Vaubans, extracted from the papers of the Maitland Club; it may not be uninteresting to the antiquarian and military reader:—

"*Survey* of the town and castle of Edinburgh in Scotland, by us, Roland Johnson and John Fleming, servants to the Queen's Majesty, by the command of William Drury, Knight, Governor of Berwick, and Mr Henry Killigrew, her Majesty's ambassador.

"*27th January* 1572–3.

"First, we find the castle standing upon a natural main rock of great height, about 600 feet long by 400 feet broad. On the east part, next the town, stands about fourscore feet of the hall; and from thence a curtain with six cannons, or such like pieces, in loops of stone, looking streetward; and *behind* the same stands another tier of ordnance, about 26 feet higher up. At the north end of this (tier) is the Constable's Tower, and at the foot of the same is the entrance into the castle, with a flight of forty steps. Also—

"We find upon the said east side a Spur like a bulwark, standing before the foot of the rock that the curtain stands on—which Spur encloseth that side, flanked out on both sides. On the south is the gate by which they enter into the castle. The Spur is about 20 feet high, vamyred with turf and baskets set-up, and furnished with ordnance. The lowermost part on this side of the curtain is 36 feet high, and the rock, from the wall downward, is 30 feet high.

"David's tower is forty feet high, the constable's fifty.

"We find there is no mining can prevail on this rock, but ordnance must beat down the walls, and so make an assault; the reason whereof is, the rock is of such a massy substance, and so hard, that it cannot be pierced by any means that man can devise. . . . . .

"We find it most requisite that a batterie of twelve pieces of great ordnance should be placed there, of cannons (48-pounders,) demi-cannons (9-pounders,) and culverins (18-pounders,) on either side of the street, against the Spur—six battering pieces to beat down David's Tower, the curtain wall where the ordnance stand, and so make a breach on the south side where the hall is, the (royal) lodging, the storehouses for the munition and victuals.

"We think it necessary to place six battering pieces, not only for the beating down of the said hall and lodging, but also to answer the cross battery on the east front, while twelve pieces of ordnance fire upon the curtain.

"We think it requisite to have seven demi-culverins and sackers, not only to breach the Back Port, and dismount the pieces lying that way, but also for removal from place to place as need requireth. And if it please the Queen's Majesty and her Honourable Council to have it won by storm, ... we think, by our judgment, and poor experience, with great diligence, that the castle may be at her Majesty's command within *twenty* days after the batteries be placed thereupon.

"Rowland Johnson.
"John Flymming."

These engineers appear to have miscalculated the size and strength of the fortifications, as much as those of the rock, which alone covers eleven acres. The curtain, with its double tier of cannon, overlooking the ramparts of the Spur or ravelin adjoining the city wall, must have rendered it a place of greater defence then than now.

Note K. Page 326.

List of Ordnance in the Castle of Edinburgh, made by Sir George Douglas of Tods' Holes and Parkhead. (These guns were all probably used by Sir W. Kirkaldy.)

1 Double cannon marked with the arms of the "feir in Zealand."
1 Cannon marked with the arms of Bartayne.
1 Battarde marked with a salamander, (8-pounder.)
1 Gross culverin marked with the arms of King Henry (II. of France.)
1 Cannon marked with a porkspik, (*i.e. porc-épic.*)
2 Moyans marked with the salamander.
1 English sacker.
1 Moyan, made by Hans Cochrane—"thrawn mowit."
1 Moyan marked with King Henry's arms.
1 Moyan marked with the arms of Bretagne (Brittany.)
1 Little gally cannon of found, marked with a salamander.
1 Moyan marked with the arms of the Queen Regent, (Mary of Guise.)
1 Moyan marked with the arms of King Charles (IX of France.)
"2 Greit doublett slangis of forged yron."
1 Cannon marked with King Charles' arms, and mounted for the field.
2 Others—one on French wheels, and one marked with King Henry's arms.
2 Others "thrawn mowit,"—one marked with a porkspik, and one with the arms of a mareschal of France.
1 English demi-culverin, and one moyan of found.
1 Moyan marked with King Henry's arms.
2 English double-falcons; one marked with the rose.
2 Quarter-falcons marked with the Duke of Albany's arms.
1 English sacker marked with the rose.
13 Hacquebuts *á croc*, and 7 cut-throats of iron.
1 Cannon marked with King Henry's arms.
1 Moyan bearing the same.
1 Moyan marked with a salamander.
1 Double-falcon bearing the ducal arms of Chatelherault.
1 Cannon of found, bearing the royal arms of Scotland.
1 Cannon on a sea stock, with the arms of Bretagne.
1 Double-falcon, bearing the arms of the Queen Regent.

" Ane grit piece of forgit yron callit Mons" (Meg.)
3 Ringed slangis of iron, 1 demi-culverin of yetline iron.
22 Close carts for field ammunition; 2400 cannon-balls, &c. &c.
—Extracted from *Inventories of Wardrobe, Jewel-house, &c.*

Note L. Page 332.

8th July, 1572.—" Olipher Sinclare, bruther-germane to the Lard of Roisling; Andro Lindesay, Javelour of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; and Johne Loche, lycht-horseman, unlawit for assistance maid and geven to the rebellis withhaldaris of the Burgh and Castell of Edinr."

4th Feb. 1572-3.—Edward Kincaid, James Ure, Ninian Arneil, John Moffat, John Wilson, J. Lowrie, Edward Paterson, Thos. Wynram, John Gray, Patrick Gardner, and Andro Bartane, burgesses of Edinburgh, " delatit for assistance made and geven to the Lard of Grange and utheris, declarit tratoris in keping, strengthing, fortefeying, witualing, and withhalding the Castell of Edinburgh."

4th Feb. 1572-3.—" James Fleming delated for furnishing the rebellis within the Castell of Edinburgh with wine, flesh, fish, malt, and other victuals, and receiving from them false and adulterate cunzie."

April 2d.—Johne Watsoune and William Hutchisoune delatit for the same offences.

August 3d, 1572-3—The unfortunate Sir James Kirkaldy is the next on the Record of Justiciary.

Note M. Page 351.

Of the Kirkaldys of Grange.

It may not be out of place to close these pages with a few notices respecting this old family.

It is probable that the widow of Sir William Kirkaldy died abroad. The following letter, which may with every probability be considered as one of hers, was publicly sold in London, with others, in 1824, and was indorsed, " *Margaret Kirkaldy, wife of Kirkaldy of Grange;*" but Mr C. K. Sharpe (in one of whose privately printed works it appears) is doubtful of this. Probably it was addressed to M. Castelnau de Mauvissière, or some other

Frenchman of rank; and the "circumstances" from which Mr Sharpe infers that "the Margaret in question was unmarried," may refer to her widowhood and reduced fortune.[1] It is without direction: —

"MONSIEUR,

"J'ay receu la vre du 18 Avril, et vous remercie tres humblement, Monsieur, de l'honeur de vre souvenir, pour la charge ou il a pleu a Dieu m'apeller quoy que très indigne j'ay de gndes obligations a sr uir sa diuine Majesté, ce que je desire de tout mon cour, et de tascher moinnant sa gce d'honeur ma patrie c'est l'un de mes plus particuliers souchaicts, et de vous etre a tojours.

"Monsieur,

"Vre tres humble et tres affectionee srvant,

"MARGUERITE KIRKCALDY."

"Ce Dernier May."

A letter of her husband is preserved in *Excerpta Scotica*.

As before related, Sir Thomas Kerr, eleventh baron of Fernihirst, married the only daughter of Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange. He became ancestor of the Marquesses of Lothian and the Lords of Jedburgh. Fernihirst "was well able to raise iij thousand men within his own rule, besides that his first wief, by whom he hed goodly children, was daughter to the Lord Grange, Captaine of Edenborowe Castell."[2] In Wood's *Douglas Peerage*, it is stated he was married to Janet Kirkaldy in 1561. Sir William Kirkaldy, who was a mere boy when engaged in the conspiracy against Cardinal Beatoun, could scarcely have had a marriageable daughter so early as the time of Mary's return from France; and had she been born before marriage, Bannatyne and other malevolent writers of the day would not have forgotten to record it in strong language. Fernihirst, in 1571, removed a charter-chest containing the papers of his family to the castle of Edinburgh, on the surrender of which they fell into the hands of Morton, from whom they were never recovered. Some confusion of dates may perhaps have arisen from this circumstance. He had a son and two daughters by Janet Kirkaldy; Andrew, created Lord Jedburgh in 1622; Juliana, married to Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, (progenitor of the Earls of Marchmont,) and Margaret, who became the wife of her kinsman, Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie. Fernihirst survived Janet Kirkaldy many years, and married a daughter of

[1] See Lady M. Burnet's Letters.

[2] Saddler's State Papers.

Sir Willam Scott of Kirkurd. The following service appears in the Retours, November 26, 1593: —

"Andreas Ker de Phernyhirst *hæres* Jonetæ Kirkcaldie *matris;* in terris et baronia de Grange, continente terras de Tyrie, Banchrie, Norther Pittedie, Ballerdie, Pittanie," &c.[1] The successors of Sir William Kirkaldy were as follows: —

WILLIAM KIRKALDY OF GRANGE, fifth in descent from the first Sir John, mentioned in chapter first, and son of Sir James Kirkaldy, (second son of the treasurer,) who married Helen, daughter of Leslie of Pitcaple, by a daughter of Henderson of Fordell.[2] In Sir David Lindesays *Blazons*, the arms of Grange in 1542 were *gules* two mullets in chief; a crescent in base *or*. At what period the *chevron* was added does not appear. To the before-mentioned William the barony of Grange was restored, on the 29th November 1581, by an act entitled, "Benefit of Pacificatioun grantit to the vmquhill Williame Kirkcaldie of Grange, Knicht," and to heirs of Sir James Kirkaldy, the Laird of Fernihirst, and other loyalists, according to the "pacificatioun maid and concludit at Perth, the xxiij Feb. JmVclxxij yrs." *Excerpt*— "Restoring fullie the memorie, honour and fame of the said umquhill Sr Williame, in ye persoun of his apperand airis to succeede to him, be provisoun or vtherwayes their airs and successouris—providing that the samyn be nawayis extendit to ye odious murthouris of our souerane lordis darrest father, and tua regentis the Erllis of Murray and Lennox—prouiding in like manner that the granting of the foirsaid benefite of pacificatioun on nawayis hurt nor preiuge Robert Scott writar, anent the soume of ane thowsand pondis money, awand to him be vmquhill Sr William Kirkaldie of Grange, Knyt. conforme to his obligatioune of ye dait . . . . day of October, the zeir of god ImVclxxj zeirs, ffor the quhilk soume the said vmquhill Sr. Williame laid in pledge to ye said Robert ane garnissing circuat about wth pllis, rubeis, and diamōtis, pertening to our souerane lordis darrest mother; quhilk pledge the said Robert wes cōpellit to deliuer to vmqll James, sumtyme Erll of Mortoun, regent of our souerane lord," or to the prejudice of Alexander Clerk of Balbirnie, provost of Edinburgh, from whom the "said vmquhill Sr William borrowit the soume of tua thowsand and sex hundreth merkis, money of this realm," &c.[3]

[1] Inquisit. Ret. Abb. Fol. [2] Old MS. Birth. Brief of the Family.
[3] Acta Parliamentorum, Fol. 111.

William Kirkaldy married Margaret, daughter of Hamilton of Prestonfield, (progenitor of the Earls of Haddington, by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Archibald Murray of Blackbarony,) with whom, in June 1598, he obtained a charter of the lands of Glasmount, near Grange.[1] On the 26th June 1601, he bestowed upon her half the lands of Tyrie, where Eglise de Mariæ stood.[2]

In 1590, when the Solemn League and Covenant for maintenance of the "true Religion" was subscribed by the king, nobles, and men of all ranks, the Baron of Grange signed it; and his name, beautifully written, appears beside that of the Rev. Thomas Biggar, minister of Kinghorn.[3]

In 1596, on the 11th February, William Kirkaldy of Grange, with the Edmestouns of Duntreth, elder and younger, and Lockart of Lee, "were delatit" before the Justiciary Court "of certane treasonabill crymes, committat be them the xvij and xxiij days of December, against his Maistie and Counsalouris," by convocating an unlawful assembly.[4] On the 24th August 1608, he was appointed tutor of Wester Abden.

"Willielmus Kirkcaldy de Grange nepos quondam . . . . Kirkcaldy de Grange, qui fuit patruus Joannis Kirkcaldy de Wester Abden et burgensis de Kingorne, furiosus, incompos mentis, et fatuus, ita quod timetur de alienatione tam terrarum, &c. &c. Et dictus Joannes Kirkcaldy de Wester Abden, *propinquior consanguineus* patris dicti Willielmi Kirkcaldy de Grange."[5]

His children were Robert and Thomas, (of whom hereafter,) and a daughter, Janet, married, in 1622, to John Dempster, of the family of Muiresk, who obtained a charter under the Great Seal, "Magistro Johanni Dempster, advocato, et Janete Kirkcaldie suæ sponsæ, partis villæ et terrarum de Logie Aultoune," Aberdeenshire.[6]

In 1626–8, Grange had a quarrel with David Beatson, laird of Cardon, (whose tower, situated on high ground, overlooked the Gellie water,) about their marches and the right of pasturage.[7] He was succeeded by his son,

Robert Kirkaldy of Grange, who, according to an old form of Scottish law, on the 12th March 1631, had the barony of Grange confirmed to him by charter, as the "first-begotten lawful son of William Kirkaldy of Grange and Margaret Hamilton, his spouse,

[1] MS. Birth Brief; MS. Charter. [2] MS. Chart., lib. 43. [3] MS. Session Rec.
[4] Crim. Trials. [5] Inquisitiones de Tutela. [6] MS. B. Brief; Doug. Baronage, &c.
[7] Cases Reported by Lords Durie and Spotswood.

and the heirs of his body; whom failing, to Thomas Kirkaldie, his brother, &c."[1] . . . . .

Here the Birth Brief is defective. It was not, in those days, imperative to record births and marriages in parish registers; and in consequence of the Records of the Lyon Office having twice perished by fire—first in 1660, and again in 1700—the notices of the Kirkaldys are very imperfect. This double destruction of old genealogical records is the more to be regretted, as the more ancient Records of Chancery perished in the wars of the sixteenth century.

The next we meet with is

Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, Knight, who is called, in the Birth Brief, son of William, the fifth laird. He married Anna Leslie, daughter of Sir John Leslie of Newtoun, Knight, descended from the Leslies of Durie and Rothes.[2] He was succeeded by his son,

Sir John Kirkaldy of Grange, Knight, who married Mary, daughter of Sir Andrew Ramsay of Waughton and Abbotshall, Bart., by whom he had two daughters.[3]

1. Isobel, married to Sir Henry Wemyss of Bogie, through whom she became ancestress of the Dalmahoys of that Ilk; the Bethunes, Baronets of Kilconquhair; and the Wemysses, created Baronets of Bogie in 1704.[4]

2. Elizabeth, married William Douglas of Kirkness, in Kinrossshire.[5]

In the Roll of Fifeshire Lairds furnished in 1654, by Gordon of Straloch, for *Bleau's Atlas*, he is plainly styled "Kirkcaldiegrange." On the 14th May 1664, Charles II. granted "Joanni Kirkcaldie de Grange, ejusque heredibus masculis de corpore suo legitime procreatis seu procreandis, titulum, gradum, et dignitatem militis Baronetti in hac antiqua parte Regni nostri Scotiæ.—In cujus rei testimonium, presentibus Magnum Sigillum nostrum appendi pracepimus.—Dat. apud Aulam nostram de Whitehall," &c.[6] This title of knight-baronet was unconnected with any territorial grant in America. The next we find is

Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, Baronet.

The zeal for religious toleration, which had so much distinguished the career of the Treasurer and his five sons, seemed not to have been forgotten by their descendants. It appears that the

[1] MS. Cart. Con., lib. 53. [2] MS. in Lyon Office. [3] Ibid. [4] Baronetage.
[5] MS. Birth Brief. [6] MS. Diploma in Mag. Sigilli.

second Baronet of Grange and ten other persons were, by order of the Scottish Privy Council, committed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh on the 25th June 1674, charged with holding an armed conventicle in Fife; a crime for which he was, on the same day, fined £550.[1]

1st Dec. 1678, an action against him, "Kirkaldys *against* Kirkaldy of Grange, for maills and duties," is recorded by Lord Fountainhall in his *Decisions*, vol. i.

Sir John Kirkaldy of Grange, bart., is the next; he was alive in 1722,[2] but little is known concerning him; he died soon after, and, being without heirs, was the last of his race. Except the list published in Sir Robert Sibbald's *History of Fife*, the the oldest *freeholder roll* in the county is that for 1733, and there is not a Kirkaldy in it. The name of the family cannot be found in any of the burgh records of Kinghorn. None of them appear to have been interred in the parish burying-ground, from which it may be inferred that the last of this ancient line was laid with his forefathers in the Eglise de Mariæ, at Grange. The last notice of the more humble descendants of the family, occurs in January 1695: "Margareta Kirkcaldie, sponsa Joannis Duncan in Farlasheills, *hæres* Andræ Kirkcaldie de Flashill, *patris*."[3]

There are two families of the name in England, Kirkaldy of Monkwearmouth, Durham, and Kirkaldy, late of Sunderland, (now of Liverpool,) both of whom bear the arms of the line of Inchture; viz., a *fess* wavy, between three mullets *gules*, with the crest and motto of the Lairds of Grange.[4] I believe there is only one family in Scotland bearing the name.

By the death of the last baronet the estate of Grange, in 1739, had passed into the possession of a family named Skene, and, by the marriage of an heiress, from thence to the Carnegies of Boysack, who are designed "of Grange" in Sibbald's roll of heritors. Now, it is the property of Colonel Fergusson of Raith, who thus possesses the estates of both the families from whom Sir William Kirkaldy descended. A *Grange* of old meant a farm. On the round tower and walls of the old manor-house, a modern dwelling has been engrafted for a farmer who resides there, and the only date it exhibits is comparatively recent, 1686, with a mouldered monogram. The old dove-cot yet remains.

When the author, in April 1848, visited the ancient Place of

[1] Minutes of Council; Records of Tolbooth, &c. [2] Nisbet's Heraldry, fol.
[3] Inquisit. Spec. fol. [4] See Rob. Brit. Herald.

Halyards, he found little more than its foundations, and a fragment of the eastern wall: it was the ruin of a ruin. In the preceding summer, a neighbouring farmer, by permission of the Earl of Moray, had demolished this venerable mansion, for the purpose of making dykes and drains with its well-squared stones. That this aged ruin, where the best and bravest of our warriors dwelt, and where the barons of Fife unfurled the banner of King James, should have been demolished for a purpose so paltry, shows a lack of veneration to be equally regretted and despised.

It is strange how utterly the memory of this old family has passed away from the land where so many generations of them lived and died; there is something melancholy in contemplating the utter extinction of an ancient and honourable race, with all their historical associations and feudal recollections, the demolition of their castles and memorials, and the desecration of their graves.

Eglise de Mariæ was levelled in 1847, and, by the blade of the invading plough, the bones of the Kirkaldys of Grange were scattered over the lands which had once been their own.

THE END.

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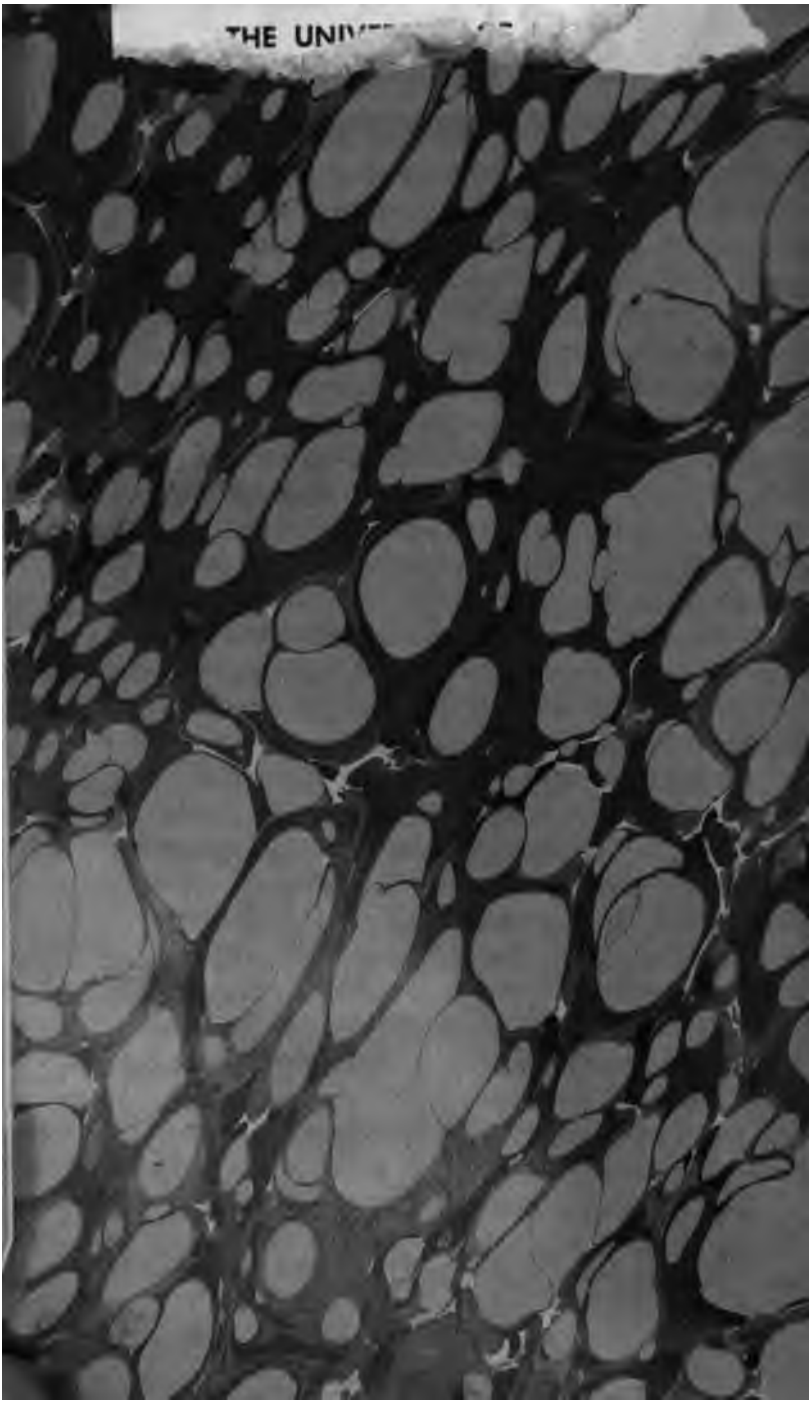
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